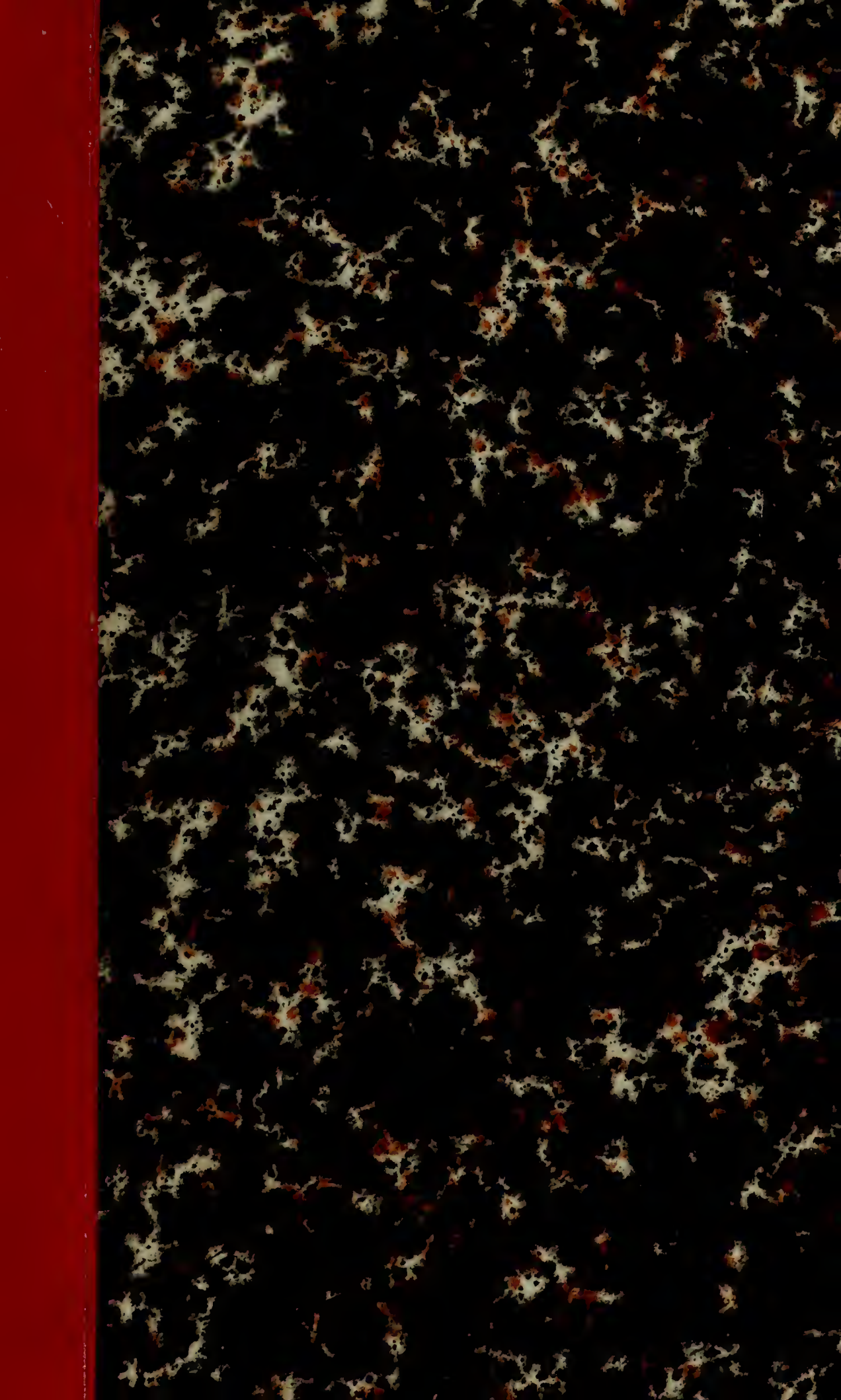

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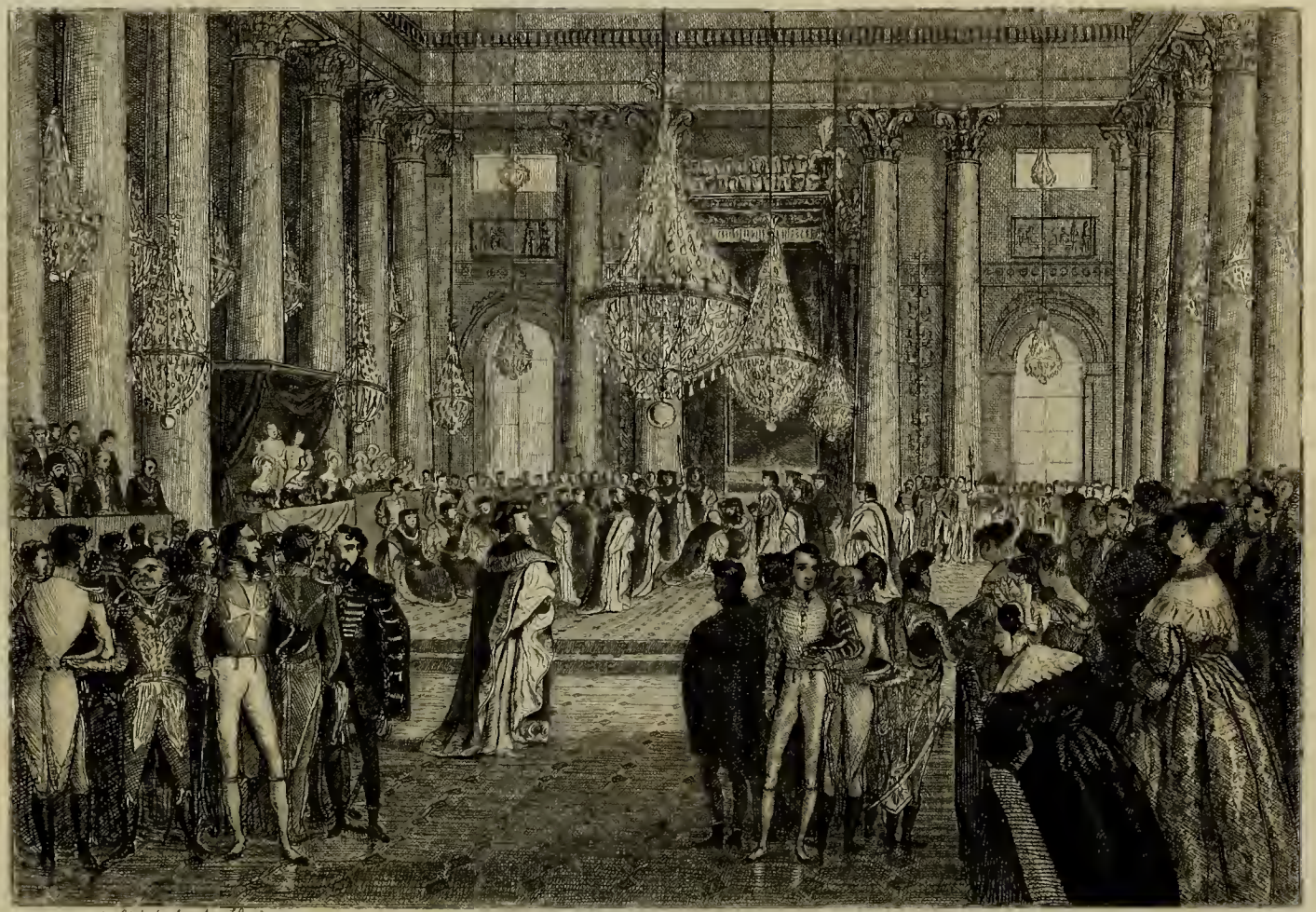

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INSTALLATION OF ELEVEN KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

VIENNA

AND THE AUSTRIANS.

VOL. I.

DOING BUSINESS.

LONDON,
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1837.

VIENNA

AND THE AUSTRIANS;

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY

THROUGH

SWABIA, BAVARIA, THE TYROL,

AND THE SALZBOURG.

BY FRANCES TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "PARIS AND THE PARISIANS,"—"THE VICAR OF WREXHILL,"
"DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS," &c.

"Je dirai: J'étais là: telle chose m'avint."—*La Fontaine.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages contain the result of observations made during a Year spent in Southern Germany, the greater portion of which was passed at Vienna.

In what I have said of Austria, I have sought only to record what I have seen; with her foreign policy I have nothing to do: it makes no part of my subject, nor has it in any degree divided the attention and study I wished to bestow on the simple machinery of her government, and its effect upon her own people.

Yet although the doing this might seem to be an easy task, inasmuch as carefully noting what has been seen or heard appears to demand little besides attention, I have been aware of considerable

difficulty in the performance of it. This difficulty, indeed, has arisen solely from my being conscious, as I wrote, of the remarkable discrepancy between the statements which truth compelled me to give, and the previously received views which I knew to prevail respecting Austria. Most truly do I believe, however, that thousands who have been taught to hate the name of this (essentially) unknown country, were they honestly to pursue the same course that I have done, would arrive at the same conclusions; namely, that, whatever may be the effect of Austrian power and legislation elsewhere, it produces on the children of her own bosom exactly the benign influence which might be expected from the equable administration of very mild laws, and a most paternal care bestowed on a race singularly calculated to prosper under it, and to hail the tranquil blessings it ensures with gratitude, fidelity, and love.

I have given my testimony on this subject with equal sincerity and boldness; and I am not greatly at a loss to divine what sort of reception such testimony is likely to meet in many quarters. This consideration, however, was not likely to check the pen of one whose statements have, ere now, been

challenged as false or exaggerated when they first met the eye of ignorance and prejudice, but subsequently acknowledged to be true, in consequence of the improved knowledge which followed upon better acquaintance with the facts brought under consideration.

Since my return from Vienna, I have more than once seen it stated in print that I was about to publish the life of Francis the First of Austria. To write the life of Francis of Austria, would in fact be writing the history of Europe during the period that he reigned; and a more stirring epoch, or one more sure to excite universal interest by its details, could not be selected by the historian.

Little, however, can those know of the more intimately biographical parts of this fine subject, who suppose that any one foreign to the land in which Francis reigned, or personally a stranger to himself, could venture to become the chronicler of his life. The eight months I passed in Vienna sufficed to give me just such an insight into the history and character of this admirable man, public and private, foreign and domestic, political and individual, as might make me feel (had indeed such a project ever entered my head) that I was as inca-

pable of producing such a work myself, as of underrating its value if ably performed by another.

My task has been one of much less importance, yet, nevertheless, such as to have excited the most anxious wish to fulfil it fearlessly and honestly.

Hadley, January 29th, 1838.

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VIENNA
AND THE AUSTRIANS.

LETTER I.

Pleasures of Travelling. — Delight of setting off. — Vienna the principal object of the present Excursion.—Halt at Paris.—Preparations for the Three Days.—Meaux.—Château-Thierry.—Metz.—Epernay.—Strasbourg.

Strasbourg, 29th July, 1836.

ONCE more, my dear friend, we are on the wing, or rather on the wheel—not of torture, however, for nothing in this world of woe can, in my opinion, be farther removed from suffering than our present occupation. There certainly is in the blood of our race a very decided propensity to locomotion; for though we all cordially love our home, our English home, and have ever, after comparing it with other resting-places, declared without a dissentient voice that none can equal it, yet the sight of a map as we sit in our chimney-corner sets us all madding again, and through each successive winter night our lengthening talk goes on of mountains and valleys yet unseen, the fever becoming stronger as

the season advances, till just when our own garden is full of flowers, and our native land in her most becoming full-dress, we only take time enough to give such a look at her as may enable us to make comparisons, and off we are again like a parcel of butterflies, to whom no field, however flowery, seems fair enough, as long as there is yet another to be seen.

I can well imagine, that to those constituted without this wandering inclination, such pertinacity of movement must appear symptomatic of a very pitiable spirit of unrest; and to such it were vain to expatiate on the joys it brings. If it be madness, there is indeed a luxury in being mad which none but madmen know.—But to that other portion of the human race, who cannot hear of a rock without longing to stand on its pinnacle, of a forest without losing themselves in fancy amidst its recesses, or of a river without pining to find themselves borne on its stranger wave,—to such the dear delight of arranging a *carte du voyage*, pulling forth travelling trunks, flying after passports, and finally, of starting off to cross the narrow sea that vainly strives to keep us at home, will be completely intelligible.

On the present occasion, besides all the joys of rocks and rivers, forests and mountains, we have a great ulterior object in contemplation distinct from all these, though stationed in the midst of them,—namely, Vienna. To pass a winter in the

capital of Austria, is the very heart of our enterprise, though the remaining weeks of summer, and the sunny autumn by which we hope to arrive at it, are not forgotten in our agreeable speculations, and we mean to leave as little unseen in our course as possible, let the turnings and windings such a purpose may lead to be as numerous as they may.

Our short halt at Paris was marked by two events,—namely, the decision of the king not to attend the review which has hitherto made part of the annual celebration of the last revolution, and the death of Armand Carrel in a political duel.

The first of these caused great speculation, some surprise, and a little disappointment; but the peaceable part of the public evidently approves the caution which has decided that the chief magistrate shall not go forth to be shot at. All other preparations for the fête were proceeding on a very extensive scale, and all Paris seemed ready to eat, drink, dance, and sing, for three days without ceasing. The beautiful arch at the Barrière de l'Etoile is to be fully opened to public inspection for the first time on this occasion. It was my sixth visit to Paris since this noble entrance to "La Belle Ville" was begun, and for the first time I saw it disembarrassed of its almost worn-out scaffolding. All that remained to be revealed in honour of the fête were the relievo sculptures, and over these canvass veils were still suspended when I passed it to pay a visit at St. Germain's on the 25th.

On the 26th we took our departure from the capital of "La Grande Nation," through avenues of poles intended to support on the morrow myriads of tri-coloured banners, and under orchestras from which, in a few hours, were to resound all such national airs as might be thought most likely to please the gay people who can dance and sing,

"Whatever planet rise."

The wretched death of the unfortunate Carrel produced probably a more general feeling of regret than would have been occasioned by that of any other of his party. As a proof indeed that this sentiment was not confined to one side only, it may be cited that Châteaubriand and Béranger both attended his funeral.

* * * * * *

"The vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France"

never looked brighter or lovelier than during the days and nights through which we drove across them to reach Strasbourg. The moon was at the full; and though it must be confessed that the sun was at the full also, the heavy rain which had fallen the night before we left Paris was so favourable to us that of dust there was none, at least for the first twenty-four hours: had it been otherwise, the fresh breeze, that we found so delicious would have come to us loaded with anything but perfume.

The country immediately round Meaux is very

beautiful; but we had only time to look at the outside of Bossuet's church. Château Thierry, too, with its early reminiscences of La Fontaine, who was born there, might have well rewarded a longer stay; but we passed a pleasant hour in climbing to its old castle, and looking down upon the splendid landscape it commands.

The descent to Metz is magnificent, and the painted glass of its fine cathedral deserving a longer description than I have time to give.

We drank champagne at Epernay by the light of the moon, prayed for fostering showers and ripening suns upon its vineyards, admired the dark forest-crested Vosges with their frontier fortresses frowning against the clear sky, and arrived by seven o'clock in the morning at this place. "La Maison Rouge," to which like all the world we first addressed ourselves, was too full to receive us; but we find ourselves very decently comfortable at the Hôtel de la Ville de Metz.

We now mean to give up this rapid mode of travelling, as only good for the conveyance of the body from one spot of earth to another when the mind is not particularly anxious to take part in the business; we have therefore secured a voiturier, who has engaged to take us to Stuttgart, a distance of seventy-seven English miles, in two days, leaving us power to stop when and where we please,—an agreement indispensably necessary to the comfort of every such arrangement.

* * * * *

We have been hearing high mass performed in the cathedral in honour of the day—the last of the immortal three. The organ is a most sweet one, and the service extremely well performed. It was the first Catholic church my maid had ever entered, and her astonishment appeared unbounded. The novel splendour seemed to dazzle her, and her comprehension altogether was completely puzzled.

"What is it all for? .... What does it all mean?" she exclaimed repeatedly; and it was not without some difficulty that I persuaded her, what she saw and heard was only the ordinary service of the church.

After leaving the cathedral we walked about the town, which, like every other in France at that day and hour, was full of holiday-folks, assembled from all the country round to do honour to the festival, or at any rate to enjoy one more "summer's day of indolence and mirth." We had the satisfaction of seeing the gay and well-dressed garrison returning from a review, and a prodigious show of well-appointed artillery in their train.

But of all the doings in commemoration of this high solemnity, I certainly think we witnessed the most extraordinary before we returned to our hotel; and though I stood to watch it in common with many others till my eyes ached, there was a degree of terror in the spectacle which I shall never remember without shuddering. Two men who had under-

taken to illuminate this spire of spires having mounted, like other human beings, as high as the ordinary means of ascent would permit, completed their ambitious purpose by clinging like bats to the outside of that tremendous pinnacle, till one of them finally reached the cross on the top of it. Then, to my unspeakable horror,—and not to mine only, for an audible shudder ran through the score of persons standing near me,—he threw one leg across the transverse bar of it, and so remained till he had affixed his *lampions* to its summit. Having waited to see this extraordinary feat completed, we returned to our hotel, where we are still awaiting our voiture. And now farewell till I can tell you that we are in Germany.

LETTER II.

Scenery near Steinbach. — Vaihingen and its Castle. — Different Modes of Travelling.—Arrival at Stuttgart.—Scarcity of private Lodgings.—Hotel the First and Hotel the Second. — Comforts of the Waldhorn.—King of Naples. — Dannecker. — Bust of Schiller.—Venus.—Palace of the King.—Rosentein.—Cannstadt —Baths.—Stuttgart as a Residence.—Picturesque Work on Germany.—Old Castle.

Stuttgart, 1st August, 1836.

HALF-WAY across the bridge between Strasbourg and Kehl, we left the wide domain of King Louis-Philippe and entered the Grand Duchy of Baden. The Rhine is so noble and natural a frontier, that it is pity it should ever be violated.

My recollections of Baden-Baden came so very strongly upon me as I found myself in the well-remembered road which in three or four hours would have led me to it, that if at the moment my own inclination had been my sole guide, I do greatly suspect I should have found all the temptations which new scenes could offer unable to contend against the longing I have to visit it again. But as it was, we soon turned from the enticing road, and drove on to Rastadt (27 miles), where we slept.

At five o'clock on the following morning we were again *en route* for Stuttgart, but decided against taking the usual way, through Carlsruhe; some advantage in distance and much in scenery being gained by going through Steinbach and Vaihingen. The road, too, is as good as if Mr. M'Adam had himself presided at the making it, and the views are delightful. For several miles this route winds among the hills, which though not extremely lofty, are sufficiently bold in outline to be beautiful; and the little valleys, or rather hollows, into which the eye penetrates between them, are dark and misty enough to excite the imagination of the fanciful traveller, —the only order of mortals, by the bye, at all able to enjoy this species of scenery. It was, in short, just the road to entice one to walk till one could walk no more; and the knowing, moreover, that the dark undulations around us were actually a part of the wild Schwartzwold, added not a little to their charm. Altogether, we enjoyed this part of our expedition exceedingly, going leisurely over the ground, and dividing a journey of fifty English miles into two days,—thus yielding to the temptation of stealing one more for the journey than we intended.

We breakfasted at Steinbach in a very primitive manner for about half a franc apiece, and then proceeded—the road often running quite close to the river Ens—to Vaihingen, a little town on the frontier of Wurtemberg, formerly of considerable importance as a defence, but now as bygone-looking

a place as I ever entered. We reached it about four o'clock, and having ordered what we called dinner, but what our host of the "Wild Man" insisted upon denominating supper, we all sallied forth to mount to the old Schloss while it was preparing. This desolate-looking edifice stands proudly enough, high and alone above the town, with the river Ens washing the foot of the rocky elevation on which it is placed. It must once have been all that a baron of the good old time of snatching and holding could desire, but now its sole inhabitants are an old woman and her cats. Oddly enough, this withered governor of the crumbling fortress has chosen the upper story of the tower for her own peculiar dwelling-place, and having spied us thence as we ascended towards her ramparts, she came down, and met us under the ruinous archway, keys in hand, ready to open to us the most secret recesses of her strong hold.

There was little, however, to see from her aërial nest: the view of the little valley, and the vineyards on its sides, is pretty enough, but seen quite as well from the ruinous old walls below.

* * * * *

We were again in the carriage by five o'clock the next morning. This you will confess requires some activity, and deserves to be called early rising; but the fact is, that nothing can be done well in this mode of travelling without it. Were we to set off like fine ladies and gentlemen at about an hour be-

fore noon, where should we find the time necessary for our long lounging examinations of everything that awakens our curiosity as we pass along?

I have never yet tried travelling in what is emphatically called, good style; which means, I believe, posting as fast as four horses can carry you from city to city, with a galloping courier in the van to prevent an instant's delay on the way. The certainty of always finding rooms and refreshment ready on arriving at your *gîte,* must, I confess, be extremely agreeable; but even for this I would not consent to give up the dear delight of standing on a mountain's top, or dipping my hands, when the fancy took me, in a crystal spring, or pausing for a delicious moment in some cool lovely nook which Nature seems to keep sacred to herself, or many other of those rude roadside enjoyments which belong to the humble travellers *en voiture.* It is but fair to confess, however, that this mode of getting along could only be enjoyed by a party in good health, accustomed to active exertion, and not greatly afraid of fatigue: for were it used merely as a means of travelling from town to town without any wish of lingering on the way, it would be felt as intolerably tedious.

* * * * *

We reached Stuttgart, the beautiful capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, yesterday morning (31st), and drove to an hotel, intending however to stay there but a few hours, our purpose being to take

private lodgings for a week. By means of the ever-ready German kindness which converts almost every one of whom you make an inquiry in the street into an active ally, we soon succeeded in finding an office at which every lodging in the town is registered, and in pursuance of the information received there, we proceeded to see a set of apartments which, though by no means very superb, would have answered our purpose perfectly, but for these we were asked a rent of about seven pounds a week. This was greatly more than we intended to give, and T. returned to the office to obtain an address to others: but being answered by the person who kept it that the price was by no means extravagant, and that we should find none cheaper, we decided upon somewhat shortening our stay, and remaining for three or four days at the hotel.

The inn to which we had been driven was the König von Wurtemberg, and to this we returned after our fruitless search, intending there to remain; but though the house is large and well fitted up, we neither liked our apartments nor the attendance we received, and speedily decided upon seeking another. These deficiencies may, perhaps, have been owing to the fact that his Majesty the King of Naples, who is on his way to Paris, had honoured the house by his presence, and the whole household appeared too much occupied by their illustrious guest to attend to anything else.

T. with his usual activity, soon found excellent

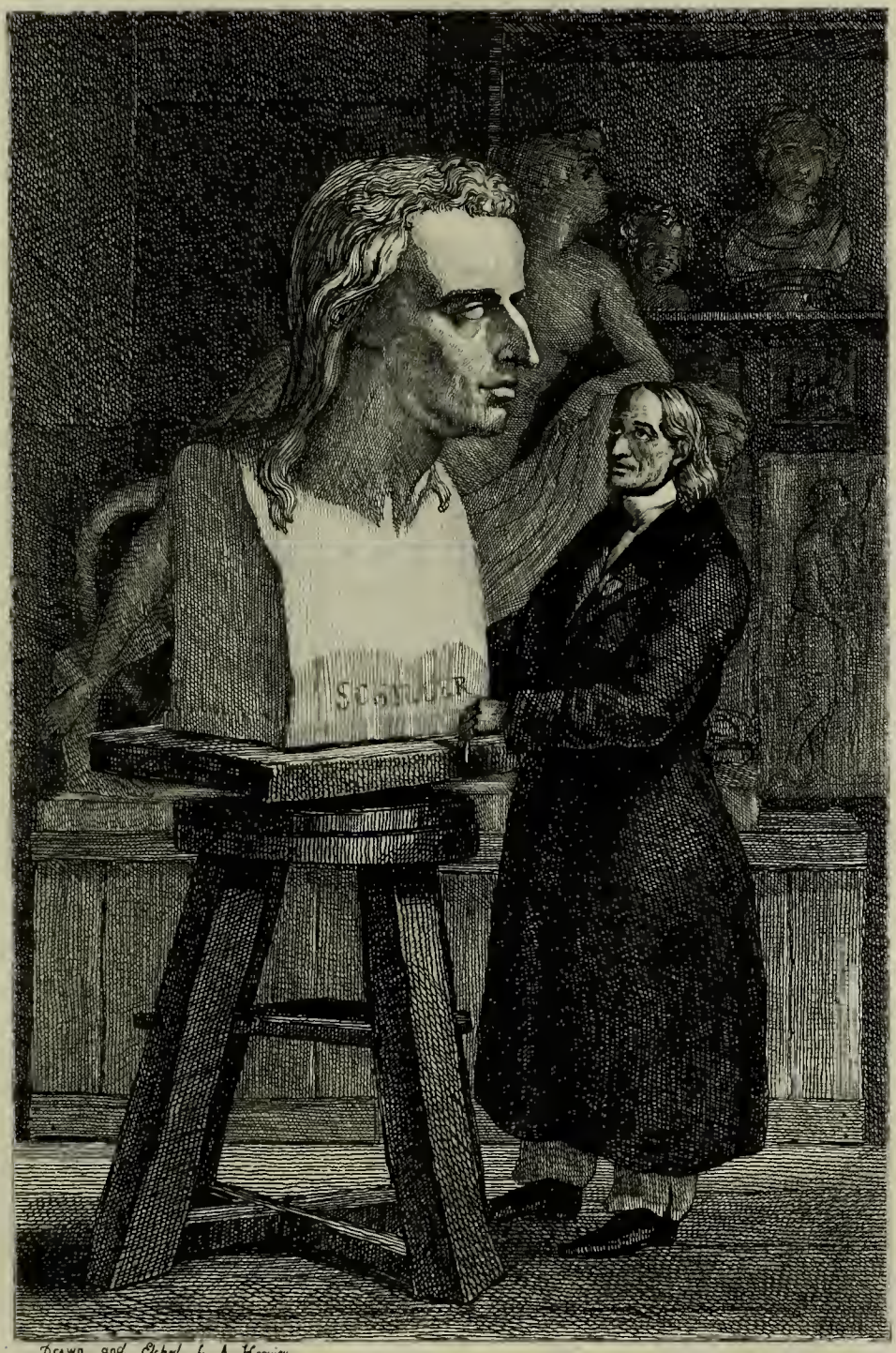
rooms for us at the Waldhorn, whence I now write; and I really think it is one of the most completely comfortable hotels I ever entered. The best rooms, as is usual here, are up two pair of stairs,—"an upper chamber swept and garnished" being, as of yore, the place of honour; but they are large, airy, and agreeable in no common degree. An additional advantage is, that M. Albisser, the obliging landlord, speaks both English and French, and is equally able and willing to furnish his guests with every possible assistance in pursuit of all that wanderers wish to see. There is, moreover, an excellent garden, and an ever-ready open carriage for the use of those who wish to enjoy the beautiful environs of the town. In short, we are so comfortable, that we are greatly disposed to rejoice at having failed in our pursuit of lodgings, and also that the King of Naples chanced (to use the expression of our host) to be "in the King of Wurtemberg."

When passing this King of Wurtemberg in the course of the afternoon of yesterday, we witnessed the departure of its royal guest. Nothing could be much less ostentatious or less stately than the Neapolitan monarch's mode of travelling: three carriages, containing himself and his suite, with boxes, trunks, and packages of all sorts and sizes, most unceremoniously suspended about them all, made up the cortége.

* * * * *

One of the first objects to be sought on arriving

at Stuttgart must, I imagine, to all the world be the atelier of Dannecker. Of his fame, in common with everybody else, I have heard much, but of his works I had only seen that perfection of marble loveliness, the Ariadne in Mr. Batemann's collection at Francfort. This, however, is fully enough to make a visit to its author an event of no small importance. We pronounced his name, and his residence was immediately pointed out to us, and he received us with the simple frankness of a great man who is accustomed to the homage of all who approach the spot where he resides. He has retained around him but few of the higher specimens of his sublime and most original genius; but there is one before which he himself seems to bow as his chef-d'œuvre, and though he is surrounded by modelled sketches of his most poetically inspired productions, and more than one marble triumph of his chisel, it is to this that he turns again and again with a satisfaction so genuine, and so simply expressed, that it is impossible not to render him, and most cordially too, the sympathy he thus ingenuously demands. This darling work of the artist is a colossal bust of his friend and schoolfellow Schiller. It was veiled when we entered the room; and the manner in which this animated and enthusiastic old man sought to read in our eyes the impression it made upon us when the veil was withdrawn, might have repaid a longer journey than it has cost us to see it.



Drawn and Etched by A. Hervieu.

Danneeker

London, Published by Richard Bentley 1837

It is indeed a noble bust! The marble copy of that majestic head speaks, as plainly as marble can speak, of poetry, power, and eloquence. The play of the features is wonderful. There is a movement about the mouth in particular, which, by its happy imitation of life and intellectual expression, reminded me of Chantry's admirable bust of Scott. I was reminded too of the manner in which I have heard our great artist describe the means by which he got Sir Walter's features into full play, by Dannecker's telling us, with an accent expressive of the deepest delight, that when he had got Schiller into talk on the subjects that animated and inspired him, his countenance appeared so sublime that he determined upon making the bust colossal, and that not quite in vain, perhaps, had he gazed for hours on the poet whose name would live as long as the language in which he wrote.

I asked where this noble work was destined to stand. "Je le garde pour moi," he replied, laying his hand upon his heart, and with a look and tone that seemed equally to express love and reverence for the subject, and modest approbation of the success with which it had been portrayed.

The day will come, I doubt not, when this work, so fondly cherished by its author, will be eagerly sought by the highest and mightiest of those who love to bring the memorials of genius round them. It is impossible to contemplate the expression of this marble portrait without feeling

one's estimate of human nature raised,—or to examine the exquisite art with which the sculptor has rendered it, and not acknowledge that though

"Greece be living Greece no more,"

a chisel still exists which can give immortal life to stone.

Not far from this bust, which one might almost say is redolent with life and intellect, lies a cast of the great poet taken after death. The features are the same, though collapsed and fallen; and never did I see life and death more strongly marked, or the fearful contrast between them more vividly brought home to the feelings, than by the contemplation of the effigies of the dead and the living Schiller. A thousand pages on the nature of the soul and its immortal power might be written and read with less profound effect than these two heads could be looked upon.

We passed a delightful hour in these rooms. A fine collection of casts from the antique, which belong to the king, have been given to Dannecker's keeping; and though walking through a room full of casts that one has seen a thousand times is an occupation not promising much amusement, the animated old man contrived to make it exceedingly interesting by his lively and original observations. He soon found out that Mr. H. was an artist, and immediately distinguished him by a sort of affectionate attention, repeatedly taking his hand,

pressing it to his bosom, and exclaiming, " Vous êtes artiste!"

He showed us a cast of the Medicean Venus, from which he had unceremoniously sawed off all that he considered spurious. His indignation against the arms as they now stand was vehement, and amounted to a satire against all who have ever looked upon the figure and not felt conscious at the instant of the discrepancy between the arms and the torso.

In speaking of his own productions, the language of Dannecker is alike remarkable for its genuine modesty, and the frank simplicity with which he admits that he has done some good things. His works are widely scattered throughout Germany, and several may be met in Russia; but I fear that very few have as yet made their way to England.

Mr. H. was so delighted by the attitude and countenance of Dannecker as he stood beside his favourite work, turning it round that we might view it on every side, while he himself raised his eyes to it with a look expressive of equal love and veneration, that he put his affectionate *esprit de corps* to the test by asking leave to come and make a sketch of him in his atelier. The kind old man granted the request, but not without a smiling hint that sitting for his portrait was not one of his favourite occupations.

Having indulged ourselves with perhaps an un-

conscionably long visit, and accepted a kind invitation to repeat it, we proceeded in the usual routine of palace, church, and gallery hunting.

Small as this capital is, there is much to see in it; and there will speedily be much more: the extraordinary activity perceptible in every part of the city in the construction of handsome edifices, both public and private, shows that it is rapidly increasing in wealth and importance.

To the lovers of fine palaces I would decidedly recommend a journey hither, were there nothing but the examination of the royal residence to reward it. Neither king nor kaiser need desire a more superb palace than that of Stuttgart. We all know that Windsor Castle has a sublimity of its own to which nothing else can be compared, and St. George's Hall is perhaps the finest room in the world; but, without having recourse to comparisons, it may be safely asserted that few palaces can be found at once so elegant and so noble as the residence of the King of Wurtemberg. The number of fine apartments is quite inconceivable, and for what purpose they can all be designed is beyond the power of my understanding to conjecture. There are, however, no good pictures; and excepting one or two charming things from the hand of Dannecker, they have little to show of the higher order of fine arts. Nevertheless, the whole display, vast as is the extent of it, is in uniformly good taste, both in the rooms recently fitted up

and in those whose costly decorations of the olden time have lost none of their splendour by the variations of fashion: in these there is a tone of rich and royal magnificence well worth looking upon.

The late Princess Royal of England has left many specimens here of her taste and skill in enamel painting, many beautiful cabinets being ornamented by medallions of her execution.

Among the interminable suites of rooms, for the majority of which I have confessed to you my inability to imagine a use, was one which spoke plainly enough its destination, and which in its way was really as *köningliche* in its perfection as any part of the show. This is a large and lofty chamber, fitted up with every imaginable contrivance for a gymnasium. In the centre is a pole, reaching nearly to the top of the room, for climbing; and beneath it, a circular padding over the floor, extending far enough to render any possible fall harmless. Leaping-bars, poles for the exercise of the arms, and a vast variety of et cæteras which my ignorance in such matters forbids me to enumerate, are ranged around, but all of them furnished with such ingenious contrivances for safety as showed that the young princes for whose use they were designed, were dearly cared for,—and that if no royal road has been discovered to mathematics, the body at least may be exercised and strengthened without any plebeian difficulty whatever.

The gardens of this superb palace are very ex-

tensive, and admirably laid out; furnishing, like all the royal gardens of Germany that I have yet seen, at least as much gratification to the people as to the prince. A multitude of very magnificent orange-trees are ranged beside all the walks and parterres near the palace; and as the economical practice that prevails in Paris of plucking the blossoms for orange-flower water is not permitted here, the whole of this part of the garden is filled with the most delicious perfume.

At the distance of about a mile from the Stuttgart palace is the beautiful summer residence of Rosenstein, the garden of the one ending where that of the other begins. The situation of this elegant pavilion, as well as everything else about it both within and without, is perfectly delightful. It is placed on a hill just sufficiently elevated to give an advantageous view of the beautiful country around; the Neckar flows at its feet; Cannstadt and I know not how many more pretty villages spread themselves out before it; the whole landscape being surrounded by vine-covered hills, yet not so closely but that between them are caught vistas of the magnificent country in the distance, reaching to the Black Forest and the Vosges.

Having gone over this royal, graceful, and happily arranged villa, we drove to the mineral baths of Cannstadt. Here, as everywhere else in or near Stuttgart, an active spirit of improvement is at work: large public rooms are in progress, and va-

rious springs of different degrees of mineral strength enclosed, both for bathing and for drinking. At one of these they were bottling the water for exportation in large quantities; and there is a general air of business and activity about the place that speaks well for its fashion and prosperity. We indulged in a warm bath, which was very refreshing, although the water is very far from pellucid, or in anyway tempting in appearance, looking extremely like dirty soap-suds, and defying the most accurate eye to discover what adventures it may have met with since first its uncrystal-like stream welled forth from its native font. One feature, however, of the bathing arrangements delighted me exceedingly. On summoning the woman who attended us for warm linen, she opened the door and thrust in a high wicker fabric that looked like a vast basket reversed, beneath which was placed a small *réchaud* bright with burning charcoal, and over its wicker roof were laid a large sheet of fine linen, with abundance of towels quite as warm as could be touched without wincing. This is a prodigious improvement on the ordinary mode of marching warm linen through a cold gallery before it reaches the bather. The price of the bath was about the same as in Paris.

Our drive home was by a delightful road that twisted and turned about as if on purpose to give us glimpses of all the prettiest points of view within reach, of which the Neckar formed the principal

feature, with its three bridges,—one in ruins, one unfinished, and one, the most picturesque of all, the rude wooden structure erected for the nonce. The excursion ended by our driving again through the royal gardens, fragrant with flowers, and only wanting more company to make them very nearly as pretty, if not as splendid, as those of the Tuileries themselves.

But few of the migrating English appear as yet to have found out Stuttgart as a residence; yet it seems to possess many recommendations as such. Everything is cheap except fuel, which being solely of wood, must be fully as dear as coals in London: neither, by what I can learn, are lodgings or even house-rent cheap in proportion to provisions; but they are building away at such a rate, that it appears reasonable to suppose that this latter objection will soon cease to exist. In all other respects I should think this town as desirable a residence for persons who wish to find a home on the Continent as any I have seen. The position is centrical and in every way advantageous, the climate good, the country in all directions singularly beautiful, and the society agreeable and by no means difficult of access to respectable foreigners. Here, as everywhere else in Germany, a strong line of demarcation exists among the natives, between the noble and those who are not so; and, moreover, by information obtained from one or two sources that might be depended on, it should seem that the court circle is not here open, as

in some other cities, to men of literary eminence, unless their birth would have entitled them to this honour had they chanced to have been born without any brains at all. This exclusion must be felt the more keenly, because plebeian persons so distinguished are readily received into the first society, provided always that they have not the disadvantage of being native here.

Notwithstanding this apparent indifference to home-bred literary talent, the city of Stuttgart ranks as the third in Germany in respect to its commerce in literary productions, Leipsic and Berlin only being before it. It has, moreover, some intellectual reminiscences and associations which are more likely perhaps than even the splendour of its palaces to render it renowned among the cities of the earth. Cuvier received his education here in the academy conducted by M. Schwab, father of the present professor and poet of that name. Goëthe and Schiller were also both educated here. Nor is the name of Wolfgang Menzel to be omitted, who is a resident at Stuttgart, and celebrated throughout Germany as a scholar and a critic:—he is at present conductor of the literary division of the *Morganblatt.* Many other persons have been mentioned to me here as distinguished in various walks of literature; but their names, too unfamiliar, I am sorry to say, to English ears, have not rested with sufficient clearness on mine to enable me to repeat them.

I have heard of one work about to be published

here, which though in German will, if I mistake not, speedily make its way all over Europe. The title, as given me in French, is " L'Allemagne Romantique et Pittoresque ;" and considering how richly stocked the country is with everything best deserving these attractive epithets, it can hardly be doubted that the enterprise will be successful. The work will be divided into ten sections, each one containing from twenty to thirty plates, with a copious text to be furnished by various authors, all of whom are already favourably known to the public.

The description of that beautiful region known by the name of the Saxon Switzerland has been entrusted to the hands of M. Tromlitz, Baron de Witzleben ; Swabia, and the Neckar up to Heidelberg, to M. Gustave Schwab ; the Danube, to M. Duller ; the Rhine, to M. Simrock ; and the Tyrol, to M. Horlosson. This comprises the first half of this well-imagined and interesting undertaking ; of the division and allotment of the remainder I have been unable as yet to learn the particulars. The price of each section is to be six florins—about twelve shillings. The gentleman who gave me these particulars added, that no country could at the present time compete with England for engraving, and that it was probable many of the plates for this work would be executed by English artists.

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The old residence here, now converted into offices or dwellings for persons connected with the

court, has no splendour left; but its old towers, seen through noble acacia trees, are venerable and even majestic, and to those who love as well as I do to trace the ways of men backward as far as time has left a clue to guide us, the poking about among the antique halls and passages will not be wanting in interest. One piece of knightly luxury, which though belonging to the olden time was quite new to me, has left such substantial evidence behind it, that nothing short of the demolition of the edifice can destroy it. In one of the huge round towers that flank the corners of the old castle is an enormous staircase, occupying the entire tower, and mounting to the height of four or five stories. This staircase is, in fact, little else than an inclined plane, and is known by the name of "*L'Escalier aux Caracols*," by which the knights of yore, when fatigued by war or the chase, could mount on horseback even to the door of their lady's lofty bower.

To-morrow we are to drive to Rothenberg, an isolated hill so lofty as to command an unbroken panorama of vast extent. On its summit is erected ..... But of this to-morrow, after we have seen it.

LETTER III.

Centrical Position of Stuttgart.—View from the Rothenberg.—Chapel of Queen Catherine.—Dannecker's St. John.—Professor Schwab.—Maison de Chasse.—La Solitude.—Rural Enjoyment. Krankenhaus.—Moonlight Walk among the Orange-trees.—Sketch of Dannecker.—Farewell.

Stuttgart, August 3rd, 1836.

Two more long days of walking, driving, looking, and talking, have left me convinced that this town and its neighbourhood deserve more notice from travellers than they appear hitherto to have met with; and had not our plan, which was originally to have proceeded from this place to Ulm, and so on direct to the Tyrol, been already extended by our having decided upon making a *détour* of four or five days among the Swabian Alps, I should certainly have taken time to look about me more deliberately. But we have at least made the most of our three days: the weather has been uniformly favourable, and we have contrived to see enough to leave a very satisfactory conviction upon our minds that this capital of Wurtemberg is a beautiful city now, that it is likely very speedily to become much more so, and that its position, both in reference to the great

beauty of the country immediately around it, and the peculiar facilities which its centrical situation affords for excursions into France, Switzerland, the Tyrol, Swabia, and the Rhenish territories, would render it a most desirable residence as head-quarters for those who wish to make themselves or their families familiar with some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe.

Stuttgart is distant from the French frontier (Strasbourg) eighty miles—from Schaffhausen eighty—from Innspruck, in the heart of the Tyrol, one hundred and seventy — from Bade-Baden fifty — and from Heidelberg fifty-eight. The most beautiful points of scenery among the Swabian Alps are within a day's riding, and the Neckar up to Heidelberg, one of the prettiest excursions in the world, may be easily explored either on horseback or *en voiture* in two. I think you will allow that this statement justifies my calling Stuttgart desirable head-quarters for a party of travellers ; and I by no means feel certain that I shall not some day be tempted to make it so for myself for five or six summer months. Much as I enjoy travelling, I like to have *pied à terre* somewhere,—near enough moreover, if possible, to the region of my ramblings to permit the interval of a quiet month or so *at home,* between climbing amidst the snows of the Tyrol, and entering upon a three weeks' course of dissipation at Baden ; and of all the places I have yet seen, this appears to be the best calculated for the purpose.

But instead of speculating upon the future, I must tell you what we have done already. The drive to the foot of the Rothenberg, and the subsequent steep climb to its summit, has, I believe, set my fancy off upon these wandering speculations. The view which this conical little hill commands is one of those which, to my taste, is too extended to be beautiful: the eye wanders far and wide, but rests upon nothing. It is glorious as a map however, and as such I have studied it; and it has shown me that we are in the centre of as fine a region for gratifying an exploring disposition as it is easy to imagine. The Neckar winds most enticingly away through its lovely valley in one direction, the Black Forest and the Vosges stretch farther than the eye can reach in another, and the whole chain of the Swabian Alps, from Lochenstein to Hohenstaufen, rise boldly to the sky in another.

It is on the very pinnacle of this remarkable hill that the late Queen Catherine lies buried, in a very elegant little Grecian temple erected expressly to receive her remains. The summit of this commanding elevation was, it seems, a favourite resort of her majesty during life, and it was by her own desire that her abode was fixed here after death. At a late hour on every Saturday, and at an early one every Sunday, divine service according to the Greek ritual is performed in this sepulchral chapel; and at these hours, whoever inhabiting the world

below may choose to climb so high is freely admitted. But the priest, whose solitary dwelling is only a few hundred yards below the temple, churlishly refused to let us enter; which was a severe disappointment, inasmuch as we had expected to see there the celebrated white marble statue of St. John by Dannecker, the plaster model of which we had all admired in his studio as one of his very finest works. The simple dignity of this sublime figure is worthy of Raphael. But this statue we are doomed to leave unseen; for to get to the top of the Rothenberg a second time within three days is more than even our enthusiasm for Dannecker, great as it really is, can enable us to achieve.

One of the most agreeable circumstances which has occurred to us during our stay here has been making the acquaintance of Professor Schwab. He is not only a very distinguished, but a very amiable man; and his obliging attentions have been both pleasing and useful to us in many ways. His reputation stands high as a man of letters and a poet: he appears to have been doing for Swabia what Sir Walter Scott has done for Scotland, bringing forward the lore of an accomplished antiquary in aid of the wild fascinations of German legendary romance. Of all the countries of the world this is probably the richest in such lore, not even excepting the prolific East; for there a single fable is made to serve as material for a hundred

tales,—but here every rock has its own spirit, every ruin its own hero, and scarcely can a mountain stream make its way through the dark intricacies of a volcanic ravine, without having some bright Undine belonging to it, whose loves and whose spells give the charm and animation of romance to the whole region.

Such materials in the hands of a man of genius will make tales worth translating, and I anticipate the pleasure of travelling again through Swabia in company with M. Gustave Schwab.

One of the services which we owe to this gentleman is the suggestion of such an alteration in our route as will enable us to see much that would be left unseen, were we to follow, as we intended, the usual road to Ulm by Esslingen, Goppingen, and Geislingen, which would make the distance about fifty miles. The way we now intend going will add another fifty, and require by the mode in which we mean to proceed about five additional days; but I have no doubt that the loss both in time and distance will be well repaid.

Yesterday morning we drove a few miles into the country to visit two royal residences which lie in nearly the same direction. The first which we reached can indeed be scarcely called a residence, for I doubt if there be a single bed-room in it. It is most strictly speaking a *maison de chasse*, and as such it is quite perfect, being situated in an extensive and finely-wooded park, or rather chase,

not only filled with every species of game, but having within its boundary enclosures for the preservation of a fine breed of wild boars. The name of the house itself (Bärenschlösschen), and the beautiful little lake close beside it, called the Barensee, lead one to suppose that in former times a still ruder style of hunting than even that of the wild boar was carried on there. I never remember to have seen a more perfect specimen of park scenery than this place affords: the trees are magnificent, and the numerous herds of superb stags, many of them snow-white, with the wild-looking coverts amidst which they are seen, form a picture that every lover of wood-craft would dearly like to look upon.

From the Bärenschlösschen we proceeded to the lofty villa of La Solitude, at present more celebrated for its position than for any beauty or splendour in the palace itself. On the roof is constructed a circular Belvedere, the view from which is perfectly astonishing—mountains look like pin-cushions in the wide expanse, and the ruins on their sides like pins stuck into them. The Neckar is but a shining brook, and its valley a pretty little orchard through which it flows. So enormous, in short, is the extent of this extraordinary panorama, that no object is or can be of sufficient vastness to become pre-eminent in it. An excellent telescope is placed on the leads, the arrangement of which must spare the guide who attends the curious traveller a world of questionings.

A graduated circle surrounds the stand, adjusted in such a manner as to show exactly how to direct the glass in order to bring it to bear on any given point, the names of all the most interesting objects being set down upon the line that commands them. After gazing our fill upon this marvellous expanse, which really seemed very much like looking upon "all the kingdoms of the earth," we sent in our cards and a note of introduction at a large house close to the palace for an English lady, who having married a native of Stuttgart, had been resident in that city for thirteen years. She proved to be a very charming person, and it was with regret that we left her so soon. While we were sitting with her, an elderly lady entered, whom she introduced as the Baroness ——, and gave us to understand that she was the wife of one of the King of Wurtemberg's ministers. This lady, like herself, was passing some weeks of the summer season in lodgings on this beautiful hill, the large *gesthaus* where we had put up our horses being let out in suites of apartments to such as preferred its rustic accommodations to the doubtful luxuries of the city during the warm weather. The conversation soon become general and very agreeable. Madame la Baronne pleased me greatly by her animated description of the delight of a young married daughter, who was now her guest, upon returning to the beautiful scenery amidst which she was born, from the flat country round Berlin, where she had resided since her marriage. She said,

that at an early hour every morning her daughter, with her baby in her arms, was sure to be seen wandering about the woods, or inhaling the pure air of the hill, with all the eager delight of a happy child. "It is seldom," said she, "that persons born in such a country as this, can ever get perfectly reconciled to the loss of it;" and I felt well disposed to believe her. We were most kindly and cordially invited to take our tea with them, the table for which they told us was preparing in the open air, upon the magnificent esplanade before the château. But, alas! we had not dined, and were therefore obliged, as dinner was waiting for us at the hotel, to decline it. As we left them, we saw many parties, consisting chiefly of ladies with their nurses and children, preparing to take their tea or coffee in the same manner. There was an air of cheerful, happy, healthful gaiety about the whole scene that was quite delightful.

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In the evening our admiration of Dannecker was the means of beguiling us into a very toilsome adventure. He had told us that a figure of Christ, of which we saw the first little ebauche of clay in his studio, was in the "Eglise de l'Hôpital;" and, being determined to see it before we left the town, we set out as soon as we had dined in search of it. We had omitted to inquire in what quarter of the town this "Eglise" was situated, and had therefore to inquire our way as we proceeded. In order to sim-

plify our questions of inquiry as much as might be, we asked our way to the hospital, and were accordingly handed on with great civility from street to street till we had fairly got to the very extreme verge of the town, and then a handsome-looking building, about a quarter of a mile distant from it, was pointed out to us as " das Krankenhaus ;" and on to the Krankenhaus we toiled, and were received as usual with all possible politeness, and the greatest readiness to show us every thing we were disposed to see,—but church there was none ; so back again we came to our Waldhorn, and having consoled ourselves for an hour with our sofas and our tea, we strolled out in the loveliest of twilights, with a full moon to help it, into the royal gardens, and inhaled the fragrance of the orange-trees, and collected their fallen blossoms, till our weariness and disappointment were forgotten, and our spirits sufficiently calm for us to venture upon retiring to rest without danger that we should dream of sultry evenings and streets paced in vain.

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In the course of this morning Mr. H—— returned from Dannecker, with his sketch finished ; the likeness is perfect. The old man, he said, seemed well pleased with it, but, after looking at it earnestly for a minute or two, said with a smile—

" C'est bien, très-bien ..... mais que Dannecker est petit, près de Schiller ! "

He then, at the request of Mr. H——, wrote his

name beneath it: both drawing and autograph have been kindly given to me, and will take rank among the best treasures of my scrap-book.

Having secured the portrait, and no longer in fear of disturbing the sitting, the whole party went to pay their farewell visit to Dannecker; and, though we had many other farewell things to do, it was a long one. The delightful union of enthusiasm and simplicity which distinguishes the manner of this celebrated man gives a charm to every word he utters, and it was with more sorrow than our short acquaintance can well explain, that I returned the last wave of his hand as we drove off.

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Professor Schwab has just left us,—after kindly giving us all sorts of instructions for our Swabian tour; and, moreover, a line of introduction to M. Uhland, whom we hope to find at Tubingen, and who is, as the professor assured us, the first living lyric poet of Germany.

To-morrow at six o'clock we leave Stuttgart, and well pleased shall we be whenever fate may lead us to return to it again.

LETTER IV.

Tubingen.—Professor Uhland.—University Library.—Church.—Old Monuments.—Counts of Tubingen and Dukes of Wurtemberg.—Rothenbourg.—Toleration.—Heckingen.—Hohenzollern.—Pedigree.—Reutlingen.—The Ball-room.

Reutlingen, 5th August.

On Thursday morning we left Stuttgart with our accustomed punctuality; and reached Tubingen, the first object of curiosity on our new route, about ten. The distance is eighteen English miles, and the drive a very pretty one. The high and easily traced antiquity of this town, with its castle, university, and splendid collection of princely tombs, renders it highly deserving a visit. It is, too, very prettily situated upon the Neckar, one side of many of the houses almost over-hanging the stream. The apartments of the poet Uhland, to whom we failed not to make a visit, were among these; and I felt disposed to regret, as I looked down upon the fair landscape spread out below us, that the poet's mind, so rich in images of beauty, could not be as amply displayed to our view. But, though gentle and obliging in his manner, we can hardly be said to have conversed with him. He speaks French either with difficulty

or reluctance; and as neither of the party could venture to converse with him in German, the conversation languished, and our visit was a short one.

On leaving M. Uhland, T— repaired to the library of the University, and the rest of the party to examine the Church, while waiting for the carriage which was to convey us for an hour or two to Rothenbourg.

This university library contains much that is interesting; and the professor, to whom my son was introduced, did the honours of it with most attentive kindness. A part of its treasures consists of SEVEN THOUSAND Greek MS. sermons, preached in different parts of Germany about the middle of the sixteenth century! ... A curious memento of the learning and the pedantry of the period.

While T— was engaged in his biblical researches with the professor, we were no less busily employed in examining other relics of past ages in the church.

What wealth of antique monumental sculpture is contained in that dirty old church! ... It is now used by a Protestant congregation; but in that part of it which, when it was Catholic, would have been called the Lady chapel, are thirteen most marvellously splendid tombs of the Counts and Dukes of Wurtemberg, the earliest bearing date 1454. The successive carving and costumes of the effigies give just such a history of art as a statuary or antiquary would desire. Many of them have been very richly gilt, and all are in the highest style of elaborate monu-

mental sculpture. But how they all got there is the wonder, for they are placed in most admired disorder, filling the chapel, or whatever the space in which they are deposited may be called, like so many chairs and tables in an upholsterer's warehouse. Where the bones lie whose resting-places these rich stones were intended to indicate, I know not, but assuredly not beneath them. The date of the earliest monument (which is that of Lewis, ninth Count) is twenty-nine years prior to that in which the foundation of the church was laid; and as, notwithstanding the progressive change so remarkable in the sculptures, the general design of all these costly tombs is sufficiently alike to show that they must have all belonged to the same stately mausoleum, it is probable that in some of the violent political convulsions to which this country has so frequently been exposed, they have been transported hither as a place of greater security, or at least of greater obscurity, than that in which the high and mighty chiefs lie buried to whose memory they are dedicated.

This church alone renders a visit to Tubingen imperative upon all antiquarian travellers; and, though I look upon such treasures but darkly, I would not have missed the wondering examination of them for a great deal. It was here that we first blessed our kind friend, Professor Schwab, and his interesting route.

Though I have perhaps seldom seen a place in which I would less desire to pass the remainder of

my days, I have visited many more brightly gay, than even Tubingen seems gloomily the reverse, which would not one-half so well repay examination. The stamp of past ages is so much more visible upon it than any traces of later days, that one feels the same sort of respect for its quaint ugliness that is inspired by the wrinkles and infirmity of venerable age. The town-hall, indeed, bearing on its uncouth front the date of 1435, inspires a feeling of unmixed astonishment that it should have been permitted to burthen the earth so long.

In looking at such a structure as the stadthaus at Louvain, no wonder is excited by seeing that it still exists as perfect and as beautiful as when its fanciful but most skilful architect saw its last pinnacle completed; more wonderful would it have been had any race of men been found who would not have guarded and preserved so precious a treasure: but to one who has lived long enough to see, in various parts of the world, what was unsightly and inconvenient giving place to elegance and utility, there is something almost inconceivable in the preservation of such buildings as constitute the chief part of some of the remote towns of Germany. . . . One asks oneself, " Are they to last for ever thus ?"

Yet, although there is neither beauty nor comfort in their aspect, they have an interest for those who come to look, and pass on, that is strangely intense; and, were I obliged to choose between them, I would give up the sight of many a gay new palace, rather

than lose an opportunity of examining some of the very ugliest piles of dirty old stones that the clumsy ignorance of barbarous architects ever reared.

Thus Tubingen, even independent of its precious tombs and venerable university, was not without interest for me, though I can say not a word in favour of its architectural comeliness; and, when the hour arrived for our drive to Rothenbourg, I almost envied T— and B—, whose researches in the library took them to its old castle instead of accompanying us. This old castle, by the way, now the seat of peaceful learning, has been, if its chroniclers say true, the scene of more than one deed of violence. It was formerly the residence of an independent noble, bearing the title of Count of Tubingen; and the old records show that Godfroid of Tubingen sold his country to Ulric of Wurtemberg in 1342 for 5857 florins. The university was founded, in 1457, by Eberhard the first Duke of Wurtemberg. His successor, Ulric, so barbarously massacred a man whom he suspected of being the lover of his duchess, that a powerful league was raised against him; and, being obliged to fly, he remained for a considerable time concealed in the celebrated cavern called the Nebelhöhle, near Lichtenstein; but, at the expiration of fifteen years of banishment and wanderings, was restored to his dukedom. This awful Nebelhöhle, by the way, we are to visit to-morrow; and, if all we hear be true, we shall find that the jealous and revengeful Ulric hit upon a very fitting abode for his dark and cruel spirit.

The drive to Rothenbourg is through an exceedingly pretty valley, surrounded by miniature mountains, and enlivened by the shallow but sparkling Neckar, along which the road runs. The town has but little, I think, to repay a visit. It is, however, the residence of a Catholic bishop, and a dismal sort of residence it must be. The church has not much the air of a cathedral, but it is eight hundred years old, and has a tower, to the top of which we climbed for the purpose of obtaining a very extensive view over the neighbouring country, which is most singularly variegated by the innumerable mountains, which are called the Swabian Alps, but which in truth can only rank as bold hills rising abruptly and capriciously, and rearing their bare heads loftily enough to contrast finely with the soft green valleys that lie among them.

The very summit of this tower is fitted up as the residence of the family who live by leading strangers to its leads. Their hewers of wood and drawers of water must have hard work before they get their commodities home.

We dined on cold venison and bad wine, and returned to Tubingen for the night. The first hour of light this morning was passed among the tombs, and in examining all the ins and outs of the curious old church that shelters them. It is at present undergoing what promises to be a thorough repair; and the seats, as now arranged, appear calculated to contain a very large congregation, of which the univer-

sity makes a considerable part. The utmost liberality of religious feeling seems to exist at Tubingen; the young men, and the professors also, being of various creeds.

At six we started for Heckingen, for the purpose of visiting the castle of Hohenzollern, which not only forms one of the most prominent and attractive features of the wide landscape as seen from every commanding elevation in the neighbourhood, but is itself an object worthy of all attention from its extraordinary position, its high antiquity, and complete preservation. This predominating fortress was formerly the stronghold of the Counts of Hohenzollern, who held princely and independent sway over the territory to which it belonged: the family is now merged in that of the reigning house of Prussia, a fact which we might have learned, had we not previously been aware of it, by the black and white stripes which distinguish every hand-rail and sign-post upon the domain.

A pleasant and well-conducted little hotel received us at Heckingen: here we breakfasted greatly to the contentment of our travelled appetites, and then set off to *walk* to Hohenzollern; for our treacherous voiturier, who was engaged to carry us as near to the castle as his horses could go, declared that it was impossible for the carriage to proceed beyond Heckingen; whereupon we, believing in the innocence and ignorance of our hearts that he spoke truth, undertook what proved to be one of the most

fatiguing expeditions I ever remember to have taken part in. Soon after quitting the gasthaus, we mounted by so steep an ascent to the market-place of the town, that we panted up it with the persuasion that it was too abrupt an acclivity for a carriage to ascend. But, this short pull over, we found ourselves upon a level plain, which extended for many miles with an excellent road over it, passing the foot of the isolated cone on which the castle stands.

This discovery, however, was made too late to avail us, for, had we returned to our inn for the carriage, the day would have been too far wasted to permit our achieving all we intended to do before night. So on we walked; the fiercest sun that ever sent its noon-tide beams from the unclouded sky of Germany, scorching us as we went. We shall none of us, I believe, soon forget the heat and fatigue of that walk. At one point, where the rare luxury of a tree blessed our eyes beside the road, we threw ourselves beneath its shade, in the vain hope of finding coolness there; but the very air glowed like a furnace round us.

As we sat there, looking wistfully on sundry homely vehicles passing along the road, and wishing ourselves in the homeliest among them, one drove by in which was a plump and comely frau, who, notwithstanding the state of enviable ease in which she was going over the ground that caused us so much toil, showed evident symptoms on her fair round

face that she too felt the sultry hour. She looked at us with an expression of good-humoured but comic compassion, and exclaimed with uplifted hands the words "Schwitzen machen!" in an accent that happily convinced us all we were not so near expiring as we fancied, for it made us laugh heartily.

On reaching the foot of the seemingly perpendicular hill on the crown of which stands the castle, we looked up at its unshaded, scorched, and desert sides with fear and trembling; and I for one must confess that my spirit almost died within me as I meditated on the labour of the ascent. But yet the view around was already so glorious, the form and position of the venerable fabric so enticing, and the mortification of turning from an adventure half achieved so great, that with desperate courage we began to climb. The broken track that served for a road cut our feet with its flints; and when we sought relief by turning off upon its steep margin, we found the treacherous turf so slippery that every step put us in danger of losing our footing and rolling to the bottom. Yet on we toiled, higher and higher still, till such a splendour of landscape spread before us, as drove heat and fatigue from our thoughts, and refreshed our spirits by the delightful sensation of unbounded admiration. To do justice to such a scene by description is quite impossible. Long chains of undulating hills, some close beneath our feet, rich with dark forests, others fading gra-

dually away in the blue distance, are its chief features; but there are fair valleys too, winding amongst them, and village spires, and bright snake-like streams, and flocks and herds, and waving corn, and every other thing that is good to adorn the surface of the earth. In short, a nobler or a brighter landscape the eye can hardly look upon; and, had our voiture brought us the three long miles to the foot of the hill, we should have mounted it, fearfully steep as it is, without more fatigue than would have been well repaid by what it gave us in return. Should you therefore ever find yourself at Heckingen, fail not to drive to the base of this extraordinary little mountain, and, having reached it, shrink not from scaling its threatening acclivity; for, even as you pause to pant as you ascend, a new and most lovely world will gradually appear before your eyes, and you will learn to know, better than any traveller's pen can teach you, that the Alps of Swabia must not be passed unexplored.

The castle contains but few rooms, but there is one amongst them worthy of a pilgrimage for itself alone. The noble rittersaal, which is as trimly kept as if the royal lord of Hohenzollern were himself expected there, is a chamber to which it would be difficult to find a parallel. Its dimensions are almost magnificent, the proportions perfect, and the walls covered by a series of portraits, which, though certainly not all genuine originals, inasmuch as one among them purports to be that of a knight who

flourished about the time of Charlemagne, are of such curious antiquity, and in such excellent preservation, as to give to this ancient solitary tower of strength a sort of dramatic decoration, that might make one fancy the days of feudal dignity not yet over, when knights jousted to beguile the time between their battles, and slept away the idle hours in which they could not hunt.

When you turn from gazing on the walls of this stately rittersaal to look forth from its windows, the beauty and extent of the landscape, wonderful as it is, strikes you less, I think, than the mysterious labour, then so obvious, of erecting such an edifice on such a spot. While remembering, too, that this, and a thousand other feats of the same kind, were performed without the aid of any of those powers with which science has since taught us to eke out human strength, the enormous amount of toil which they must have cost, becomes almost a frightful contemplation ; nor do I believe that any other country than patient Germany can show such proofs of persevering animal exertion as we see displayed in the multitude of massive edifices, erected on points chosen only on account of the difficulty of access to them. The great enterprises of the present day are of a character wholly different. Boldness, perseverance, and courage are doubtless required to plan and execute a canal, a tunnel, or a rail-road ; but these are all purely intellectual operations, compared to the process by which our Teutonic cousins reared their high towers on rocks that Nature seems to have

destined for the abode of the eagle only. When, instead of the easy mode borrowed from Jove's own thunder, by which we now clear our way through rocks with little more trouble than applying a lighted match to a touch-hole, — when, instead of this, the steadfast granite was removed, splinter after splinter, by the painful axe, — when, instead of lighting a fire beneath a kettle, and watching, as you eat the dinner cooked thereby, timbers sawed, stones hewed, iron wrought, and weights raised, by the agency of a little boiling water, — when, instead of this, the aching limbs of men did all that is required to build a castle on the giddy edge of a bold precipice, the work becomes a wonder, and the contemplation of it a study that has, perhaps, as much pain as pleasure in it.

The perfect style and keeping of this well-preserved and curious edifice is somewhat injured by its guardian being permitted to have a gasthaus in the lower rooms; but I am willing to confess that this cavil is a very selfish one, and that it is far better that the landscape-loving ramblers of all the country round should find here wherewithal to recruit their strength, than that the feudal pageant should be preserved somewhat more perfectly, in order to gratify our taste.

There is one object which I have omitted to mention, but which none should overlook who love the herald's art, and feel interest in tracing a noble, nay, a royal race, to its source. In a small room near the rittersaal, a most splendid pedigree is suspended,

showing an unbroken line of descent from a period so remote as almost to be lost in clouds and darkness. The first date is early in the sixth century, and the first title recorded is that of *mayor of the palace;* but in 801 they become Counts of Hohenzollern, which title has continued in the family till it merged in that of the King of Prussia.

The descent of this tremendous hill, though a very different business from getting up, was fatiguing enough; and, by the time we got back to our hotel, the stoutest amongst us was right glad, I believe, that the labour of the day was over. We had some difficulty in deciding what refreshment, from the scanty bill of fare, would suit us best, — good wine was not to be had. This is a luxury which we lost when we turned our backs upon France and the Rhine. So, not being particularly fond of schnapps, we at length agreed to have another breakfast, and by the help of coffee and tea were able to set forth again with the thirst of severe exercise, and the sultry season, pretty tolerably appeased; but I think I never knew what thirst was till that hour.

Our drive to Reutlingen was through very fine scenery, which, as the evening advanced, was lit up by a succession of lightning flashes as bright and beautiful as those of America. We all enjoyed this; but what seemed a glorious spectacle to us, was a source of horror to our driver, and he galloped over the few last miles of the route at a pace very unusual for a *langsam Deutsch kutscher.*

So here we are at a somewhat earlier hour of the evening than we anticipated; but the rain is falling in torrents, and though Reutlingen has the honourable recollection attached to it, of having formerly been a free town of the empire, it is impossible for us to stir an inch out of doors to look at it. Another misfortune is, that our inn is so overfilled as to afford us only the ball-room for our lodging. Dingy chandeliers hang above us, misty mirrors are all around, and now our peace is invaded by the brawling landlady and half-a-dozen barelegged followers dragging, hauling, pushing, and carrying the beds and bedsteads for our night's repose. Where our three squires are to find their rest, Heaven knows! I suppose this wide whitewashed desolate ball-room is assigned to us as the best lodging to be had. If so, poor souls! I pity them, for anything more uncomfortable than the air of our three little beds, with long tottering benches for washing-stands, and a great glass-door to protect us against all comers, I can hardly imagine.

My maid seems to have concluded all the operations her ingenuity can suggest for our comfort. Cloaks hang in dark mysterious draperies over the glass-door; benches placed lengthwise, till they reach nearly across the room, supply the want of a lock. C—— is already preparing for bed; and the three long tallow-candles have, as usual, been turned out of the room, leaving only my little travelling taper to light me as I subscribe myself ever yours.

LETTER V.

Oberhaussen. —Walk to the Nebelhöhle. — The Cavern. — Skill of the Torch-bearers. — Lichtenstein. — Necessary preliminaries to travelling with a Voiturier. — German substitute for Patent wheel-boxes. — Urach.

Urach, 6th August 1836.

We rose this morning with the sun, that we might not leave Reutlingen without having walked through its now quiet streets, examined its old church, and spied out, if we could, some relics of its former dignity. Our researches were not very successful; the handsomest thing we found was a rich Gothic fountain in tolerably good preservation; but, for the rest, this ancient Freystadt has little to distinguish it from any other large Dorf, or ordinary village. After this short ramble we started for Lichtenstein, another commanding elevation, celebrated far and near as one of the finest spots in Swabia. The antique fortress on its summit is now converted into a gasthaus; and here we determined to breakfast, intending to visit the Nebelhöhle afterwards.

It is impossible to imagine any scenery, on the same scale, more wildly beautiful than that formed by the succession of narrow valleys through which the road passes from Reutlingen to Oberhaussen. Some-

times the lofty hills, which have all the character of mountains except their bulk, advance on either side, leaving a narrow gorge between them just wide enough to admit the road; and then a new valley opens beyond, rich with corn, or solemn from the shadows of the thick forest that spreads from the hill side across the narrow plain. Sometimes these enclosing hills are bare and rocky; and sometimes, towering above them are seen distant and loftier heights in that dim blue wavering colouring which gives the last finish to a perfect landscape.

On reaching Oberhaussen, our coachman again assured us that he could advance no farther with the carriage towards Lichtenstein; and, as the people of the inn there appeared to confirm the statement, we were fain to acquiesce, and trust to our own powers for conveying us to the point we wished to reach. On inquiring concerning the relative positions of the Nebelhöhle and the Lichtenstein rock, we found that it would be necessary to visit the cavern first, as the guide who must accompany us from Oberhaussen would be obliged to carry with him such a bundle of torches as would make it extremely inconvenient to lengthen the way. Fasting as we were, therefore, we submitted to this necessity, and set off for a mountainous walk of half a dozen miles, accompanied by a stout guide carrying a bundle of straw, and a prodigious packet of pine laths of about seven feet long, tied in eight or ten different bundles, each bundle being intended for a torch.

Heavy rain had fallen during the night, and our path was overhung by wild gooseberry and rose bushes, so that the females of the party had soon to carry up the steep ascent garments heavily laden with moisture. This misfortune, however, was without remedy, and there was much in our road calculated to make us forget all the evils of it. The village of Oberhaussen is beautifully situated in the same lovely valley through which we had travelled from Reutlingen; and just before we reached the village we perceived a narrower valley still, or rather a turf-clothed ravine, which opened a passage at right angles into the very heart of the mountains. Along the forest-covered side of this ravine lay our steep, wet, tangled path; sometimes so closely overhung by trees that the sultry air seemed stifling, and sometimes opening upon views so wildly beautiful, that heat, hunger, fatigue, and dripping skirts were all forgotten in the enjoyment.

After nearly an hour of this trying exercise we reached the summit of the mountain, and pursued our way for another half mile over a table-land, in some places yielding a miserable return to a desperate attempt at cultivation, and at others wildly clothed in the stunted foliage assigned by nature for its decoration, and redeeming its arid character by offering to the passer-by wild raspberries and strawberries in abundance.

At length we reached a spot where a steep but safely-arranged zigzag path took us down again

some fifty or sixty yards of what was very nearly a precipice. Just at the point at which we began to descend, we found a man loitering about, who immediately approached us. Had we been less sufficiently guarded, I suspect that something very like fear might have been produced by this rencontre. A finer or more picturesque figure to enact the part of bandit, never grew upon a rock beneath the pencil of Salvator. He very peaceably joined our guide, however, and preceded us down the steep descent to a small level platform; below which a mixture of rock and forest sunk so abruptly, that, from this little area of perhaps a hundred square feet, we commanded an unbroken view over all the lovely country through which we passed yesterday. From gazing on this glorious expanse we turned to watch the operations of our two rustics. The pine wood was deposited on the earth, and the straw carefully disposed, together with some fragments of the combustible wood, in such a manner as to make a compact and, in some degree, an enduring fire. A light was struck, and the heap ignited slowly, but surely. Our two companions then descended twenty dark and slippery steps that seemed to lead into the bowels of the earth, at the bottom of which a massive door sloping to the angle of the mountain above us, and rather covering, than fitted to, an opening in the rock, yielded (after a huge padlock was removed) to their united strength, and, being kept open by a large block of wood prepared for the purpose, discovered

to our curious eyes another flight of steps leading, not into outer, but inner darkness, so profound as to prove very satisfactorily that the large equipment of torches was not unnecessary.

Having set open this awful-looking portal, the two men returned to upper air, and quickly prepared eight flaming brands, of which they presented one to each of us, with instructions to shake them aloft in the air when we wished to revive the flame.

T—— was the first who boldly plunged into the black abyss, and the rest followed, accompanied by our attentive guides, who, despite the picturesque wildness of their appearance, were quite as careful of us as the tamest of liveried lackeys could have been. Some degree of care was certainly necessary, for the steps, which were of wood, were extremely slippery, and by no means in very good repair. About thirty of these brought us upon the earthy floor of an enormous cavern, the extent of which our eight torches, though they blazed furiously, were quite incapable of showing us. As the party separated, however, the lights flaming now here, now there, in the distance, produced most beautiful effects.

The lofty roof and sides of this dark chamber form one enormous stalactite, which here and there offered a bright surface, reflecting light in the midst of darkness,

"Like to a good deed in a wicked world."

From one extremity of the cavern branches a wide, irregular, and most fearful-looking passage, the

floor of which is tortuous with rocks, and dangerous from dark yawning crevices which a hundred torches could not enable one to pass securely. Over this a tottering wooden gallery leads for several hundred feet into the earth, the whole distance being rendered interesting, and even beautiful, by the capricious and grotesque varieties of form which the sides and roof assume. Where the cavern begins to narrow into this passage yawns a black pool, which of course we were told was unfathomable; for where is the German guide who, in a scene of mystery and terror, will fail to add some awful circumstance to enhance its effect? This black and apparently stagnant water, however, wants no aid to give it a striking and almost terrible power on the scene. Not only was every torch that approached it brightly and steadily reflected, but no sooner did a distant or passing light flash on any of the salient and wild forms of the surrounding rocks, than the inky mirror gave them back with such clear but fitful distinctness that no very active fancy was necessary to suggest the idea that the foul pool was peopled with unholy monsters, who ever and anon raised their unsightly heads to look upon us.

Near the extremity of this long passage, where it makes an abrupt turning, is a huge mass of stone standing alone, and as it were springing from the earth, and wholly unconnected with the rock that forms the roof and sides of it. So strangely does this resemble an immense colossal statue, that more

than once I made a group of torches throw all their light upon it before I could be quite convinced that art had not in some degree assisted in shaping it. This singular formation, though not sheltered by iron network, is as carefully surrounded by a rail as the Hercules at the bottom of the stairs at Somerset House; and our guides passed very reverently before it, while informing us that it was supposed to be the monarch and genius of the place.

The whole scene, and every sound and feeling connected with it,—the torches, with the sometimes seen, and sometimes lost, figures of those who bore them,—the deep silence at one moment, and the whispered wonder at another,—the remembrance of the fierce Ulric who was driven to commune with his own bloody thoughts, alone and in darkness, within this vast and terrible labyrinth, altogether produced as powerful an effect upon the imagination as I ever remember to have experienced.

Nevertheless, in the midst of this sort of strange trembling ecstasy into which it threw me, I was at once brought back to ordinary life and ordinary laughter by an exclamation from our abigail, whom we never leave out of any of our wonder-seeking excursions, because she enjoys them so heartily.

"How shall I ever make any of them believe it?" she cried, indulging in soliloquy as she stood shaking her torch on high, above the magic mirror that gave back that, and all it glared upon.

"How shall I get them to understand it? . . . . .

What is there in all the world that I can tell them it is like?"

This burst of anxiety lest her true histories should be accounted but as travellers' tales by the auditory she expected to find on her return, had so much comic but natural feeling in it, that it brought me down from my altitude at once. After a hearty laugh I remembered that I was cold, that I was tired, that I was hungry, and that the most rational thing we could possibly do would be to return to upper air with all convenient speed, and make our way to the promised breakfast on the promised rock, at a pace that might both warm our chilled limbs, and bring us within reach of warm coffee with as little delay as possible.

It was not without some difficulty, however, that I collected my party; for there seemed to be a spirit of emulation among them as to which should penetrate most boldly into the dark recesses of this fearful but majestic chamber, and who should succeed best in producing startling effects by the skilful manœuvring of their torches. But in this our two guides far outdid them all. They had not studied their profession in vain, and understood as well how to leap, dart, and fling their arms on high with horrific pantomimic action, as the most accomplished ballet-master could have taught them; while ever and anon they struck the burning end of their pine torches vehemently against the rocks, which produced the double advantage of sending forth a

radiant shower of sparks producing a beautiful effect in the darkness, and of making the wood, disencumbered of its exhausted embers, flare as brightly as a newly-snuffed candle.

At length, curiosity being satisfied, and frolic weary, we issued forth, watched the heavy portal fall behind us, and, mounting the external steps, found ourselves in an atmosphere that felt by comparison like the African department of a forcing house: yet we were still so wet from the showers we had shaken from the boughs and brambles during our walk, that we collected the remains of all our torches, and, making a bonfire of them upon the little platform, stood gazing on the view, and drying our garments till the glowing pile became pale—as ashes.

We should all have been well pleased if we had at that moment, and in that spot, found some good spirits of upper air ready to atone to us for all the fatigue and chilling coldness we had endured among their demoniacal subterranean neighbours, by spreading a comfortable breakfast before us; but a few strawberries and raspberries were all they offered us, and these proving very insufficient to satisfy the appetites of six hungry souls who for six hours had been in full activity, we summoned fresh strength and courage, and, under the guidance of one of our torch-bearers, set forward for Lichtenstein, the wild and often imperceptible track leading us along the top of the hill in whose entrails lay the cavern we

had just quitted. Here again, as constantly happens to us whenever we give faith to a German's statement of distance (unless he be a postmaster) the way proved greatly longer than we expected; and faint and wearily, after another three miles of very rough walking, did we drag ourselves up the last steep ascent that led to the rock of Lichtenstein. This rock is bare only on the side that fronts the valley through which runs the high road, and seen from thence it looks, with the bleak castle on its top, as unscalable as the rock of Gibraltar; but the approach to it from behind, though quite abrupt enough to try the wind of such tired travellers as ourselves, presents no difficulty beyond a little fatigue. It is, however, thickly covered by forest; and the labour of the ascent is to the last moment uncheered and unrewarded by any glimpse of the landscape below. I never remember to have felt more totally overpowered and exhausted than on reaching the small spot of level ground behind the castle; but certainly no cordial that has ever yet been discovered can so instantaneously rouse and refresh the spirits as the sudden sight of a wide and lovely landscape. A cry of rapture burst from the whole party; and the strongest testimony I can bear to the singular beauty of the spot is, the assurance that many tempting points overhanging the bold though forest-covered precipice were visited before we sought the rest and food we so greatly needed.

What once was a strong and warlike castle, is now a peaceful and very comfortable gasthaus, the situation of which is sufficiently remarkable and attractive to draw custom, notwithstanding its remoteness and difficult approach. The rock on which it is built is a solitary crag, to which access would be impossible but for a bridge that connects it with the woody hill in front of which it stands, bare, solitary, and seemingly inaccessible. The downward view from this bold bridge, which is thrown across a very frightful chasm, is magnificent. The windows of the room in which we breakfasted, which, despite its sanded floor, and the long uncovered deal board that served for a table, is a chamber that it would be worth travelling some hundred miles to enter, hang over the wall of the precipice, which shows not a single inch of projection to mark where the rock ends and the masonry begins. The bare crag, however, is of no very great depth,—about two hundred and fifty feet as we guessed,—and is bedded in the rich and variegated foliage with which the whole of this beautiful range of hills is clothed.

It was three o'clock before our lingering breakfast, and more lingering survey, were completed; and gladly would we have made it later still, but the plan of the day would not permit it: so, taking a last view of this very prettiest of "castled crags," we returned by a rapid but by no means painful descent to Oberhaussen, resumed with considerable satisfaction the easier mode "of getting along" which our sober-

paced voiture afforded, and returned by the same beautiful road along the valley, or rather valleys, back to Reutlingen.

Before I dismiss the history of this long morning's very interesting excursion, I must let you understand that we made it infinitely more fatiguing than was necessary. The road from Oberhaussen to Lichtenstein is perfectly practicable for a carriage; and from Lichtenstein, over the hills, to within a very short distance of the Nebelhöhle cavern, equally so I should think, at least during fine dry weather. Our blunder in setting out upon this Swabian tour was the not taking at the stables where we hired the carriage, a written and signed carte du voyage, specifying exactly to what points the vehicle was to take us. Had we done this, we should have had to walk one mile where we have now walked five or six. But, without this, there is no escaping the thraldom in which a driver may keep those who trust to him, by protesting that his master's horses "never did go up such hills, and never should."

The road from Reutlingen to Urach is one that we ought to have run over at a good pace, but our *ne'er-do-well* of a driver had forgotten to convey underneath his carriage, in the German mode, a provision of grease for his wheels; and about halfway he stopped short, giving us the agreeable information that it was probable our equipage would soon be in flames, as the wheels were smoking away at a frightful rate, and so hot that he had burned his hands by

touching them. A man at work on the road assisted us in procuring water, the wheels were well drenched, and on we went, but in such evident terror on the part of the coachman lest the danger should recur, that we could have walked the stage faster than he drove us.

We had turned from the beautiful valley, and the scenery was no longer such as to render such a slow movement a blessing, which would certainly have been the case in the morning. The road lay through a country devoted, as it should seem, to the bleaching of linen; for several miles before we reached Urach, the meadows on both sides of the road were entirely covered with it.

This place has many symptoms of by-gone importance about it, and would, I doubt not, like all others in this land of local antiquities, well repay examination. But we cannot give it, for August is come, and the Tyrol and the Danube before us. So to-morrow we set off for Ehingen, at which place we shall take our first glance at this mighty river. If it looks very bright, and runs very rapidly, I shall long to take boat and float down at once to Constantinople.

LETTER VI.

Valley of Seebourg. — Scarcity of food. — Münzingen. — Ehingen. — The Danube. — Costumes. — A visit. — A Beautiful Bride. — Jodeln. — Ulm. — Protestant Münster. — Fine carving. — Shopping. — Louise.

Ulm, 8th August 1836.

WITHIN a mile after leaving Urach, the road enters upon one of the scenes to visit which we had left the direct road to this place. The little valley of Seebourg offers a species of scenery such as Titania might have loved; everything is in miniature, but everything is perfect, and all the objects are in such admirable proportion to each other, that, though every feature is small, they convey altogether no feeling of littleness. The richly wooded hills which enclose it would elsewhere seem too lowly to excite attention or remark, but there they have almost the effect of towering mountains; and the harmoniously-tinted rocks that protrude from their sides, contemptible as they may be deemed in size, are as picturesque as if they were five hundred feet high; for, in truth, the little valley that lies between is so narrow that its bright green herbage would look more like a path than a valley, were its boundary more lofty. In short, the valley of Seebourg is just such a

spot as my lord duke might like to have in his park, or the Elector of Hesse accept in exchange for his Wilhelmshohe by way of a garden. It lasts, however, for several miles, turning and winding with capricious prettiness till at last it becomes too narrow to admit the road, which then mounts the hill, leaving Seebourg and everything like beautiful scenery together.

In the midst of this lovely little gorge we reached a miserable village from which it receives its name, and found there a proof that, though it had been named to us as a thing to be seen, and that we had found it perfect in its peculiar style of beauty, it had not, like the barren rock of Lichtenstein, the means of giving a welcome to the pilgrims who come to visit it. We entered two dwellings that hung out signals to travellers, but, though far from feeling any inclination to be fastidious, we found literally nothing on which to break our long fast. Schnapps and black bread we might have had, but nothing more.

Another hour brought us to Münzingen, where we breakfasted very well, but with almost pastoral simplicity; and then proceeded to Ehingen through a country no way remarkable,—but here we first came upon the Danube. There is always much in a name, and that of this mighty river produced its due effect. Had it sounded less imposingly, I might not have kneeled down with so much reverence to dip my hands in its rapid but shallow stream. No beauty or grandeur of any kind waits upon it at this early

stage of its progress; and had I not known that its waters reflected the mosques and minarets of Stamboul, and that its name was Donau, I should have quarrelled with myself for striding over reeds and rushes to reach its bank, instead of remaining coolly and quietly in the town to watch the humours of a fair held there on that day.

This town of Ehingen was the first place at which we have seen any costumes greatly worth remarking, and here they were various and strikingly picturesque. About an hour before we were summoned down stairs for dinner, the door of my bed-room, where I was sitting alone with my little portable desk before me, was gently opened, and a very pretty woman in very full dress entered. She was followed by another adorned with equal splendour, but rather less young, and decidedly less pretty than herself.

They came, they said, to seek some one whom they fancied they should find there, and were civilly retiring as soon as they perceived their mistake with abundance of courtesies and apologies; but, notwithstanding their really elegant apparel, it required no very quick powers of perception to discover that they were of that class whom avowedly to admire is not necessarily to offend, and I therefore ventured to request that they would walk in, that I might look at their beautiful dresses. This they did with smiling good humour, and without the slightest affectation of shyness; and seemed, moreover, not at all displeased by my walking round them to examine

their whimsical but very becoming costume in all directions. A very pretty woman, very well dressed, seldom dislikes to be looked at, and the beauty of Ehingen saw no advantage in affecting it; so I was very quietly permitted to examine and admire all her adornments.

The cap, which is of black velvet and wire, is however totally beyond my powers of description as to its form; but a sketch may give you some idea of it, except indeed that the shining brightness of its golden centre cannot be duly conveyed by black and white. The delicate fabric, though large, is apparently very light; and, to my thinking, as graceful as it is fanciful,—far more so than any of the Swiss head-gears with which our fancy-balls have made us familiar. Abundant chains, both of gold and silver, suspended from the neck, rested upon a delicate lace chemisette; and round the waist rich heavy ropes were twisted of the same precious metals, which hung in graceful festoons upon a large full apron of the softest and richest crimson silk. This apron covered nearly the whole of the petticoat, and, together with the gold and silver ornaments, gave an appearance of real splendour to the whole attire, which received its last finish from a handkerchief fringed with silver.

After I had completed my review, and received many pretty smiles in return for the admiration I most sincerely expressed, my visitors began to analyze a little in their turn; and my writing-desk, and

THE BRIDE OF EHINGEN.

London Published by Richard Bentley 1837

all its appurtenances, were as strictly looked through as if the fair examiners had been emissaries of the police in search of treasonable papers. All the arrangements, from the case of scissors and pen-knives down to the recess for wafers, enchanted them quite as much as their finery did me; and, our friendship being thus firmly established on the basis of mutual esteem, I opened the door that led to our sitting-room, and presented the fair strangers in form to the rest of the party.

The sudden apparition of these unexpected guests in their showy and gala-like attire produced so much sensation, that the two young women blushed and smiled as a debutante might do when receiving the applause of a crowded theatre.

H— immediately exclaimed, "I must sketch them;" and in an instant his ready crayons were brought forth. Some little show of reluctance followed our explanation of his purpose, but it soon yielded to our entreaties; and, with an air of well-pleased consciousness, the fair sisters permitted themselves to be placed as he wished to see them.

The sketch was wonderfully soon made, and caused no small surprise and pleasure to the pretty originals. "Schön! schön!" was echoed from one to the other for many minutes without ceasing, till at length, being satisfied with gazing at themselves, they turned their attention to C—, and examining her black silk dress and unadorned head with a kind of grave earnestness that seemed reasoning on the con-

trast between themselves and her, the beauty exclaimed, " Alles schwarz !" in a tone that certainly did not denote anything like admiration ; but immediately added, " Sie ist auch sehr schöne ;" and, throwing her arms round her, she gave her a very tender embrace, blushing the while most beautifully at the liberty she was taking.

We were now told that our dinner, or, as our principal meal is invariably called at every gasthaus, our *supper*, was waiting for us, and we descended to the general *speisen zimmer*, leaving our pretty guests in possession of our chamber, for they appeared to see no reason whatever that they should leave it because we were called to eat. We found our meal very neatly spread for us at one end of a long table ; and preparations for a lighter repast, of which cakes and wine made a part, were actively going on at the other. Three men, one old and two young, all very trimly dressed en habit de fête, were standing evidently in waiting at the cake and wine end of the board ; and, a few minutes after we had seated ourselves at the other, our two gaily dressed fair friends entered. The manner in which they were received by the spruce gentlemen, the anxious arrangement among the men for their placing themselves properly, together with the tender glances and observant attentions of one of the young men to the beauty, soon unraveled all the mystery of these surprisingly gay costumes. It was a bridal party ; and the fair blushing girl, as we speedily learnt, had that

morning pledged her troth to the happy-looking bridegroom.

It was in this town that we first heard that peculiar falsetto, called, in the language of the country, *Jodeln,* and by the rest of the world, *Tyrolese singing.* I hardly know why the ear takes pleasure in it, for it is a mere trick, and no more like the legitimate notes of the human voice than it is like a jew's harp. The truth is, I believe, that we are accustomed to associate it in our minds with ideas of Alps and chamois hunters, picturesque hats and embroidered jerkins, and therefore kindle at the sound, as if listening to it would bring one nearer to the mountains. Something like this was, I am certain, my own feeling as I hung out of my window at Ehingen, to catch the sounds of a voice which had little in it worth listening to, except the power of producing notes originally invented to serve as a call between one mountain top and another. Nevertheless, I did listen to it with unwearying perseverance for nearly an hour.

At six o'clock on the following morning we set off for Ulm, which we reached at eleven, after a long drive, whose principal charm lay in improving our acquaintance with the Danube; upon whose rapid stream it is our intention, about a month hence, to trust ourselves, with no better protection against all it can do to us, than the deals of a flat boat trading from Ratisbon to Vienna. It is, I presume, a feeling of honour that makes men courageous,

which feeling, Heaven help us! has, I doubt, but small effect upon feminine nerves in the hour of danger; but, on the other hand, what deeds of hardihood will not all-powerful curiosity lead us to perform! This voyage of the Danube will, as we are told, occupy a week: rapids, shallows, and a course so serpentine as inevitably to produce contrary winds for much of its length, are to be encountered; and, worse than all, no English MILORS have as yet made the passage easy by that mysterious power inherent in them, by which rough roads become smooth, dirty inns grow into superb hotels, and leaky boats into stately steam-vessels. Nevertheless, so strongly does this feminine passion work within us, that we would not give up this projected voyage down the Danube for more than I will say.

A little above Ulm, the slow yet turbid Iller rolls its yellow stream into the Danube, and appears at once nearly to double its volume. The country looks rich and carefully cultivated, but has no beauty of outline; and the immediate banks of the river are tame as those of the Thames at Battersea.

Ulm is a large old town, but its objects of interest do not immediately *sautent aux yeux*. The Münster is in truth the only thing we have found to look at, but in this there is certainly a good deal deserving examination There are several exceedingly curious alto-reliefs on the outside of the building, though their subjects pass all human understanding. The west front, which is much spoken of, is singular,

and of considerable elegance: it is composed of a portico consisting of three high and light, almost lancet, arches; above which rises the highly wrought tower, not high, but very rich both in workmanship and colour, and venerable in its most carefully preserved antiquity.

The interior is chiefly remarkable for its chaste simplicity and great height. It has five aisles; those on each side being divided by a row of very lofty pillars, light and bold almost to excess. The magnificent oak carving of the choir is of itself enough to render some pause necessary in passing through the town, for it is quite unique. The churches both of Amiens and Louvain, and probably many others, are richer in the ordinary style of ornamental work; but here every stall has a fine spirited head above it, full of life and varied expression, and all in the most perfect preservation, the sharpness of outline being as uninjured as if they had been finished yesterday. Each one bears its name, and among these the guide pointed out those of Cicero, Seneca, and Terence; strange company to meet in a Christian cathedral!

This church is a Protestant one, and has been so, as our guide informed us with much apparent satisfaction, since the time of Luther. With this fact before one, it is impossible not to remark how tenderly the early reformers treated the outward and visible signs of the faith whose errors they lived to correct. Except in the comparative simplicity

of the altar, there is scarcely any thing to announce to the eye that the worship performed there is not still Roman Catholic.

Having completed our examination of the church, C— and I set off together on a cap-buying expedition, which led to something very like an adventure. However accomplished may be *les Marchandes des modes* of the town of Ulm, it is not their custom to exhibit specimens of their art at the windows; and consequently my daughter and I wandered up one street and down another till we were very tired, without perceiving the slightest indication that such an article as a cap might be procured.

We had almost given up the quest as desperate, when, perceiving a lady approaching who had something more French than Swabian in her appearance, I boldly addressed her, stating my wants and wishes, and begging her to tell me if there were any chance of my succeeding in my search. I was right in my conjecture; the lady was French, and, with the most amiable good-nature, volunteered to conduct me to a house where caps were fabricated. The distance was not great, and our conversation *en route* consisted chiefly of my thanks, and her assurances " qu'il n'y avait pas de quoi."

At length we reached the obscure little mansion she sought, and having passed through a carpenter's shop, and mounted something very like a ladder, we found ourselves vis-à-vis to a little glass-case filled with caps, and in presence of a young woman

who promised to furnish me before night with what my kind interpreter made her understand I wanted. I then wrote down my address at the hotel, descended the ladder-like steps, and at the door of the mansion once more expressed my thanks for all the trouble she had so kindly taken, and then took leave of my obliging guide.

We then wandered back again towards our hotel, looked at a fountain on the way, and meeting T— near the Münster, re-entered it with him; so that, perhaps, an hour had elapsed before our return. On reaching our rooms, I found a letter lying on my table, with the address I had given the milliner. It was from the lady who had conducted me to her, and its chief purport was to inquire if it were my purpose to visit Vienna. While I was in the act of replying to this, she arrived herself; and, strange and unwarranted as this visit might seem to be, there was a delicacy and gentleness in her manner which made it quite impossible that it should be offensive.

She told me that circumstances made her very earnestly desire to settle herself for a time in Vienna. . . . She first hesitated, then became quite silent, and at last looked so very much as if she wished to be alone with me, that the three gentlemen left the room. She warmly expressed her gratitude of this attention, and then proceeded to tell me that her family were among those who had left France in the year 30, that her father had held a lucrative

situation under the exiled family, and that she had herself been distinguished by their personal favour. "Il y a une dame" .... she continued, "Oh! si j'étais près d'elle! .... cette dame .... Ah Madame! ... cette dame .... enfin c'est la Duchesse d'Angoulême!"

I began to suspect that I was about to be elected as the medium of a correspondence between my stranger guest and the illustrious lady she had named; and as such an office, notwithstanding my very sincere reverence for this ill-fated princess, was one which for a multitude of very obvious reasons I should not choose to accept, I hastened to stop any farther confidence by declaring that I could not be the medium of any intercourse whatever between a subject of France and the distinguished lady she had named.

She eagerly assured me, in reply, that she was perfectly aware of the impropriety of such a request, and that it was by no means her purpose to make it; but added, that if I visited Vienna, and should hear of any person of condition who would accept the services of a *demoiselle bien elevée*, either as companion, or governess to a child, she would very gladly offer herself to them; adding, that could she by my means find "*une position honnête près...près de la famille*," she should for ever bless the chance that had thrown her in my way.

It is so extremely improbable that I should ever be able to assist her in obtaining what she wishes,

even if I thought it right to attempt it, that I was very earnest in my entreaties that she would fix no hope on me; but she would not quit me without leaving her address. She told me that she had settled to leave Ulm to-morrow, for the purpose of rejoining her mother, and with no other hope to cheer her but the vague chance of finding some means of re-uniting herself to her almost worshipped patroness, without however (as she said with great earnestness) becoming a burden to her.

There was such a deep and thrilling melancholy in the tone of her voice, that, joined as it was to great enthusiasm, both of affection and piety, expressed by her words, it strongly conveyed the idea of a mind unsettled by suffering. It was clear to me, also, that a reverence for the Roman Catholic faith, and for the Duchesse d'Angoulême, made up one single and indivisible feeling in her mind; and could the noble lady she so deeply venerates become an abbess, and herself a nun under her holy sway, I really believe that the meek-looking Louise de —— would ask no more of fate or fortune so long as her earthly race should endure. Something more ambitious might mix, perhaps, with her aspirations for the state beyond. Hopes of canonization for her mistress, and a place in the heavenly host that should wait upon her for herself, may not improbably mingle with the thoughts which give to her mournful eyes that air of looking at something beyond human ken, so strongly indicative both of

the existence of intellect, and the confusion of it. Poor Louise!...If I mistake not greatly, not even the restoration of the race whose exile has blighted her existence, could now avail to cure the misery it has brought!

* * * * * *

I have written till it is quite time to prepare for the early rising of to-morrow, by going to bed. So, farewell till we meet at Augsburg!

LETTER VII.

Augsburg.—Fresco Paintings.—Fine Fountains.—Platz Maximilian.—Hall of the Confession.—Catholic Cathedral.—Prevailing display of Roman Catholic feeling.—Church of St. Ulric and St. Afra.—General Splendour of the Augsburg Churches.—Market Day.—Costumes.—Goître.—Sketch.—Pictures for Sale.—City Gallery.—Hans Holbein.—History of St. Paul.—The Golden Hall.—Public Gardens.—Threatened Cholera.

Augsburg, 11th August 1836.

We reached this place, so famed in Protestant records, on the 9th, and have been on the full gaze ever since, hoping, but vainly I believe, to see every thing worth looking at. If antique quaintness, strangeness of outline, grotesque costumes, and, in a word, the most perfectly unwonted aspect in every object that meets the eye, can suffice to gratify the craving for novelty to which most travellers are subject, Augsburg is the place to seek it. Houses, churches, streets, palaces, fountains, pictures, statues, men, women, and children, are, each and every of them, unlike all and every thing one has ever seen of the same species elsewhere.

It is delightful to remember how various are the sources of pleasure within the reach of every mortal who will take the trouble of looking about to find

them. It is not alone the beautiful and the sublime that can produce it: the grotesque, the whimsical, nay, even the uncouth, if they appear in forms new, and in some sort picturesque, are equally capable of rousing and interesting the mind. I believe we have all felt the truth of this, while walking about the streets of this town with what has seemed insatiable and unwearying curiosity.

The first peculiarity which seizes the eye is that the front of most of the houses, excepting such as are of recent date, present a collection of pictures in very brilliant colours, and often executed with great freedom and boldness of drawing. The subjects are for the most part Scriptural, and each picture is surrounded by an arabesque border, always rich and elaborate, and often elegant. The whole of this al fresco exhibition is not, however, in equally good taste; one large house presents a widely extended and lofty gable to the street, entirely covered, from its broad foundation to its pointed top, with graphic representations of all the multitudinous articles of a grocer's trade.—Casks, boxes, bales, candles, sugar, cheese, are all vividly represented, packed and piled upon each other with excellent skill and arrangement.

We are puzzled to decide whether this curious display of painting be in oil or fresco. Many of them, however, are on wooden structures, and these, as Mr. H— observes, must be in oil. Others, placed too high for close examination, appear to be in fresco;

but, if so, they must be executed in some manner peculiarly adapted to resist the action of rain and wind, as the colours are almost uniformly bright, and the entire picture in many instances in perfect preservation.

Another wonder of this strangely magnificent old town is its fountains, not so much, indeed, those intended for use, as those consecrated to show; all such being carefully surrounded by iron railings to prevent the approach of any presumptuous pail that might wish to receive some of the multitude of clear streams which issue from the urns of the Neptunes and Naiads of which they are composed. These streams fly into the air, and return to the rich basins prepared to receive them, crossing each other in all directions so as to form a crystal net-work around the figures, and making, in truth, as pretty colossal toys as one would wish to see. Two stately bronze structures of this description adorn the Platz Maximilian. I doubt if any town in the world can afford a much finer coup d'œil than this noble area, thus embellished, affords; and I shall certainly never seek to recall a splendid town view, without seeing Maximilian Platz, at Augsburg, with its bronze fountains, in my mind's eye.

Of course we have not failed to visit the venerable hall in which Melancthon (for Luther was not present) so boldly pronounced the celebrated confession of faith of the Protestants of Germany, in presence of the imperial Charles V. It is a large handsome

room, but not so majestic an apartment as sundry engravings of the remarkable scene had led me to expect; but, had it been a barn, it would have been entered with deep reverence. It is situated on the second floor of what was once the episcopal residence, but which now appears to be used only for public offices.

Of the many churches of Augsburg volumes might easily be written, and yet leave volumes still to write. The Catholic cathedral, notwithstanding its positive ugliness, is strangely rich, and strangely interesting. Like those of Mayence and of Worms, it has two rounded choirs, and two master altars. Every pillar of the nave, excepting that which supports the pulpit, has a rich altar and altar-piece, all very nearly uniform. In one of the transepts hang a range of portraits of all the bishops of Augsburg, with their names and dates. The series begins about 650, and ends 1750, comprising seventy-one bishops, averaging about fifteen years and a half for each bishop. Several of them had a glory round their heads, and these we presumed had been canonized. We remarked great variety in the costumes, particularly in the form of the mitres. The cloisters are of high antiquity, containing an immense collection of monuments. On one mural tablet in the church, bearing a recent date—somewhere in the eighteenth century,—we were puzzled by the arms engraven on it being reversed. What this might indicate, we were none of us sufficient heralds to

decide. To a genuine antiquary this church would furnish a fund of study and delight, inexhaustible for weeks.

Another fine large church, dedicated to St. Ulric and St. Afra, also furnishes a treasure in the same line. But truly the spirits of Luther and Melancthon would be sore troubled could they look down upon the city in which their pure faith was so nobly proclaimed, and see how rankly every species of Catholic superstition flourishes there, apparently in a greater degree than is now found in most other places.

As if in defiance of the wisdom once heard within its walls, Augsburg appears to me to be more crammed with all sorts of Catholic relics and records of miracles than any place I ever saw: not a street, too, but bears witness to their worship of the Virgin; and hardly a house but has its painted, carved, or plastered saint on the front of it. In the church of St. Ulric and St. Afra, the Catholicism displayed in every part of it is carried to the most mystical excess. In many cases where we have met with this, it has raised a smile, either by the grotesque manner in which some of the symbols have been displayed, or from that incongruous mixture of what is really sacred with what is childish and trumpery, which so quickly catches the eye of a Protestant. But nothing resembling a smile was likely to be excited here: every thing in this majestic church is solemn, magnificent, gloomy, and austere. I shuddered, but

I did not smile, as I looked on the skeleton of St. Afra, stretched out above her altar, the ghastly bones displayed through transparent lace, and the skull and finger-joints resplendent with the richest gems. It is superstition in the highest, but to my feelings there is nothing comic in it.

On the opposite side of the church, the partner saint, St. Ulric, lies entombed with less unseemliness of exhibition, but with every circumstance that can betoken almost idolatrous reverence, or excite trembling awe. In order to look upon his tomb with its well-carved effigy and decorations, it is necessary to descend into a vault some feet below the level of the church, where he lies dimly seen by the glimmer of the eternal lamp that burns before him, aided by the faint day-light that finds its way from the church above. Many persons were offering adoration at both these shrines while we were there.

I will not, for I dare not, describe any more of these fine churches to you; but I pray you not to suppose that I could find no more to say about them. Seldom have we left our hotel, for all the multitude of expeditions we have made since our arrival, without finding some new one (old enough in truth, but new to us,) wherein to wonder and admire. Colossal saints that look like solid gold,—altars one hundred feet in height, resplendent from base to pinnacle with the same precious gilding,—walls of whose material it is impossible to guess, so closely are they covered by monuments, pictures, statues, ex votos,

and so forth. In all of these, gold, or the semblance of gold, so greatly predominates over every other material, that it is difficult not to fancy oneself next door to the mines of Golconda. All this, and more than this, have we seen and wondered at in this once imperial, and still splendid town of Augsburg. But all this can only be alluded to on the principle of " guarda e passa ;" for I must not, if I can help it, already set you to sleep among the venerable memorials of Teutonic grandeur, which in these old cities are not only rich and gorgeous beyond what it is possible to imagine without seeing them, but so numerous and reduplicated withal, that to rehearse each by its name and station would be a task of great labour to me, though in the reading you might probably find the composition as tranquillising as a dose of opium.

There are, however, some living objects of interest at Augsburg, which, difficult as it is to believe it while looking at them, are as really and truly belonging to the nineteenth century as ourselves. I never felt myself in so dreamy, vapourish, and fanciful a state of mind as while parading the marketplace of this town, surrounded by some hundreds of living, moving, chattering, and chaffering men and women, many of them in all the bloom and beauty of youth, yet all looking to my eyes as if they had been preserved in cabinets for some hundred years.

Nothing but the old faithful German pictures, in which our collections are most lamentably deficient,

(for I speak not either of Flemish or of Dutch,)—nothing but the old German school of painting can convey an idea of the groups presented by the market-day of Augsburg. I almost doubt if a market-day in China could have made me feel more completely in a new world. On the whole, however, I must confess, that though we saw many, very many, extremely pretty faces under them, the head-dresses, generally speaking, were more remarkable for being strangely grotesque, than peculiarly becoming. Most of the female peasants have a mixture of gold or silver in their caps, but in most instances it is mixed with black ribbons, which look as if they likewise were heir-looms in their respective families. The most prevailing fashion among the infinite variety of heads which this busy day had collected from all the villages round, was a huge pair of golden or of silver horns, placed on the top of the head, and projecting backwards, forming by far the least becoming coiffure that I remember to have seen.

What is far more disfiguring, however, than these protruding horns, or any other of the queer devices by which the women distinguish themselves is, the dreadful goître, which, though we are still at some distance from the mountains, is becoming very general. We passed the frontier between Wurtemberg and Bavaria soon after quitting Ulm, and many features, of which this is decidedly one, mark a very distinct difference between the two countries. The most important of these differences, however, is the

change from Protestantism, which, if not general in Wurtemberg, is decidedly predominant, to so marked and universal a display of the Catholic faith as no country that I have yet visited, except Flanders, can equal. The costumes, too, are singularly unlike, considering that we are as yet but forty miles from the frontier, and that this frontier is marked by an imaginary line only.

In the market-place of Augsburg there were not less than ten or twelve distinct costumes that were quite new to us. A very massive species of necklace, consisting of many rows of gold, silver, or coloured beads, fastened upon a foundation of black velvet and worn round the throat, evidently for the purpose of concealing the goître, is almost general; but unfortunately the deformity cannot be concealed, and becomes, perhaps, only more painfully conspicuous from these glittering decorations. In very young girls, under fifteen, I think it is rarely very remarkable, though it is not difficult to perceive a peculiarity in the form of the throat that indicates its approach; but, after this age, it is seldom that any female among the labouring classes is entirely without it, and in many cases the excess of it is frightful. It is hardly possible to suppose that such a deformity can exist without affecting the health; yet I have never heard that it does so.

In parading the market, our friend, Mr. H—— really appeared to suffer from an embarras de richesse. The men, indeed, offered but little variety;

but among the women it was difficult to select any subject for the pencil, which the figure that passed next might not make him wish to abandon for her still stranger decoration. One old lady, however, soon caught and fixed his delighted eye, and for her he abandoned youth, beauty, golden horns, and embroidered bodices; for she was of a rank above all such ordinary finery, wearing a dress peculiar to herself alone. It was not a little amusing to watch him chasing her round and round the market, while she was bargaining for a goose at one place, eggs at another, and cabbage at a third, till at length he fairly booked her. This venerable lady, whose hair was as white as snow, wore a cap entirely of gold, and that, too, very richly wrought; beneath it was a sort of curtain of the very finest lace, which behind hung down nearly to her shoulders. She was followed by a handmaiden who carried a basket; and, by the many respectful salutations she received, was evidently a person of some importance in the city. She was, however, the only one we saw, much above the lower orders, whose dress was thus decidedly local in its fashion. The other ladies employed in performing the part of *bonnes mênagères,* and purchasing provisions for their families, neither wore gold upon their heads, nor a dozen breadths of thick camlet in their petticoats. Many of them had neat white caps; some few, bonnets; and, what for ever put them out of the reach of Mr. H—'s pencil, they all carried about them more or less the semblance of

Drawn and Etched by A. Hervieu.

MARKET AT AUGSBURG.

London Published by Richard Bentley 1837.

gigot sleeves,—an offence against the picturesque which I have never known him forgive.

Having effectually got possession of the old lady and her cap, he looked round for something equally inviting among those who were there to sell, and not to buy; and was not long in discovering a farmer's wife, who stood stoutly erect amidst the throng, her basket of butter and eggs suspended to her girdle, and presenting so perfect a specimen of her class, with her short petticoats, white sleeves ruffled with lace, gold ear-rings, black cap, and embroidered stomacher, that he immediately got an interpreter to propose to her, that for the consideration of a suitable fee and reward she should, so soon as her basket should be empty, repair to the hotel, and permit him to take her portrait. The old lady stared at him for a minute or two with a most comic expression of astonishment, but the bargain was agreed to without difficulty; she was faithful to her appointment: the sketch was made, and a more perfectly resembling portrait I certainly never saw.

* * * * *

While inquiring whither we were to direct our steps, in order to see the Augsburg gallery of pictures, we were strongly recommended by the valet-de-place to visit *en route* what he assured us was a most choice and valuable collection of old Italian, German, and Flemish pictures, made by an artist, and exhibited at one of the principal hotels, chiefly for the sake of accommodating such English Rus-

sian, French, and Dutch noblemen as might be especially travelling for the sake of increasing their museums at home.

We took his advice, and entered what looked very like an auctioneer's exhibition-room in London; except that the pictures exhibited were considerably worse than such a room is generally likely to contain.

I never saw so deliberate a preparation for imposition; nevertheless, I would decidedly have all picture-loving travellers visit the collection and judge for themselves, as it is certainly possible, and indeed probable, that in such a country as Bavaria no gallery exhibiting a succession of pictures for sale, but must occasionally contain something better than those we chanced to see. But to such purchasers as are apt to lay out their money in pictures, trusting rather to the well-known richness of the land than to their own judgment, I would say, with the warning voice of a friend, "Beware the sale-rooms at Augsburg!"

Having wasted half an hour here, we proceeded to visit the city gallery, which, in its way, is one of great interest. It boasts of Italian works from Michael Angelo downwards, and really possesses one or two excellent pictures from that side the Alps; but its peculiar and especial value consists in pictures of the old German school, and particularly those of Hans Holbein. The works of this admirable but singular artist may be seen here in a degree of perfection, of which the specimens scattered throughout

England, fine as they are, can give no idea. Those who are familiar with the pictures of this great master as found with us, where more of his admirable portraits are to be met, I believe, than anywhere else, are aware of the wonderful truth and vivacity with which his hard pencil worked. The noble picture at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, too, despite the villanous taste in which it is composed, and its abominably defective drawing, shows well the patient yet spirited excellence of detail of which he was capable: but none of these approach in truth, delicacy, or vigour, to the history of St. Paul, at Augsburg. This is really a marvellous work, though the composition of the pictures is almost barbarous, and the drawing often distorted; nevertheless, it well deserves the long and patient examination without which it cannot be fairly appreciated.

Exquisite finish alone, highly as it often is, and deserves to be, estimated, cannot in general be the species of excellence most calculated to excite the enthusiasm of an amateur critic; it may be displayed almost as effectually on velvet and satin, gold and silver, a porcelain vase or a Persian carpet, as on the human face divine. But where this skilful and laborious finishing is made the vehicle of expression so strictly true to nature that every muscle seems to live, it becomes an excellence of the highest order. No one, I think, who examines the works of Holbein in the Augsburg collection, can fail to accord him this praise. It is impossible

to doubt that every head in these crowded pictures is a portrait, most masterly true to the life. No human genius could invent the little subtile delicate varieties of expression which distinguish every countenance. Nothing is exaggerated, nothing is forced. There are no Rembrandt monstrosities of Judaical scorn, nor indeed any Raphael-like imaginings of superhuman grace; but every face is as true a specimen of human nature as if we saw it reflected from a living model in a diminishing mirror.

There are also one or two excellent pictures by Albert Durer in this interesting old collection, and many other curious specimens of the same school; nor would it be fair to deny that they have a few valuable Italian pictures; but these are so borne down by the overpowering interest of the German portion of the gallery, that I shall better succeed in conveying to you an idea of the whole, by saying nothing about them.

There is one more Augsburg wonder that I must not omit to mention, not only as it is in itself most truly magnificent and worthy of attention, but as being the best type and specimen of what this city was in the days of her civic greatness, when her merchants ranked as princes in the land. The Golden Hall, as it is aptly called, which makes part of the Stadthaus, is beyond all comparison the most stately and imposing chamber I ever entered. It is a double-cube, one hundred and twenty feet long. The majestic height of sixty feet is lighted by three

stages of windows; and therefore, though the walls and ceiling are of cedar, it has nothing of gloom to lessen the splendour of its massive gilding, or obscure the rich colouring of the compartments of the ceiling, wherein each branch of commerce to which the town owed its enormous wealth is illustrated by an allegorical figure. The doors, three of which front the entrance from the great staircase, are perfectly superb in their vast proportions and splendid decoration; in short, the effect of the whole is incomparably greater than that produced by the most gorgeous modern apartment that I can imagine. There is, I assure you, something almost awful in its rich and massive vastness; and I have still in my ears the sound of my own childish "Oh!" as the double doors were thrown open for us to enter.

That we might see this town, which still ranks as second in Bavaria for commercial importance,—that we might see it fairly under every aspect, we last night went to a public garden without the gates, where the paper of the morning announced a fête, music, dancing, and so forth. We entered the gardens very nearly at the hour dictated by the experienced valet-de-place; but though we found many portly burghers with their comely fraus drinking beer, the gentlemen smoking, and the ladies knitting all the time, there were no symptoms either of music or dancing during the period our patience enabled us to stay. We inquired in vain for opera, concert, or theatre; there was nothing of the kind

to be found, nor did it appear that the staid and sober citizens considered such frivolities necessary.

The appearance of the company in the garden taught us the value of the chance which gave us a market-day here; for, instead of the amusing variety of costume which so greatly delighted us on that occasion, we now saw nothing, except the universal smoking and knitting, that could at all remind us of being in Germany; the dresses being very much like what we might see at a smart guinguette near Paris.

* * * * *

We had just brought all our investigations to a conclusion, and the voiturier engaged to take us to Innspruck was almost ready to start, when our host of the Gulden Traube entered the room, and addressed us in excellently good English, as follows:

"Ladies! gentlemen! I have, if it please you, something important to say."

"What is it?" "What is it?" was uttered in tones of alarm by more than one voice, for the manner of the address was such as evidently threatened unpleasant tidings.

"I must tell you, though I grieve at it; I must tell you, for it is my duty. You MUST be informed of the truth."

We trembled,—at least I can answer for myself, and stood before him anxiously awaiting the sequel.

"Yes," he continued with a solemn sigh, "I must

let you know it. The cholera, ladies and gentlemen,—the cholera is raging at Innspruck. It has suddenly broke out with the utmost violence. The authorities of Augsburg have just issued orders that none shall enter here within fifteen days from quitting Innspruck. Alas! ladies, it is very bad!"

We looked at each other with somewhat of dismay; but did not, as was perhaps expected, give any demonstration of having altered our intentions: on the contrary, one of the party exclaimed, "Well! we must take our chance."

"You are then resolved to go? In that case you must each drink every day one glass of that wine called port. You have it much in England."

With these words, rather solemnly pronounced, our obliging landlord took his leave, having first looked round upon us all as if to see how we bore it.

No sooner had he quitted the room than a board of health was immediately formed, and the cholera question taken into very serious consideration. We had none of us the slightest inclination to run into any danger that could be avoided, and less still, if possible, to submit ourselves to the purgatory of quarantine. But was the statement of mine host to be listened to with implicit faith? Was Innspruck—was the Tyrol to be given up at a word?—which, after all, might prove nothing more than an ingenious mode of saying "Stay a little longer."

These questions were answered by a universal "No! No! No!" And the preparations for departure were immediately resumed, though not without a very deep sigh, and very expressive shrug, from my maid.

We have decided upon leaving the heavier part of our baggage here, in order to facilitate our journeyings among the mountains; for, as usual, we do not intend that these should be confined solely to the high-roads of the Tyrol, which, beautiful as we expect to find them, will hardly suffice to satisfy our aspirations after crags and torrents.

The indispensable parts of our wardrobes are now receiving the last arranging touches from our reluctant handmaid, an order to put his horses to has been despatched to our cocher, and in another half-hour we shall be *en route* for Innspruck, despite the dark forebodings of our landlord. Farewell, then! my desk must be closed. If the threatened pestilence spare us, it will be opened again in the Tyrol.

LETTER VIII.

Ominous farewell of the Augsburg Landlord.—Plain of Landsberg.—Late Arrival.—Night Adventure.—Mysterious Supper.—Early Mass.—Approach to the Mountains.—Tyrolian Breakfasts.—Rough Travelling.—Entrance of the Tyrol.—Partenkirch.—Mineral Springs.—Difficulty of finding shelter.—Tyrolian Scenery.—Great Beauty.—Bad Accommodation.—Pretty Fences.—Beautiful Turf.—Mittenwald.—Manufactory of Fiddles.—Seefeld and its Miracle.—Descent to Zerl.

Innspruck, August 14, 1836.

THE last words of our Augsburg host, as we drove from his door, were, "Good afternoon to you, ladies and gentlemen; I wish you well with all my heart! . . . . I hope and trust you may yet come back for your luggage in safety, and without any one of the party having fallen a sacrifice to the cholera! . . . . Should it be otherwise" . . . . But the carriage drove off, and we heard no more.

This ominous kind of blessing sounded but harshly in our ears; nevertheless, I believe, that we none of us felt disposed to repent the resolution we had taken; but wholly dismissing the subject from our conversation, and as much as might be from our thoughts, we drove off with the consoling belief, that before night we should gain at least a distant

view of the mountains of the Tyrol,—a sort of stimulant well enough calculated to drive all petty horrors away.

From Augsburg to Landsberg, a distance of twenty-two English miles, our road lay over an immense plain, unbroken by any interval whatever. It is one of the most dreary drives I remember. Large herds of cattle grazing to the right and left were almost the only living objects which met the eye; so large, indeed, were these herds as to remind us of the troops of buffaloes of whose terrible approach Mr. Cooper speaks so eloquently. The vast meadow, too, might not inaptly be compared to an American prairie, for its limit was beyond our ken, and its level and uncultivated surface equally desolate. Except the cattle, the only things that lived and moved before us were starlings, of which enormous flocks covered the ground in many places to a great extent: now and then a few of them rose a little way into the air as we drove past, but in general they seemed not to heed us at all; and so strangely desert and forsaken of man did the scene appear, that I could almost have exclaimed with Selkirk,

"Their tameness is shocking to me!"

It was on this vast plain of Landsberg, that Otto fought and won his tremendous battle with the Huns. It was extremely lucky that we thought of this, as it gave us a theme for conversation, and moreover enabled us to people the wearisome desert

with troops of advancing and retreating barbarians, as horrific and sublime as it pleased our fancies to make them.

At a little village called Lechfeld, which we reached after passing rather more than half the plain, we stopped for an hour to bait the horses; and, while they were luxuriously eating their black bread, we perseveringly mounted to the top of an enormous calvary, artificially rising from the plain, and containing altogether sixty wooden figures as large as life, but so horribly hideous in their strange and wild grotesqueness, that they positively made me shudder, and turn away from them.

I asked my maid what she thought good Christians would say to such tremendous representations at home.

"They would say," she replied, "that it was very horrid, and very shocking, and not right at all!"

The only thing that in any degree cheered us through this tedious five hours' drive, was the apparition of a distant outline, which at first we took for that of a heavy mass of clouds, but which at last was proclaimed almost in a shout to be mountains, and they were hailed with a degree of pleasure not greatly inferior to that produced by the first sight of land after a long voyage.

It was growing vexatiously dark, however, when we reached Landsberg, which appeared to be one of those queer puzzling old towns, under every archway of which one longs to penetrate; but we were fain to

content ourselves with looking at the heavy outline of many an antique tower, rising in fine dark silhouette-like relief upon the clear grey sky. While thus engaged, our voiturier halted; and we perceived that, before we could hope to be lodged for the night, a steep hill was to be overcome, for an additional horse was now tied by a stout rope to the pole of the carriage. We rejoiced at this approach to a hill, for it seemed an agreeable change after the plain of Landsberg; but, when half-way up, we would gladly have been restored to level ground, for, from the angle at which we were placed, the operation was very like being dragged up the side of a church steeple.

At length, but not without considerable difficulty, the summit was gained; and the carriage stopped before a long, large, dismal-looking gasthaus, which the driver however assured us was the best in the place. The gentlemen, who had all climbed the hill on foot, entered to inquire for beds, but returned to us in half a moment with every appearance of discomfiture, and bringing the sad tidings that there were none to be had. This news was received by a sort of whispered groan, in which every one of us bore a part, for we were all heartily tired; and, if this were the best hotel, what might the next be? The driver swore lustily, but there was no remedy either for him or for us; so on we went to the brow of the precipitous hill, till another dismal dirty mansion proclaimed itself to be devoted to the public service by

the creaking cock that swung aloft. Here again we were refused admittance ; not a room but was already fully occupied !

After a short consultation, two of the gentlemen decided upon walking down the hill, and seeing what could be done for us in the lower town, while the rest of the party promised to remain stationary in the carriage to await their return. In a few minutes after they left us, however, our vehicle began slowly to move, but we presumed it was only to turn itself round again, a manœuvre which must of necessity be performed before we descended to the world below; and, in effect, as soon as the horses' heads were fairly set over the declivity, we did again remain stationary for about ten minutes. Long minutes they were, certainly; but we were quietly dozing them away, when we were suddenly roused by a storm of oaths from the driver, whose patience appeared at this moment to yield before the discomfort of his position, and to our great dismay our equipage was again put in motion. The idea of missing our scouts, caused us to utter a most vehement "Halten sie!" in chorus, and at last we prevailed on the man to stop while we got out, that we might at least be sure not to pass them unseen: but not all we could say or do could induce him to remain on the inhospitable hill; so down he went to the bottom of it, disappearing under one of the dark, mysterious arches, two of which, at right angles to each other, seemed yawning to receive us.

Our situation now really became very puzzling. Under which of these two arches our friends might have taken their way, it was perfectly impossible to guess; and it had now become so dark that we could not see a dozen yards before us. All our belongings were of course with the carriage, and could not be wholly forsaken; and as to our dividing the remaining party, that some might look out for the scouts, and the rest watch by the carriage, which was now stationary in what appeared to be a large irregular square with a gigantic fountain in the midst of it, there would have been as much difficulty in making the arrangement as in the celebrated passage of the ferry by the geese, &c. We had but one gentleman left to take care of us, and neither of the trio liked either to go on or to stay without him. The night was dark and stormy; the queer old towers, the lofty gable-ends, the monster fountain, all added to the darkness and the gloom that seemed pressing upon us in all directions. After one faint and timid attempt to separate, for the purpose of looking out towards the four cardinal points of the compass, we got together again; mounted the carriage, which now stood with a sort of ludicrous imbecility in the midst of the gloom (for the *cocher* had quietly removed his horses, without saying one word to us of the matter); and there we sat in great anxiety and discomfort, trusting that Providence would, in its own good time, send back our errant knights to us again.

How the thing came to pass at last, I have yet to learn; but come they did, fiery hot with speed, and not the cooler, perhaps, for our apparently faithless desertion of our posts. Our involuntary flight was, however, speedily explained and forgiven; and, in return, we had the inexpressible consolation of hearing that we were not to pass the night in the streets. On this occasion, as on many others, the voiturier's statement respecting the hotels was found to be utterly false; the one we were now led to, in the lower town, being evidently superior in every respect to those on the hill. But this better was, alas! most wretchedly removed from good; and our supper proved the most unintelligible composition ever submitted to our sagacity. Whether the raw material had been beef, mutton, pork, or veal, or a cunning mixture of all together, none of the party would venture to decide; but we were hungry, and we ate it; and then dismissing the gentlemen from the ladies' chamber, where, in order to escape the pipes of the salle à manger, we had supped, with short delay we mounted our lofty, narrow, inclined planes and by the help of extreme weariness happily slept till morning.

The loud singing of the early mass drew us, before we could set off, into the nearest church, where we found a crowded congregation, but entirely of the lower orders, apparently in deep devotion. The superb carving and gilding of this old cathedral-looking building appeared perfectly marvellous, con-

sidering the desolate aspect of the obscure and dilapidated town in which it is situated.

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We had all hoped that the journey of this day would have brought us among the mountains, on which our eyes had so eagerly rested during the preceding one; but we were disappointed. They almost seemed to retreat before us as we drove on; but, nevertheless, our best amusement, during the forty-eight miles between Landsberg and Partenkirch, was watching the varying effects of their outline as more and more distinctly they separated themselves from the clouds, till at last, ere the light quite left us, we could distinguish where the trees ceased and the bare crags began, and even discerned where the snow lay on their dark and storm-beat summits. On this day we passed the frontier between Bavaria and Austria; our passports were visé'd, but our trunks were not opened.

* * * * *

As a useful hint, in case you should ever follow the same track, I must tell you that this morning we made a very essential improvement in our mode of taking breakfast; which, to those stay-at-home folks who have only to ask in order to have what they wish, might appear of little importance, but to travellers in such a district as this it is very far from being so.

Since we left Stuttgart, we have never, except at

Augsburg, been able to get good coffee; and though we carry with us our own tea, the constant difficulty, or rather impossibility, of obtaining a tea-pot, renders the use of it far from luxurious: nay, even when we have submitted to the necessity of making the infusion in a jug, we have still remained in great difficulty, for a tea-kettle is a machine still more utterly unknown than a tea-pot; and water boiled in a frying-pan, to which we have repeatedly had recourse, has not been found to answer over well: so that we have often arrived at our first halting-place after a long fasting stage, and found it impossible to get anything better than undrinkable coffee.

While the females of the party were thus suffering, literally, for want of the necessaries of life, the gentlemen appeared enjoying what they assured us was most luxurious fare, and which they were sure to find in the greatest perfection and abundance at nearly every cottage by the road-side. This boasted breakfast consisted of a bowl of fresh milk, and bread. Why we rejected this, when first we saw them take it, I hardly know; but I believe we fancied it might disagree with us. The sight of the miserable-looking gasthaus, however, at which we were to make our morning meal after leaving Landsberg, at last suggested the wisdom of making an experiment whether the flowing bowls of milk, swallowed with so much relish by our companions, might not be safely shared by us. It answered perfectly; and on entering a country like the Tyrol,

more celebrated for the luxuries of the dairy than for any other, we could not have made a more opportune discovery. We dined at Weilheim; on leaving which, our driver attempted a short cut to Murnau, and completely lost his way. Could I describe to you the route he took us after leaving the chaussée, you would at least allow that my history of this part of our journey was free from one defect, with which unfortunate travellers who relate their adventures are reproached. You could not tell me that I had followed a beaten track, for most truly do I believe that no carriage and horses ever before traversed the fields, commons, and copses along which it was our hap to be drawn. After some danger and more difficulty, we at length recovered the road, and a beautiful road it is, leading gradually from the open country into the narrow pass which forms the entry to the Tyrol. It was sad, however, to watch the objects which were growing bolder and more beautiful every moment, gradually becoming indistinct as darkness crept over the lovely valley that opened before us. By the time we reached the little town of Partenkirch, a dark night had settled upon the landscape; and then, from thinking only of mountains and forests, we began to remember that we had all had well-nigh enough of this long day's slow travelling, and to anticipate with considerable eagerness the comforts of food and rest.

But here, again, we were greeted by the terrible

intelligence that there was not a bed to be had. There are mineral springs at this place; and, miserable as it looks, as far as the appearance of the dwellings is concerned, it is a residence to which many resort at this season. The scenery around is, indeed, so very beautiful, that I should like well to pitch my own tent here for a week; it should, however, certainly be outside the town. But this not being the general taste, every one of the little hotels was filled with water-drinking or mountain-loving company; and had not a good-natured man, who happily spoke French, inquired into our pitiable situation, and exerted himself perseveringly in our favour, I think we most certainly should have passed the night in watching the outline of the mountains by star-light. Thanks to his kind exertions, however, we at last obtained shelter in a private dwelling; and, having fortunately our own sheets, contrived to fabricate something resembling beds. But, despite the keen edge of our travelled appetites, our long waited for supper was miserable enough, being taken, by necessity, in the common eating-room of one of the hotels, crowded with very miscellaneous guests, and suffocating from the odour of garlic and tobacco smoke.

Most thankful were we to leave the town, exquisitely beautiful as is its position, and pursue our way along a road that led us into the very heart of those mountains, at which we had been gazing so wistfully. It was impossible to mistake the fact;

our eyes gave us the delightful assurance that we were at length in the Tyrol. It is not the mountains, alone, that give this assurance: the picturesque chalet, made so familiar to every eye by drawings and engravings without end,—the pointed hats and embroidered vests of both sexes,—the groups of goats hanging on the hill-side,—the long pipes, by the aid of which the mountain people call to their flocks, and to each other,—all told us that we had, indeed, reached one of those celebrated points on the earth's surface which all the world talk of,—all the world intend to see before they die,—and on the recollection of which, all those who have looked upon it seem to hang with a fondness that secures its memory for ever from the possibility of being effaced by anything that can be seen afterwards. Yet is this charming spot wholly dependent on its own shape and colour for its attractions. . . . For myself, who have passed the age at which long summer months passed in a chalet, amidst wild goat-browsed valleys, might offer an image of complete enjoyment, I confess, though not altogether without shame and reluctance, that the extreme beauty of the scenery, such as we have, in truth, already beheld it, unprovided as it has hitherto appeared to be with any resting-place where some portion of the comforts of civilized life might be enjoyed, makes me, all-glorious as it is, rather think how delightful a séjour it *might* be, than meditate upon the joys of remaining here, as it is. I have always felt that it was almost more pain

than pleasure to me, to run post-haste through a beautiful country without the power of saying "Here will I pause for a week or a day," whenever such a landscape presented itself as made me desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with its detail. It is rather like knowing that a country is beautiful, than enjoying it. Many such points have, alas! already been passed since we entered the gorge by which this world of mountains is approached; but the pent-up tobacco-tainted atmosphere which has filled every room that we have entered since we left our pleasant apartments at Augsburg, and the total absence of all that ordinary mortals consider as necessary to comfort, has enabled me to travel thus far into the Tyrol without having as yet, according to my usual custom amidst scenes so tempting, arranged a halt sufficiently long to give us time to explore them.

I would fain, if I could, give you some notion of the species of scenery which makes this region so enchanting. The grand features are, as every one knows, the towering mountains, with their snowy peaks and dark forest-covered bases; but, if I mistake not, the peculiar charm consists fully as much in the soft turfy undulations of the fore-ground of the picture, as in its magnificent outline. Out of England, I have never seen any turf so fine as that which clothes the hilly valleys, if I may so express myself, of the Tyrol. There is little grain grown in these soft sheltered nooks; but the pasture of the

goats and cows is of the most delicate kind, and runs up amidst the trees even to the very foundation of the bare crags that announce the outworks of the mountains above. These delicate pastures look infinitely more like well-kept lawns, than fields for cattle; and whether it be by taste or accident, I know not, but the light fences which divide, or enclose them, are in form and arrangement as various and as elegant as if they had been devised by some skilful fancy fence-maker of the most approved taste. Amidst these lawns, though found in deep-sunk valleys, when described as in relation to the mountains, it would be difficult to find a dozen feet square of level ground. On every side are scattered groups of trees, in general of the lighter and more graceful foliage, as if on purpose to contrast the better with the dark, solemn, heavy back-ground of the pine forest against which they rise. Beech and birch are in perfection here, and, though not of the largest size, have a perfection of form and foliage that would make them the boast of the choicest pleasure-grounds. Another ornament, most beautiful in its effect, is the abundant growth of the wild barberry, which, now bright and heavy with its crimson fruit, throws its graceful arching branches about in rich festoons and most beautiful profusion.

Another characteristic feature, with the form and outline of which all are familiar, though none who have not seen the original can fully judge of its effect, is that most picturesque of dwellings, the

wooden chalet. This is seen at intervals, varying in size, but ever the same in its rich, weather-stained colouring, throughout the whole region,—sometimes perched aloft on some bold yet still turfy eminence, but oftener peeping forth from beneath the shelter of a wooded hill that seems to promise protection from the wild winds which, in a month or two hence, will be rushing over them, and bringing the keen coldness of the mountains in their breath.

Did you ever hear of a manufactory of fiddles at Mittenwald, in the Tyrol? . . . . I know not how much, or how little, it may be known to fame; or whether a Mittenwald may rival a Cremona; but it was evident to us, when passing through this village, which lies between Partenkirch and Seefeld, that fiddles form its staple commodity. We saw a vast number of them hanging up against the houses, apparently to be seasoned by the sun, for they were all so placed as fully to receive his beams; and, moreover, observed at almost every cottage door component parts of the machine, evidently about to be formed into one harmonious whole.

From Mittenwald we mounted a long and very steep hill to Seefeld; and, during the halt our weary horses required there, we entered the little church of the town, in which, at that moment, a venerable Cistercian monk was displaying to a group of some dozen peasants the vestiges of a miracle, which is considered as having rendered this humble shrine worthy of becoming the object of a pilgrimage.

The good monk received us among the flock of the curious, if not of the faithful, with great courtesy; and, perceiving that we evidently did not comprehend the kissings and genuflexions of those around us, he good-humouredly motioned us to follow him to a distant part of the church, on the walls of which hung twelve tablets, each containing the history of the miracle in a different language; viz. Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Bohemian, Polish, Spanish, Hungarian, French, Latin, English, Italian, and German. In one of these our mother tongue was somewhat rudely dealt with; nevertheless, it sufficed to explain to us the nature of the miracle. The story runs thus. In the year 1384, a distinguished Tyrolese nobleman, named Oswaldus Milser, refused, from excess of pride, to receive a small host of the size ever administered to the laity, insisting, in his vain-glory, that one as large as that prepared for the priests, should be given to him. The officiating curé, from lack of courage, and from the frailty of his nature, yielded to this profane demand, and most improperly placed the priest's portion of the host upon the sinful man's audacious tongue. But, lo! what followed! . . . No sooner did his lips attempt to close upon it, than the ground beneath his feet gave way, and he sunk to his knees into the earth. In his terror and dismay he seized upon the altar, and, in doing so, left the impress of his impious hand deeply indented upon the solid granite of which it was formed.

In token of the verity of this amazing miracle, we were permitted to see, and even to touch, the print of four fingers and a thumb upon the stone, and likewise to gaze, like the rest of the pious pilgrims, into the hole, still visible beside the altar, into which he sunk. Having, with all due gravity, looked upon these marks of celestial displeasure, the monk led us to another altar, whereon, in a crystal case, was preserved the host which, four hundred and fifty-two years ago, had been profanely pressed by the teeth of Oswald Milser; and on which, as a taper, lighted expressly for our use, most satisfactorily showed, were gouts of blood, produced by the sinner's bite! . . . The expression of some of the rustic heads, while these interesting exhibitions were proceeding, were perfectly delicious.

From Seefeld we proceeded to the beautifully situated town of Zerl, the descent to which offers some difficulty, and danger too, as it seemed to me, as long as I remained in the carriage; but, at the same time, a splendour of landscape such as, luckily for your patience, it is quite beyond my ambition to attempt describing. The opening valley, the surrounding mountains, the river, the town, all conspire to make it perfect; and that nothing might be wanting to render it so, high on a rock, beside the road, stand the ruins of a castle that once was stronger, but never more beautiful, than at present. Here then is the first point at which I have felt disposed to halt for a week, if I had

it to spare; for here the appearance of the town promises good accommodation, and all about it is the very perfection of beauty and interest.

It was good for us that we were, or fancied we were, obliged, by the dangerous nature of the road, to walk, for without this we never should have discovered one half the charm of the wondrous landscape that was spread before us. It is the river Inn, large enough to look well even in this enormous landscape, that here rolls its bright course onward and onward till it is lost among mountains higher still than those which we have left behind; and it is along its glorious banks that seven of the loveliest miles I ever traversed lead to Innspruck—wondrous rock-bound Innspruck!

We reached this beauteous metropolis of the Tyrol at seven o'clock last night, weary and way-worn by the long day's travel; and the more so, from the many miles of it that our greedy eyes caused us to walk.

The sight of a comfortable hotel was, I confess, felt as a great blessing, notwithstanding the sublime frame of mind generated by this last most majestic specimen of Tyrolian scenery,—for it is under bare rocks that seem to reach the clouds that the last part of our road lay; but, nevertheless, good beds were a comfort unspeakable!

To-day is Sunday, and we are about to set off for the Hof-kirch. So adieu!

LETTER IX.

Innspruck.—The Hof-kirch.—Tomb of Maximilian.—Effects of Mountain Air.—The River Inn, its Bridge and its Ferry.—The Dom-kirch.—Table d'Hôte.—English Travellers.—Alpine Strawberries.—Opera.—Thunder Storm.—Assumption of the Virgin.—Magnificent Mass.—Residence.—Chamois Hunters.—Comfortable Hotel.—The Balcony.

Innspruck, 15th August.

THE two last days have been passed in a sort of wondering enchantment, a full explanation of which it would be very dangerous to attempt transmitting by letter: but I may safely tell you that this town of Innspruck, placed as it is amidst what appear to the eye to be inaccessible mountains, is more like the work of a magician than of man; for, though it is but a small city, it has a degree of splendour, particularly in its churches, that puzzles one to guess how it got there.

I never speak to you of any church that I greatly admire, without feeling more than half afraid of boring you to death with my descriptions and my ecstacies. It is, in truth, a very dangerous theme, particularly in my hands; for, in the first place, go

where you will on the continent of Europe, whether it be to the metropolis of a mighty kingdom, or to a hamlet of half-a-dozen houses, the first object pointed out to you is the church: and, secondly, I do so dearly love church architecture of all styles, dates, and dimensions, (excepting the Wesleyan chapels of yesterday, or the day before,) that there is, unquestionably, great risk of my running such a race upon my hobby as may bring me in breathless, and, if I take you *en croupe*, may cause you to fall asleep by the way. Nevertheless, you must bear with me now and then; and, though the Hof-kirch at Innspruck be neither purely Saxon, Gothic, nor Grecian, but, truth to say, notwithstanding its respectable antiquity (1553), almost as barbarous in the detail of its fanciful decorations as splendid in its general effect, it is one of those for which I most claim your indulgence. I will spare you, however, its length, breadth, and height,—its gorgeous gilding and its painted domes;—all, in short, that I cannot spare you is the matchless tomb of the first Maximilian, to which all else that it contains seems subservient. There is a grandeur in the conception and design of this imperial monument that is quite stupendous; and when it is remembered that this wonderful work, with all its massive and elaborate accompaniments, is found in a spot to which all the materials that form it must have been conveyed through forests and over mountains, that, even in these days of scientific facilities, cannot be traversed without dif-

ficulty, it conveys an idea of power and princely magnificence that few modern works can inspire.

This majestic tomb is placed in the middle of the centre aisle, on a platform approached by two or three steps of red marble. On the top of a marble roof, raised over it, kneels a colossal figure, in bronze, of Maximilian, surrounded by four smaller allegorical figures of the same metal. The sides of the tomb are divided into twenty-four compartments of the finest Carrara marble, (carefully covered from the light of day, and only opened to the curious on the payment of a fee,) on which are represented the most interesting events of the emperor's warlike and most prosperous career. The exquisite workmanship of these tablets, though certainly less in the style of Michael Angelo than of an artist in silver or ivory, is most admirable; and, taken together with the lofty deeds and royal alliances they record, appear to me the most princely decoration for a tomb that I have seen or heard of. The celebrated monument raised to the memory of the first wife of this illustrious prince, Mary of Burgundy, who, with her father, Charles the Bold, lies buried in St. Mary's church at Bruges, greatly as the twin tombs are admired, is, compared to this, a toy and a trifle.

Each tablet contributing to the splendid biography which the sculptures exhibit, is in size about two feet four inches, by one foot eight; and every object contained in them is in the most perfect proportion, and for the most part in excellent perspective, while

the finish of the heads and draperies in the foreground requires a magnifying glass to do it justice.

But, marvellous as is the elaborate beauty of this work, it is far from being the most remarkable feature of this imperial mausoleum. Ranged in two long lines, as if to guard it, stand twenty-eight colossal statues in bronze, of whom twenty are kings, and dukes, and noble princes, alliances of the house of Habsbourg, and eight, their stately dames. Anything more impressive than the appearance of these tall dark guardians of the tomb, some clad in regal robes, some cased in armour, and all finished with the greatest skill, it would be difficult to imagine. But to enjoy it to perfection, the church must be empty. When we first entered it, a capuchin monk was preaching to a very crowded audience; and though these sable giants reared themselves above the crowd in such a style that it would require a preacher of no common eloquence to divide attention with them, yet it was only afterwards, when we had the church to ourselves, for the purpose of having the tomb uncovered for us, that they produced their full effect upon the eye and the imagination.

I am conscious that it is a sign of great mental weakness to have a fancy so easily wrought upon; but I declare to you that I almost trembled as I stood before them. Each with most portrait-like individuality of attitude and expression; each solemn, mournful, dignified, and graceful; and all

seeming to dilate before your eyes into more than human dimensions, as if framed with miraculous skill to scare intruders, and to be stationed there by some power, more than mortal, to keep fitting watch and ward around the mighty dead. They look, believe me, like an eternal procession of mourners, who shall cease not, while earth endures, to gaze on, mourn over, and protect the sacred relics of him who was the glory of their glorious race on earth. I wish I could find myself amidst them with no light stronger than the moon could give, to force one to see things prosaically just as they are! . . . . . But . . . . though I should not quite expect to behold them step forward either to kneel around their cousin's bones, or to chase me from my presumptuous contemplation, I should . . . shall I own it? . . . greatly prefer a companion or two—provided they were not scoffers—to enjoy the effect of the dim spectacle with me.

Twenty-three small bronze statue portraits of saints and saintesses, all claiming kindred with the Habsbourg-Austrian line, are placed on high in front of the choir; among which I remarked *Saint Richard King of England.*

It is no trifling addition to the effect produced by this stupendous monument, that, as you turn from it, your eye rests upon other and mightier guardians still,—even the snow-covered crags that rear themselves on every side around this imperial grave. It is hardly possible to look within and without

this church, and preserve the even tenor of well-behaved common sense. I hope, therefore, you will be indulgent to me, if, while under the influence of this remarkable region, I sometimes transgress the well-bred tone of moderation with which all things earthly should be seen and descanted upon. But, depend upon it, mountain air can never be breathed with perfect impunity. Some it makes phthisical, some feverish; others it renders wild with strange joy, and half or whole mad with the thick-coming fancies it is sure to generate. Remember this, and be merciful to my out-pourings, even should they savour of that most reprobated of all emotions, enthusiasm.

I promise you, however, to try your patience in this way as little as I can, and to exert such wisdom as I have to enable me to speak as meekly and modestly of the mountains as if I had made them all myself; which is, I well know, the only proper and approved style.

While this conviction is fresh in my memory, let me soberly tell you, that whenever you come to Innspruck, you must not fail to walk (not drive) down to the river, the bright and lovely Inn, and cross the bridge. Fail not likewise to linger long, first on one side, then on the other, of this unequalled bridge, to gaze your fill upon the white-headed mountains, that, like hoary giants, girdle in the town, as if to buckler it against the universe.

When you shall have enjoyed this sufficiently, or at least as long as you have time to spare, pass on by the farther side of the river, till you reach the ferry. If you should chance to admire this prettily arranged passage across the rapid stream, and the view in all directions from it, as much as we did, perhaps you may commit the same extravagance, and go on gently floating along the line that guides the boat, and gazing as you float, backwards and forwards, till every kreutzer in your pocket is expended. This enticing ferry, if your last crossing bring you, as it ought to do, to the Innspruck side, will place you in the public gardens, (they may, perhaps, be styled the imperial gardens, for they surround one portion of the old residence,) and through these a short and shady walk along the banks of the river will lead you back to the central part of the town. If ever you shall take this walk, and at my bidding, depend upon it you will thank me. While in possession of the seats, under a little canopy which constituted the only shade the pretty boat afforded, we remarked a lady and gentleman lingering in the gardens, near the landing-place, who still, as we touched it and turned back again, seemed to observe our proceedings with a smile. As a matter of course, we supposed they were gently quizzing us for our inordinate love of boating, and, perhaps, we did not feel altogether sure of not deserving it; but no sooner had we left our pleasant places, and set foot on

shore, than they took possession of them; and, as we pursued our way along the bank, we were amused, and comforted too, under the consciousness of our extravagance, by perceiving that they were doing the very same thing themselves, and continued, as long as we kept the boat in sight, to be wafted backwards and forwards, apparently with the same exceeding contentment in the occupation as ourselves. I tell you this, to prove that the admiration felt for the beauty of this spot was not peculiar to me or mine.

Our next occupation was attending an afternoon service at the Dom-kirch. The building is Grecian, and highly ornamented. Over the altar the roof rises into a dome, and that of the nave is divided into three enormous shells. The organ is a peculiarly fine one, and, moreover, very handsome to the eye; the pipes are so arranged as to give in perspective the effect of a receding gallery. The music in this church is excellent; and is, as we were told, an object of much care and attention. This church, as well as the Hof-kirch, was extremely crowded, and we remarked at both many ladies very elegantly dressed.

We took our dinner at the table d'hôte, where a party of English entered very sociably into conversation with us. They had just arrived, they told us, from Salzbourg; but almost paralyzed our just recovered nerves by declaring that we should inevitably be starved, or something like it, before

we got there, for that the hotels between Innspruck and that place were the worst in the world! It was evident, moreover, that their bodily discomforts had rested more deeply impressed on their memory than any beauty in the scenery; for, when we inquired concerning this, one of the ladies replied, that "they had not observed anything very particular;" and this judgment, only that, somehow or other, we did not believe it, was even more calculated to damp our courage than all the rest, notwithstanding the love for creature-comforts that I have heretofore acknowledged.

The finest Alpine strawberries I ever tasted made our dessert; they were served with unsparing abundance; and we were told by the servants who waited upon us, that they should continue to have them for a month or six weeks longer, as the little mountaineers who procure this delicious dainty in abundance for every hotel in the town, seek them higher and higher up the hill's side as the season advances, and the latest are frequently gathered when nearly all other vegetation is found to fail.

In the evening we went to the Opera. It was Zampa, which has some excellent choruses, and these were performed in good German style. There was also a good bass and a respectable tenor among the male performers; and therefore, though the voice of the prima donna was a *fil de fer*, and a weak one too, we were on the whole well-pleased. The dresses were very magnificent, quite equal to

those either of Paris or London. The house is small, dirty, and most deplorably ill-lighted; but there was no deficiency of well-dressed company, if we could but have seen them.

On leaving the theatre we were met by some tolerably strong flashes of lightning, and hastened home to avoid the rain, which we expected would follow. But no rain came, at least for several hours; and we sat in a balcony at the back part of the hotel, which commanded a magnificent Alpine view, watching the effect of the flashes upon the snow, and listening to the reverberations of the thunder among the mountains, till past midnight. The scenery of Zampa was by no means equal to this.

This morning opened upon us with that universal tinkling of church-bells which, in a Catholic country, announces one of the great fêtes or festivals, during which all the world are expected to kneel all the morning, and dance all the evening, leaving the weightier matters of labour and toil to take care of themselves. This is, in truth, no less a day than that appointed to celebrate the assumption of the Virgin, which, as perhaps you may be aware, is a fête of such very unquestionable solemnity, that it was one of the FOUR agreed upon between Napoleon and the brow-beat Pope at the famous concordat of Avignon, as those that should be kept sacred *for ever*.

All Innspruck seemed on foot as soon as it was light; and the tramping and chattering beneath my

windows being far too great to permit my sleeping, I too rose to greet the sun, and amused myself till breakfast with watching the effects of its strengthening light as it crept down the sides of the mountains, and occasionally turning my eyes below, to look at the pigmy crowd bustling along at their feet.

Our host and all his waiters, nay, even the chambermaids to boot, had very kindly taken care to impress upon our heretic minds the necessity of attending high mass at the Dom-kirch on this day, as the music was the finest of the year. We had all the inclination in the world to profit by this valuable information; but, having learnt that the mass began at nine, we took our coffee very deliberately, and thought we were showing our punctuality, nay, our eagerness in the cause, by reaching the church-doors five minutes before the time. But never did I see a crowd so closely packed as that which already filled the church. Not only was every seat occupied, but there was not even room to stand without being exposed to very serious inconvenience from the inevitable pressure of the waving mass around. Some thoughts of retreat suggested themselves; but a timely remonstrance from one of the party, who rationally uttered, "Let us just stay to hear the opening, that we may judge what kind of music it is likely to be," happily prevented their taking effect; and by retreating from the great western door, and making good, slowly

but surely, our entrance by a side one opening upon the transept, we succeeded in reaching the foot of the pulpit, which is placed at the angle of the transept, and from which a priest was pouring upon the hot-pressed crowd a stream of guttural eloquence.

It often happens that when the sermon, which in this country always precedes the mass, is ended, a considerable movement takes place among the congregation, many who have previously attended low mass leaving the church; and to this moment we looked with trembling impatience, in the hope that it would in some degree ameliorate our stifling condition. But on this occasion not a soul stirred from their precious places except the priest; he came down from the pulpit, and, by the magical power of the dress he wore, passed unscathed and unsqueezed across the transept to the sacristy.

We were, as I have said, close to the pulpit-stairs, which, though they were constructed in the hollow of the pillar that supported the rostrum, mouthed, if I may so express it, in such a direction as to face the altar. A bright thought struck me, which was quickly whispered, and quickly acted upon: — we quietly stole one after the other up these well-concealed stairs, seating ourselves most snugly thereon, and in this manner heard to perfection by far the most splendid performance of the mass that I ever listened to. The choir was a very large and very perfect one,—of great power, and thoroughly well

disciplined. The Gloria in excelsis I shall never forget,—it was stupendous; and though I have heretofore heard it, aided by the finest voice that at the present time can be raised from earth to heaven, even that of the gifted Malibran,* I never felt it ring along a vaulted roof with such sublime effect. Not that I mean to assert that there was any voice equal to hers, or approaching to it within reach of comparison: on the contrary, the prima donna of the choir, though very sweet in her lower notes, was quite incompetent to combat the superb accompaniment. But the chorus was perfect; and it is herein, I think, and herein alone, that the Germans exceed in execution all other musicians. I could name many vocalists of the present time, and many more who have passed away, if not from earth, at least from its orchestras, who beyond measure exceed the finest voices I have ever heard either in, or from Germany; but in a chorus they are unequalled.

It may, and does, often happen elsewhere, that the possession of a powerful voice is reason sufficient for electing the possessor into a chorus, without greatly heeding how far the taste, feeling, and judgment of the individual so gifted may justify the choice; the effect of which system need not be dwelt upon, as no one who loves a chorus well enough to listen to it, but must have felt to his cost that it would be far better such choruses should have organs as weak as

* Two months after this was written, the heavy news reached me, that this matchless voice was hushed for ever.

mice, than be gifted with such tyrannous strength as to make a false note as terrible as the stab of a giant. But in Germany it really seems impossible for any one who can sing at all, to blunder in tune, time, or even taste; and it is this which gives such perfection to their chorus-singing, that, hear it where you will, —in the harvest-field or the gasthaus merry-making, in the church or in the theatre,—be the performers professional or amateur, the pupils of an academy, or of their own harmonious natures only,—they are never at fault.

It is probably in consequence of this assurance of *not failing*, that, whenever an orchestra is to be made up, they venture so boldly to multiply the number of their voices. The first grand burst in this Innspruck Gloria in excelsis produced a vibration in the air so great, that the silver lamps which hung suspended from the roof were distinctly put in motion by it. Seen from our position on the pulpit steps, a boldly designed figure of "him to Patmos banished," perched on one division of the dome, had the air and attitude of a listener in such perfection, that it was difficult to restrain the fancy, and not to think that the inspiration which guided the pen he held came in the sounds we heard, so fitting did they seem to scale the heavens, and bear a rapt spirit with them.

On leaving the church, we went to visit the residence which in days of yore was frequently honoured by the imperial presence, but now it has the air of being quite forsaken. The greater portion of it

was either built or restored by the immortal Maria Theresa, whose name in some way or other seems connected with everything we have seen bearing traces of splendour since we entered Austria. There is one very fine double-cube room in this palace, which, were it not called the *Marble* Hall, we should have greatly admired. It has, in truth, the appearance of being entirely lined with white marble,—the most beautiful, perhaps, of all materials for a chamber of this size; but, by one or two unfortunate little fractures, it became evident that "the white Marble Hall of Maria Theresa" was plastered with fine stucco, and, silly mortals as we are, our admiration vanished in a moment.

There is a diminutive, and wholly unadorned chapel in this residence, which derives interest from the circumstance of some emperor (I forget which) having died on the steps of its altar.

The palace, though apparently deserted, is kept up in perfectly good repair, guarded by sentinels, and everything *en règle* for a royal residence. As usual, this palace is connected both with the church and the theatre; enabling its princely resident to glide with equal facility to his station in either, without running the risk of letting anything disagreeable come between the wind and his regality. Nothing can be more proper or agreeable than this very commodious arrangement, and, were I a king, I would not live a week without following the example; but I would endeavour to manage it by

means of arches less hideous than those which disfigure the neighbourhood of the stately Hof-kirch of Innspruck.

An arch at Innspruck ought ever to be constructed with careful observance; for, if it be not placed before a wall higher than itself, it must of necessity form the frame of a picture, of which majestic mountains are the back-ground. This gives a sort of strange wild beauty even to the very streets of the town. It is delightful to look up to these solemn mountains while walking under the burning sun of August, and to refresh the spirit by gazing on the hollows where even now the snow nestles, bound up in eternal frost; and it would be more delightful still to have a well-regulated balloon, such as our grand-children will doubtless possess, awaiting their orders together with their steam-travelling carriages and air-propelled jaunting-cars,—it would be very delightful to have such a vehicle ready to mount at a moment's warning from the bright broiling Neustadt of Innspruck up to one of those snowy recesses, which, inaccessible as they are, look as if half a mile's walking would bring one to them. But, in truth, till balloons are brought to perfection, none but chamois hunters can enjoy this refreshing change of atmosphere, for none other can hope to reach alive the higher region of these mountains.

Sometimes, as I look upwards to these majestic heights, I feel disposed to envy the strength and skill of these hunters, which gives them power to find

their way among the wildest and grandest of Nature's works, while all others of their species are shut out from them; but, after listening to a description of their mode of life from one who has lived long enough among them to be well acquainted with it, I must avow that it would be as reasonable to covet the lot of the poor fisherman, who gains his perilous bread by braving the terrors of the ocean. Both, it is true, may "see God in clouds, and hear Him in the wind," more than their fellow-mortals; but also they must oftener have cause to fear that He may turn his face from them, and leave them to perish in their daring.

One of the worst features of the chamois hunter's fearful trade is, that it obliges him to pass the night upon the mountains. It is only at the very earliest dawn of day that he can hope to encounter his bounding prey with any chance of making spoil of him. It is only when hunger brings them down from the bare crags, to browse upon the scanty vegetation of the region immediately below them, that these pretty creatures, who seem half bird, half beast, in their power of escaping, come steadily within reach of the rifle.

It should seem that during these periods of nightly watchings, or perilous repose upon the mountains, it is desirable, for some cause or other, that the stations chosen for them should be made known to the inhabitants of the world below, for we have repeatedly remarked watch-fires blazing on the mountain side,

and more than once seen sky-rockets sent up from places so remote, that it seemed as if witches or mountain elves were making merry with the toys of men. Upon all these occasions our inquiries have been answered by the information, that it was from hunters waiting for their prey that the lights proceeded.

Having made a formal complaint of Tyrolian fare in a recent letter, it is but justice to beautiful Innspruck to declare, that no such minor miseries are likely to militate against the exceeding delight its glorious position is calculated to afford to any happy traveller who has time to make a long halt within its walls. Our inn (the Sun) is on the whole very comfortable, and would, I have no doubt, become much more so, were we to remain long enough to make the people understand a few of our outlandish ways,—our preference to one dish prepared in our own fashion, over half a dozen stewed in grease, and the like. Such as it is, however, I shall leave it with deep regret. As I stand on the balcony which terminates the long gallery upon which all the rooms open, and look out on every side, I long to be able to say—To-morrow I will go in that direction, and dive into the depths of yon dark valley;—the day after, I will climb as far as my feet can carry me towards the eternal snows;—the next, I will *côtoyer* the lovely Inn beneath those majestic rocks, which seem to bend forward as if to view their own noble beauty reflected on its stream;—and then I will

penetrate among the forest solitudes that clothe the heights towards Zerl, and find the cross and the Martinswand which still stand, despite the avalanche and the storm, to commemorate the escape of Maximilian, by the aid of St. Martin, from a spot of rock on which he had fallen when hunting, and from which, as all good Catholics agree, he could never have been rescued but by the interposition of an especial miracle. All this, and much beside, might be done could we give a few more days to Innspruck: but of all the tempting routes we see, or fancy, from our balcony, we can take but one, — that leading towards Schwatz; and to this we must address ourselves without delay, or—as we are frequently obliged to tell ourselves in order to sustain the courage necessary to make us move on, when we wish to stay,— we shall not reach Ratisbon in time to make the voyage of the Danube to Vienna! I must, therefore, say farewell to you, and a longer farewell to Innspruck; but I do not pronounce the latter without consoling myself by a tacit but very firm resolve to visit it again, when it shall stand in my carte du voyage, not as a point that is to be passed on the way, but as the goal and object of an expedition.

LETTER X.

Scenery between Innspruck and Schwatz.—Delicate Herbage.—Mode of drying the Hay and Corn.—Halle.—Saline Works.—Schwatz.—Thunder Storm.—Character of the Landscapes between Schwatz and St. John's.—The river Achen.—Mode of Travelling.—Strub Pass.—Marcus Sittacus.—André Hofer.—Pastoral Ball.—Road-side Rambles.—Arrival at Salzbourg.—Difficulty of finding Rooms.—The Golden Lion.—Approach to Salzbourg.—The Castle.

Schwatz, August 15.

The eighteen miles between this extraordinary place and Innspruck is the very perfection of what, I suppose, all people have in their heads when they talk of Tyrolian scenery: it is not alpine scenery, nor valley scenery, nor forest scenery, nor river scenery; but it is a union and mixture of them all, in such a succession of enchanting landscapes as I conceive it would be vain to look for elsewhere. I should hardly conceive it possible for any human being to be insensible to the delight of this drive; but to any one who really loves to look upon nature the pleasure of it is very great indeed. The general character of the whole is decidedly pastoral; for it is difficult to find a spot where the plough has violated the softest herbage that Nature ever spread for

that meek and milky tribe which here forms the husbandman's chief wealth.

What greatly added to the beauty of the scene at this time was, that the picturesque population were poured out upon their lovely lawns, (for I cannot call them fields,) to make their second crop of hay. The fine soft herb appeared to grow very thick, though very low; and I certainly think the cows, sheep, and goats of the Tyrol are the most daintily fed flocks and herds in the world.

The care taken for their winter dinners and suppers is another source of the picturesque in these valleys, for the hay is all housed in little wooden chalets, whose projecting roofs, prepared for the rude mountain winds that are to blow over them, by heavy stones placed upon the weather-stained shingles, scattered as they are up and down the pastures, form the prettiest objects imaginable. The manner of drying the hay, and the corn too, in the rare spots where it is grown, also produces an agreeable diversity in the landscape. Instead of being scattered over the meadows, as with us, it is suspended upon bars arranged one over the other at right angles, through a stake of about six feet high that is stuck in the ground; these, when covered with the fragrant load placed upon them, look like green altars erected in honour of Pan, and, together with the fanciful groups employed about them, add greatly to the unwonted and interesting aspect of the scene.

This, by the way, is a most excellent method of

rapidly drying a crop; and might, I should think, be introduced with great advantage in a climate like that of England, where the produce is more abundant than the sunshine. Many a fine heavy crop of clover might be saved by it.

We passed an hour at Halle, where there are large saline works; but we did not enter them, though very civilly invited to do so by a person evidently in authority whom we met during our walk, for the celebrated salt-mines of Hallein are within reach of Salzbourg, and to these we have determined to go: on the present occasion, therefore, we preferred employing our time in walking about, which, halt where you will in this country, always appears the most agreeable thing you can do.

We reached Schwatz a little after six, and having selected our pretty miniature hotel from among many, and ordered our supper, we walked down to the long bridge that here crosses the impetuous Inn, and enjoyed one of the finest spectacles in nature,—that of a heavy thunder-storm, rolling slowly and solemnly towards us, in the midst of a magnificent landscape. The mountains, the river, a stern dark-looking castle frowning from a rock above it, a wild ravine winding its way up among the craggy heights, all meeting the eye together, and all growing blacker and more fearfully magnificent with every passing moment, kept us spell-bound and silent with intense admiration and delight, till the flashing lightnings and the heavy rain drove us at length, lingering and

reluctant, to the shelter of our little hotel. Not all that I have ever seen of landscape elsewhere has shown me anything so beautiful, to my fancy, as the scenes commanded by the bridges of Innspruck and of Schwatz.

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Salzbourg, 18th August.

I began this letter in perhaps the loveliest village we have yet seen,—and did so in the hope of beguiling an hour, that, had the rain been a little less violent, would have been passed upon the wondrous bridge of Schwatz, even till the stars afforded the only light by which to see the matchless landscape it commands.—There are few of those I love whom I would not fain lead to follow me through the route that we have traversed from thence to this place.—I have already expressed to you the pleasure which the drive from Innspruck to Schwatz gave me, and have spoken, I believe, in no measured terms of its beauty;—but the Wednesday after was the day of days. On the 17th we slowly, and often walking despite frequent showers, travelled through a country that assuredly surpasses all I have ever seen or dreamed of, in the exceeding beauty of its romantic wildness. It has not, indeed, the dark Salvator tone of the Hartz scenery, nor yet the towering majesty of the Alps; but it possesses a sort of mixed character of its own that is indescribably beautiful. The mountains among which the road has led us, though most of them crested and spotted with snow,

are neither so high nor so bold as those immediately round Innspruck; but the country through which we passed on the 17th has a charm without which no mountain scenery is, in my estimation, perfect. Scarcely a mile of this glorious drive is without a raging roaring torrent, bounding, foaming, thundering, first on one side of the road, and then on the other. The heavy rains which had fallen during the two preceding nights had doubtless augmented these streams very advantageously for their effect in the landscape; and it is hardly possible, I think, to conceive anything superior in picturesque beauty to some of the spots we passed. These lovely scenes are composed for the most part of lofty rocks, deep valleys, dark pine-trees, and a rough rapid stream; but often varied and animated by a chalet, a ruined castle, a rude bridge, or a group of figures in excellent keeping with the objects around. While now and then a village church, so beautiful in its humble holiness, that it might well become the object of a pilgrimage at which thanks and praise should be offered to Saint Nature, rises above the wooden roofs, and seems to breathe peace and charity upon spots that without it would look savage in their wildness. Lovelier, however, above all the rest, is the marvellous region through which the turbulent Achen rolls, forming as it dashes onward in a succession of magnificent rapids, which recur at intervals for several miles. Gaspar Poussin might have painted, but no pen can describe, the wild enchantment of

the scenes formed by this river in its capricious course; doubling like a hunted hare, and often, after being quitted with regret, starting forth again, wilder and more glorious than before. Sometimes it bounds through tangled thickets, sometimes between towering rocks, seemingly parted only to let it pass; then crags arise in its rude path, vainly striving to stay its course, but chafing it into foam and fury; and then again, when bordered for a short space by a little interval of soft turf, or shaded by a delicate aspen, it seems to pause for a moment, as if tamed by their gentleness, and, instead of dashing past them, as is its wont, placidly permits a deep dark pool to serve as a mirror to them.

Were it possible to pitch a tent within the range of these rapids, as Glover did when sketching the scenery of Wales, the enjoyment would be perfect; but, without this, it is almost tantalizing the spirit to pass through it; for all we have seen has only served as a specimen of all we must have left unseen.... and, when I think of this, I feel ready to run back again and forswear every other project,—Danube, Vienna, and all!

Yet, had you beheld us and our carriage, you would have allowed that we lost as little of it as possible. The young men clung about the outside of the vehicle, like squirrels fondly hanging upon the outside of their cage, as the highest point to which their chain will let them go; and for more than half this day's journey they quitted it altogether, prefer-

ring the liberty of running ça et là, and choosing their own points of view, to the ignoble repose of the coach-box or the rumble-tumble. C— and I too walked till we were weary,—weary, perhaps, as much from over excitement, and that straining of the senses which intense admiration produces, as from the exercise itself. It is no easy matter amidst such a world of beauty to fix the memory upon any particular point as lovelier than the rest; but, were I obliged to do this, I think I would name Strub pass. The valley through which the road runs gradually narrows itself here, till it seems perfectly to close; a towering mountain facing you as you advance, and appearing to prevent all farther progress. Both the river and the road here seem, like the path of the wicked man in the Psalms, "to come suddenly to a fearful end." It was not till when at length we came abruptly close to this seeming barrier, that we perceived the river was to turn almost at right angles round the base of the opposing mountain, through a gorge but just large enough to admit its passage. The sides of the ravine are here of naked rock; and the bold road was blown, or rather chiselled out of it, in the year 1614, by a certain excellent Prince Archbishop of Salzbourg, called Marcus Sittacus, for his own honour and glory, and the public good. An inscription cut on the face of the granite, at the most difficult part of the passage, gives us this information, and it is thereon expressly stated that it is *cut* "e durissimâ silice."

Drawn and Etched by A. Hervieu.

TYROLESE PEASANTS NEAR THE VILLAGE OF ST JOHN.

London Published by Richard Bentley 1837.

This singular pass was heroically defended in 1805 by a party of Tyrolese peasants, with the brave André Hofer at their head; and it is evident, from the nature of the position, that a small body of resolute men might hold it for ever against a numerous host, provided famine did not take part against them.

At St. John's, where we passed the second night after leaving Innspruck, the gentlemen attended a ball, where the company literally consisted of shepherds and shepherdesses; but, by their account, there was nothing particularly sylvan in their mode of dancing. They waltzed, it seems, well and steadily, like so many well-spun tetotums; and, between every tour, promenaded after the manner of their betters. In the course of the following morning, and in the midst of the lovely scenes of which I have been speaking, we came upon a group of peasants drinking in a wild-looking vaulted gasthaus, which so took the fancy of Mr. H—, that we were fain to indulge him with a sketch, while we rambled away in a direction as unlike as possible to that in which the road was to take us. I know nothing so delightful as these road-side deviations. Besides the gratification derived from their positive beauty, one always feels a sort of triumph, as if one had *stolen a march* upon all other travellers, by seeing more than was put down in the road-books. How much this feeling of triumph had to do with our delight on the present occasion I

cannot determine, but this certainly seemed one of the loveliest paths that human feet ever trod. Considering, however, all the other walkings that fell to our share that most picturesque of days, it might have been as wise to sit still, for it certainly told in the sum of the fourteen hours' fatigue which the journey cost us.

After such a day as this, will you not pity us, when I tell you that, on arriving at Salzbourg, we were more than an hour before we could find a house that could take us in? The night, and a wet one too, was rapidly closing around us, yet still we asked for shelter in vain. After applying at four or five of the principal hotels, and being constantly assured with the greatest civility that instead of six beds they had not one, we gradually lowered our ambitious hopes, and addressed ourselves to almost every door that held out the invitation of a sign. After numberless vain attempts, we at last received the welcome "ja," and climbed the stairs of the Golden Lion, determined to be thankful, let the accommodation be what it might.

Instead, however, of the second-rate sort of comforts which we anticipated, we found excellent rooms, beds as good as German beds can be, capital coffee, and a bevy of pretty neat-handed Phillises to wait upon us, whom I certainly would not exchange for all the tobacco-tinctured waiters in the empire. In short, we are so perfectly comfortable here, that we

are disposed to consider all our previous failures as so many especial blessings.

Shall I confess the truth, and own that the immediate approach to this far-famed Salzbourg has disappointed me? .... But, in fact, approaching it on the side we did, it is hardly possible it should be otherwise. After travelling amidst the most superb scenery all day, we suddenly found ourselves entering upon a most uninteresting plain, which continued till we reached the town. The glorious old castle, however, perched aloft on its own isolated hill, is a feature certainly not equalled by any thing of the kind that we have yet seen. It reigns over the whole landscape, unrivalled and alone; and this very circumstance proves that the landscape itself is less noble than the Tyrolian scenes we have left; for many are the points therein where no castle in the world, however picturesque as an accessory, could be considered as the principal feature. To a painter, indeed, such an object is invaluable, and nothing, perhaps, can supply the want of it; but to the wanderer, whose eye may range at will from the crag that pierces the clouds, to the profoundest depths of the dark valley sinking at his feet, neither Salzbourg, nor any other castle made by hands, could be felt as essential to beauty amidst such scenery as the Tyrol affords.

It was not till the moment of entering the town itself, that we perceived the principal part of it had been wholly concealed from us behind a bare

rock, which rises very abruptly from the plain close to the city walls. The road sweeps round the bottom of this rock, and enters the town through a gateway that occupies every inch of space between high cliffs and the river. What else there may be in the way of rocks and hills around the town I know not as yet, for darkness and rain closed us in as soon as we entered the streets last night. This morning we have indulged in a late lazy breakfast, which a showery sky has not tempted us to hasten. It is now nearly mid-day, and we have not as yet seen anything beyond the tall windows of the opposite houses. But the rain has now ceased, and we are going to look about us; but we seem to set about it so slowly and deliberately, that we must either be so corporally fatigued as to shrink from all farther exertion, or else . . . . which I suspect to be the fact, we feel a sort of impertinent indifference as to looking at any scenery after the Tyrol.

LETTER XI.

Region called " The Salzbourg."—Antiquities of the Town.—Early Christian Memorials.—St. Maximus.—St. Rupert's Cathedral.—Benedictine Convent.—Church of St. Marguerite.—The Cemetery.—Splendid Monuments.—Tomb of Michael Haydn.—A Mason and his Seven Wives.

Salzbourg, August 19th.

We have now sufficiently recovered from the temper of mind avowed in my last letter, to look about us; and have already seen enough of this most singular and beautiful city to declare that it is, take it for all in all, one of the most interesting among the multitude which we have examined since we entered Germany. The immediate site of the town is not, in my opinion, at all equal in romantic beauty to that of Innspruck; but at no great distance from it are scenes that cannot easily be surpassed anywhere; and the majestic boldness of the castle, and of the rock on which it is built, when seen from the road leading from Golling, (though they stand nearly at the foot of many loftier elevations,) forms one of the most striking features of the neighbourhood.

I suspect, however, that the great admiration always expressed for Salzbourg is not so much be-

longing to the town itself, as to the wonderful region set down in the maps as "*The Salzbourg*," amidst which, as the guide-book assures us, may be found the "Eldorado des paysagistes." We shall not, however, set off in pursuit of this Eldorado till the weather is more settled; for, though we contrive to run from church to church between the showers, it would not do to place ourselves for hours amongst forests, rocks, and waterfalls. We have, therefore, decided upon passing a few quiet days here before we set forth upon more distant explorings; if, indeed, quiet those days can be called which are spent in the industrious examination of one of the most curious old towns in the empire.

Salzbourg appears to be in many respects the place of the most pure and untouched antiquity of any that we have seen; and this peculiarity is of itself sufficient to make every object seem worthy study. It stands where stood before the Roman Juvavia. Of this, however, there are few traces obvious enough to speak of their origin to me. But of Christian antiquities there are many of so remote a date, and with a history so simple and unbroken, that all feeling of different faiths is merged in reverence for their common source; and the holy martyrs who have left their traces here, are as much saints in my estimation as they can be in that of the Pope himself. There is one spot in particular, upon which I think no Christian could stand unmoved. Almost close beside the river Salzach,

which flows through the town, and forms one of its finest features, rises a rock, called the Mönchberg, on one end of which stands the castle, while its other extremity, advancing so near to the water as barely to leave space sufficient for a gateway, presents a bare and perpendicular surface, that no human footsteps, unless tracked by blood-hounds, would ever have attempted to climb. About half-way up this natural wall is a cell, hollowed out of the sandstone rock by St. Maximus, about the year 454; more, probably, as a shelter against persecution, than as a residence chosen for the indulgence of religious meditation. It appears from the ancient records of the town, that the Romans continued in possession of Juvavia till the year 477; and, during this period, the cell of the holy man remained unviolated, as well as a rude chapel, some twenty feet lower in the rock, wherein he was used to worship with a congregation of about fifty followers. At the end of this time a horde of barbarians succeeded in taking possession of the Roman province of Noricum, driving thence the inhabitants, and massacring the few Christians who had found shelter among its rocks and caves. St. Maximus was the most illustrious of their victims; but, before his own fate was consummated, he was made to witness the destruction of his little congregation, who were precipitated from the summit of the rock above his cell, and dashed to atoms at his feet. In the cell wherein the martyred saint passed the last twenty-three

years of his life, is still seen the grave in which he hoped to leave his bones, hollowed by his own hands out of the sandstone, and wherein, during the whole of that time, he made his bed, a small elevation being left as a pillow for his head. Above this melancholy bed, and fixed against the back of the rocky recess that formed its shelter, is the following inscription:

"Anno Domini CCCC.LXXVII.

"Odoacer

"Rex Rhutenorum, Geppidi, Gothi, Ungari, et Heruli, contra ecclesiam Dei sevientes, beatum Maximum, cum sociis suis quinquaginta in hoc speleo latitantibus, ob confessionem fidei trucidatos præcipitarunt. Noricorum quoque provinciam ferro et igne demoliti sunt."

It is difficult to imagine anything more simply true in external appearance to the remote legend attached to it than this cell, and its little chapel. Their walls of solid rock are still the same as they were left by the pious hands that fashioned them. Once in every year a mass is still performed in this venerated chapel, and, assuredly, I never entered an edifice wherein I should be more disposed to worship with devotion.

There is an air of Catholic sanctity (which has nothing to do with Rome) in the whole region surrounding these Christian relics, that is deeply impressive; and as it arises not only from the faith

which it is impossible to withhold from the history belonging to them, but likewise from the successive labours of many pious disciples of the martyr's holy creed, one feels more surrounded here with palpable evidences of the long endurance of the early Christians than in any spot I know. The difficulties with which the early church had to struggle are as plainly manifested in the rocky walls of the tiny church at the foot of the Mönchberg, immediately below the chapel of St. Maximus, as even in the chapel itself; for this rude edifice was nothing less than the first cathedral church of Salzbourg. This most primitive structure, which is now known by the name of "the Chapel of the Holy Cross," was founded by St. Rupert, certainly before the end of the sixth century, for he died March 27, Ann. 623; and, besides serving the purpose of a cathedral to the infant see, it was used as a chapel by the fraternity of Benedictine monks, (founded by the same saintly bishop,) whose convent was situated at the foot of this holy rock.

This Benedictine convent still exists on the same spot of ground first consecrated by St. Rupert to its use; but it is now grown into a goodly and wide-spreading edifice, and its church is one of the finest in the town, being considered as only second in magnificence to the vaunted cathedral itself.

On no spot of ground in the Christian world can the eye receive at a glance, as I should imagine, a more striking view of the progressive history of the

church than within the precincts of this four times hallowed enclosure at the foot of the Mönchberg: for not only does it contain St. Rupert's primitive cathedral, the chapel and cell of the martyred St. Maximus, and the noble church of the Benedictines; but nearly in the centre of the consecrated space around them, which for the last four hundred years appears to have served for a burying-ground, is another church, dedicated to St. Marguerite, and which, though exceedingly small, is a perfect gem in its way, being not only of very high antiquity, but preserved in its dim and solemn holiness, without one touch of modern gaudiness to lessen its effect.

It appears, from the town annals, that this most curious little structure was erected in the year 696, in honour of the holy martyrs who had perished on the rock above; and repaired, and left in the state in which it now remains, in 1485, by an abbot of the Benedictine convent. The variety, the quaintness, and, in many cases, the antique splendour of the multitude of monuments contained in these churches, the surrounding cemetery, and the cloister, which runs along two sides of it, would furnish a long and interesting study to "Old Mortalities" who love such lore as they furnish; but I will spare you the bishops, and the abbots, and the canons, and the monks, though many of them lie in such a style of marble stateliness, that the possession of one such tomb would suffice to make the fortune of an English

sexton. I must not, however, omit to tell you, that Michael Haydn lies here. His body is buried at the foot of the steps leading up from St. Rupert's little cathedral to the chapel and cell of St. Maximus; his head, enclosed in a black marble urn, is placed on a monument erected to him in the neighbouring church of the Benedictines. This monument is not, perhaps, in the purest taste; but it is impressive. The pedestal, supporting the urn which contains the honoured head, stands on a moss-covered rock, upon which lie scattered a number of white marble tablets, on each of which is inscribed the first words of his most admired compositions. The objectionable part of the monument is the bundle of copper rays, forming a sort of glory, which stretches itself from the roof to the urn. This is villanous; but it is difficult to look at the tomb of a great man, without feeling inclined to sympathize with the reverence intended to be expressed by those who reared it, even should this reverence be shown by puerile conceits or unclassic decoration.

Splendid as is the church which shelters this venerated head, it should seem that its containing the monument of Michael Haydn is considered as its first claim to the notice of strangers, for we have been told of it in half-a-dozen quarters already. One of the many princely bishops who lie interred in the church has the misfortune to be placed in effigy on the pavement exactly before this monument; and

he therefore has, and will have, as long as marble can endure, the misfortune of being trampled upon by every pilgrim to the shrine of the composer.

Our three male companions were permitted, by a brother of the order to whom they addressed the request, to enter the monastery by a door leading from the steps of the altar; but all of womankind being forbidden to approach this sanctuary, we were left the while safely locked up in the church.

We found no lack of occupation, however; for, like every other German church of like antiquity, it is crammed with stately memoranda of the piety and the splendour of the country for many ages,—superb monuments, colossal statues, curious pictures, gorgeous altars, and gold enough to dazzle the eyes of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge. At one lofty altar, the statues and decorations of which formed an entire mass of the richest gilding, we remarked a female figure holding in her hands the cup and the host. This is the first time I have seen the elements represented as entrusted to the hands of a woman; but I presume the figure must be intended to represent the Virgin Mary.

One of the noblest monuments that attracted our attention during our *cloîture* was a fine, simple, but most dignified representation of a recumbent archbishop, colossal in its dimensions, and executed in the beautiful native red marble so constantly seen in every part of the town: but this specimen of it is by far the finest we have met with; the polish is as per-

fect as that of the most beautiful Carrara marble, and the chiselling wonderfully uninjured by time. It is placed at the western extremity of the north aisle, and must not by any means be overlooked.

Having at length quitted the church, we again lingered for a while amidst the world of tombs which surrounds it; and close behind the church of St. Marguerite we remarked seven simple monuments all exactly alike, and each having an iron cross at its head. While standing to examine these, and wondering at their strange uniformity, a respectable-looking old gentleman, who was passing through the burying-ground, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and, pointing to a handsomely cut stone fixed in the wall of the church immediately behind them, told me that the name and effigy engraved upon it were those of a master-mason of Salzbourg, and the seven iron crosses which reared themselves in a row before him, marked the graves of seven wives whom he had lived to place in this orderly array before taking his own station against the church wall, whence he seems destined to look down upon them for ever. Heaven grant, for his soul's sake, that they all came fairly by their end! .... But truly there is something suspicious-looking in the heavy mallet which, with other emblems of his handicraft, rises, carved in high relief, upon his tomb.

LETTER XII.

The Cathedral of St. Peter at Salzbourg.—Greek and Gothic Churches.—The Castle.—Gertrude and her Gossip.—Prince Frederic of Schwarzenberg, the Primate of Austria.—Gertrude's Golden Cap.—Benedictine Convent.—Father Gregorius.—Austrian Censure.

This morning we began our day's work by passing an hour in the cathedral. So large a portion of my friends and acquaintance have assured me that a fine cathedral, built in the Italian taste, forms the noblest church in the world, that I strongly suspect some feeling allied to prejudice is the cause of my distaste for this style of architecture. Were I contented by simply avowing that I like the Gothic style *best*, I might believe that it was purely a matter of taste, without accusing myself of any prejudice greater than that which regulated the opinions of those who differed from me; but as it is a positive fact, that these Greco-Italian structures do not please me *at all*, I am obliged to feel that the fault is in myself. The dome of the Invalids is the only temple I have yet seen in this style, which has given me unmixed satisfaction: but I have yet to see St. Peter's, St. Peter's par excellence; and, till this is done,

I have scarcely a right to give any opinion on the subject. The cathedral church of Salzbourg is said to be built exactly on the model of that of Rome, by the celebrated architect Vincenzo Scamozzi, and to be in all respects a most noble and beautiful edifice. That it is a large well-proportioned handsome church cannot be denied, but there my admiration ends. A gentleman of the town, who joined our party as we were making our tour round it, was eloquent in praise of its regular form and the perfection of its proportions, which, he assured us, were according to rule, even in the most minute particulars; a style of praise which reminded me of the satisfaction I once heard expressed by a proud mother, on discovering upon measurement that a riband passed twice round her dull-looking daughter's wrist sufficed to encircle her throat, which doubled again was exactly the circumference of her waist. Yet with all this accuracy of dimension her daughter was not graceful, nor is the church of St. Peter's at Salzbourg one-thousandth part so impressive as the dark irregular pile of the old Dom-kirch at Augsburg, or ten-thousandth part so lovely as the cathedral of Amiens.

Our next enterprise was to furnish ourselves with a ticket of admission from the commandant, and then commence the toilsome ascent to the castle. The road, though occasionally assisted by wooden steps, is steep enough to be somewhat difficult at all times; and a heavy shower beginning to fall, when

we were half-way up, rendered these steps so slippery, that it was often a difficult matter to keep on our feet. However, we reached this impregnable fortress at last, and were admitted to behold all the interior contrivances by which the prince archbishops, in days of yore, managed to render their stronghold both safe and commodious. It is capable of holding twelve hundred men, and I was really comforted to find that the provisions for the garrison were not dragged up the slippery ascent I had just mastered by means of animal strength, but that a machine is used to convey them by an inclined plane from the town to the larder and cellars of the castle. A little chapel, dedicated to St. George, has thirteen singular bas-reliefs in red marble, representing our Saviour and the twelve Apostles. Their dimensions are colossal, and their effect against the walls of this little unadorned chapel is very striking. We next mounted a *langsome* staircase to the top of the highest tower in the fortress, and stepping out upon a giddy balcony that ran round it, we enjoyed, notwithstanding the continued rain, a very magnificent view over the town and the fine valley of the Salzach.

Salzbourg stands, as we then perceived, on a flat plain, surrounded on all sides by magnificent mountains, excepting towards Munich; and in that direction the level extends much farther than the eye can reach, watered by the Salzach, that winds its way, visible for many miles, in bright meanderings.

It would be a vain attempt were I to endeavour to convey to you any idea of the principal features of this noble landscape. D'Israeli says well, when he declares that " nothing is more idle, and, what is less to be forgiven, more tedious, than minute and lengthened descriptions of localities." I declare to you that I constantly endeavour to keep this in mind; and if sometimes I am tempted in a fit of vehement admiration to forget it, it is only because my judgment is overpowered by my zeal, from the eagerness of my desire to induce you to come and see what it has given me so much pleasure to behold. Of this fine panorama I will only say, that the most enchanting features it showed us were some deep and narrow defiles among the mountains, through which you will easily believe our imaginations immediately penetrated; and we are now only waiting for settled fine weather to let our feet follow our fancy, and take us among the dark, craggy, monstrous range of Alpine heights upon which we looked out yesterday.

Of the castle I have little more to tell you, for so completely was I chilled by standing to contemplate this view from a balcony some hundreds of feet above the plain, and exposed to all the winds of heaven, with the accompaniment, moreover, of a drizzling rain in my face, that I proclaimed my intention, as soon as I stepped back into the turret-chamber, of slipping and sliding down to the comforts of the Golden Lion as rapidly as possible. Half

the party joined me in this wise resolve; and the other half remained long enough to assure themselves, by ocular demonstration, that the castle, notwithstanding its appearing so greatly above all sublunary objects of interest, contained, besides its martial preparations, a handsome suite of apartments, in which sundry prince archbishops had occasionally lived, and one (Archbishop Dietrich) died. Moreover, there was shown to them, selon les règles of all old castles, a torture-chamber and a dungeon; in the latter a ladder and scaffold used for decapitation still remained. The last execution that had taken place there was eighty years before, in the days of Maria Theresa, on a man who had committed murder.

The remainder of this dismally wet day has been chiefly passed, I think, in cultivating an acquaintance with the pretty gentle-mannered Gertrude, our landlady's eldest daughter, and most efficient prime minister. Our conversation has been exceedingly improving, for we have learnt from her that the present archbishop (a Schwarzenberg) is one of the handsomest and noblest-looking young Herrs in the world, besides being primate of Austria: that he is, moreover, as good as he is beautiful; and that there is nothing in the whole world so well worth seeing as this noble and reverend prince dressed in his sacerdotal robes and officiating at the altar. She told us, likewise, much of the splendour and fashion of many noble persons inhabiting Salzbourg and its vicinity; and then she showed us her own beautiful

golden cap, which cost forty florins, (about four pounds sterling,) which is certainly one of the most curious and whimsical constructions ever set upon a head; yet it is handsome, and becoming withal, and must produce, when many of them meet together, as the fair Gertrude assured us they do on every jour de fête, a very gay, and even splendid effect.

Another wet-weather consolation we have found in listening to the account given by our gentlemen of their visit to a certain learned father Gregorius, at the Benedictine convent, who obligingly opened for their examination the rich treasure-chamber of the convent, where, besides a fine collection of jewels consecrated to holy uses, they saw several very interesting antiquities.

At the library of the Lycée, formerly an university, they also made an agreeable acquaintance with the librarian, who appears to have given them a good deal of general information respecting the literature of the country. They found him occupied in reading a German translation of More's "Irish Gentleman's Travels in search of a Religion." They asked him if men of letters complained much of the *censure;* to which he replied, that of course every author wished to print his book, be it what it might, as every father admires his own child, however monstrous it may happen to be; but that the censorship was very liberal, and prohibited nothing but works attacking the foundations of society. When one of the party remarked, that in England the press was

perfectly unrestrained, the Austrian savant answered, "Yes; and both England and her neighbour, France, have found what evils an unrestricted press may bring."

At the library of the Franciscans they found Bingham's Ecclesiastical Antiquities behind a locked grating, and were told by the librarian that it was a *liber prohibitus*, and that one monk only in their convent had the Pope's licence to read prohibited books. He added, that he might himself obtain the same permission if he applied for it, but that his avocations left him very little leisure to read at all. These conversations with the monks were carried on wholly in Latin, which they spoke with fluency and correctness

I heartily wish the sun would shine again: we have not seen his face since we have been in Salzbourg; and much, very much as there is to see in the town, I am yet impatient to be out of it. The rain has now ceased, but the stars peep out so shyly that I have but very faint hopes for to-morrow.

We have, however, engaged a voiturier conditionally. If the morning promises well, he is to be at the door at five o'clock. The cataract of Schwarzbach, and a wondrous spot known by the incomprehensible name of *Les Fourneaux*, are the great objects of the expedition.

LETTER XIII.

Duchess of Parma.—General Appearance of Religion.—The House in which Mozart was born.—No Monument erected to him.

Salzbourg, 21st August.

I HAVE this morning seen a sight which I was far from supposing that Salzbourg would show me. By submitting to the fatigue of standing for about an hour within the gateway of the Archduke Charles' gasthaus, we have obtained a full view of no less a personage than "Austria's mournful flower," the Archduchess Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon, sometime Empress of France, and now the Grand Duchess of Parma.

She looks, indeed, as if "she too had bent." There is no trace of youth or beauty left; and her whole appearance, as well as everything about her, formed a contrast to her ci-devant position as striking as the sternest moralist could wish to find for the embellishment of a tirade upon the uncertainty of our earthly condition.

Two or three trifling circumstances connected with the etiquette of her present rank struck me forcibly. The little garrison of Salzbourg, consisting, perhaps, of a hundred and fifty men, were drawn up, in full

dress, in the open space before the hotel; each man wearing in his cap a branch of oak, as is usual, I understand, in this country upon all great occasions. Their small band of drums and wind-instruments were stationed before them. When we were first permitted to take our places in the gateway, the wide arched passage within it was filled with officers; there were six or seven of them, all in the most splendid full-dress. In about ten minutes a little man, also in uniform, and before whom all hats flew off, descended the stairs; and, having whispered a few words among them, they all followed him up stairs to be presented to the ex-empress.

The audience did not last above ten minutes, after which they returned to their quarters under the archway, and in about ten minutes more the same little gentleman again descended and joined them. A word was then passed to the soldiery, who instantly presented arms, and the band began to play. This was considered as a signal that the Grand Duchess was about to appear, and every eye was turned to the doorway and to the plain olive-coloured chariot, lined with silk of the same colour, that drew up before it.

But hardly had a dozen notes been played, before a gentleman, not in uniform, hastily joined the group of officers; another word was sent forth, the music instantly ceased, and the next moment this small portion of the "Austrian army" marched off the ground, oak-leaves, band, and all.

Did this sudden dismissal arise from any painful recollection of the time when as many thousands as there now were units, were ranged in martial array to do this lady honour? . . . . . .

Were it not for some little circumstances in her eventful history, which dim the romance of it, Maria Louisa would assuredly be one of the most interesting persons existing. But that tremendous question of Byron's . . . . "Still clings she to thy side?" . . . was not well answered. And even if the Austrian princess might find an apology in other wills than her own for not following the "throneless homicide," who was her husband, into exile, still the widow of Napoleon should never have accepted the vows of any other man.

But, notwithstanding all this, I did look at her with great interest; and so many of the splendid scenes of her short reign rushed through my memory as I watched her, that . . . . I heartily hope no such mental panorama will close round her as then rose up to me; lest looking at it from her present remnant of imperial greatness, as a foreground, the contemplation might teach her to feel both her past and present position alike unfortunate.

She did not look, however, as if she were accustomed to any such reveries. She was attended by one lady only; and, before she entered her carriage, by far the most diminutive lap-dog I ever beheld, who appeared to be considered by all as

a most important person in her suite, was brought down by one of her people, and carefully deposited in it. We were told—with what truth I know not —that the motive of her visit to Salzbourg was to pay a visit to the sister and children of Don Carlos, who are at present occupying private lodgings in the town.

We were so well pleased at getting a sight of this historic lady, that we ceased to regret the disappointment of the morning; for had the sky not deceived us by threatening rain, which has not fallen, we should have been climbing the rocks of Golling, instead of gazing at one who will assuredly be the heroine of many a moving tale in days to come.

Having waited to see the Grand Duchess drive off, we wandered along the river till the path brought us to a beautiful road, which wound round the foot of the castle-rock at a point where it is perfectly perpendicular, the masonry rising from its very edge nobly and boldly. The view here, though it embraces fewer objects than that on the other side of the Mönchberg, is, in my opinion, much finer, as it exhibits, in the grandest style, one of those towering snow-capped mountains which form the glory of the Salzbourg country.

It was the first time since we reached this place, five days ago, that we had seen the sun shine, and it now illumined the snowy mountains most brilliantly. The whole day, indeed, since the hour at

which we abandoned our Golling expedition, has been delightful; and we have profited by it most industriously, hardly permitting ourselves to remain five minutes in the house.

One of our expeditions led us (as usual) into a church, a venerable dingy-looking edifice, which belongs, I believe, to the hospital. Close beside this, but not, as I could perceive, connected with it, is a chapel, nearly upon the same construction as that of the celebrated Krutzberg, near Bonn, consisting entirely of three staircases, the centre one of them being, for some reason or other, too sacred to be pressed by human feet. Seven or eight men and women were ascending it on their knees; and ever and anon, on arriving at some particular point, they bent forward and kissed the stair. At the top of the flight is an altar, with the usual accompaniments; and above it the words CUM PRIVILEGIO, which, in days of yore, were of power to defy not only the law of the land, but, what was of greater power still, the strong arm of its mighty men.

The devotees who were performing this ceremony were now, however, of the lowest order of the people; and their soiled and ragged hose proclaimed that the virtue which one of our homely but pithy old proverbs places next to holiness, was, in their case, at a great distance from it. The shoes of the whole party had all been "reverently laid aside" at the bottom of the stairs.

The external demonstrations of religion in this country are very strong; and, as far as a passer-by can judge, those for whose use the redundant altars, chapels, and stations are prepared, are a really pious race of people, who appear to worship their Creator in spirit and in truth, although in the same encumbered fashion that their fathers used before them.

I have never visited any church since I entered Austria—and I have been constantly doing so at all hours of the day—without finding many humble worshippers silently kneeling before the different shrines. On Sundays, and at the great fête of the Assumption, which we passed at Innspruck, the churches were crowded with well-dressed people also; but they came and went as ladies and gentlemen might do at a Protestant church. There was no prostration before altars, no kissing of pictures, no bending of the knee before every shrine they passed. In short, it appears evident that, though a strong religious feeling pervades the country, the exaggerated and superstitious portion of it is now only to be found among the uneducated.

We have been told by several intelligent persons since we entered Germany, that there are in various parts of it, as well as in Italy, France, and Flanders, many active and ambitious-minded priests, who, though they no longer call themselves Jesuits, are truly such in spirit. These men, it is said, see hopes of a renewal of all their former enormous importance

in the fact, that Roman Catholics are now permitted to take a part in the counsels of England; and they expect, it seems, by such aid and increase of influence as this may give them, to raise again the superstitions of the ancient faith from the cabins and cellars, where alone they are now found in full authority, to the cabinets and the boudoirs of Europe.

There is good room to hope, however, that these men, in the heat of their zeal, miscalculate the real advance of human intelligence amongst the enlightened portion of mankind; and judging its ill-understood effects by what they have seen among the inferior classes, with whose spirits they have had most to do, they deem the whole civilized world on the eve of once more becoming the slaves of Rome. But it will require a force mightier than any which a joint-stock company of O'Connels can command, to extinguish the light that has been spread abroad, and which, becoming steadier as it burns, is gradually enabling all men to see and understand the natural and legitimate uses of power;—how far it is necessary, for the general interest of beings bound up together in social compact, that they should be classed, ranged, and ruled, according to one common and universal principle, and at what point such power may safely cease, and leave the conscience and the conduct free.

Notwithstanding the reverence universally manifested for all religious observances in this country, it is obvious to every one who has an opportunity of

remarking the manners of the people, and inquiring into their sentiments, that the more superstitious points of discipline are quietly and silently falling into disuse among the educated classes, and are now as exclusively the portion of the poor and ignorant as their black bread and home-spun jackets.

The gentlemen of our party have visited the monks of several convents in the towns through which we have passed, and have been constantly received with the most courteous liberality of communication. In some instances they have been admitted to their cells, and found these once darkly ascetic abodes assuming the appearance of quiet literary retreats, in which religion might be the consolation, and not the scourge, of its inmate.

The general dress, too, of ecclesiastics shows an equal relaxation of the antique discipline. They frequently wear boots and pantaloons, with a species of black cassock, not much unlike that of the modern clergy of France.

In the performance of the offices there is much less of stateliness and parade than in the cities of Flanders; but everywhere a much greater number of performers in the orchestra. This observation applies to the churches of Augsbourg and Innspruck, as much as to Salzbourg; but this being the seat of a Prince Archbishop, and the Primate of Austria, it may with more propriety be quoted as authority.

* * * * *

In one of the principal streets of this town, nearly

opposite to the university church, is the house in which Mozart was born in the year 1756 ; but as yet no inscription, bust, or other memorial of this great man draws the eye of the passenger upon it. This house has through it a communication, in the Salzbourg fashion, between the Place de l'Université and the Getraidgasse, in which is our hotel, and I seldom fail to make this thoroughfare my way home; indulging myself, as I linger under the dark archway, by recalling some of the delicious airs that his genius has blessed us with ; nay, I have even sung beneath it, *Là ci darem' la mano,* "as well as I might."

Salzbourg would do herself honour by erecting some public memorial to this immortal composer. She is happy in having her name united both with his and that of Michael Haydn. The latter was born in Vienna, and died at Salzbourg; Mozart was born at Salzbourg, and died at Vienna.

LETTER XIV.

Schwarzbach Fall.—The Approach to it, and its Rainbow.—Les Fourneaux.—The River Salzach.—Fallen Rocks.—Wild Flowers.—Project of a Ramble among the Mountains.—Moon-lit Drive.

Schwarzbach Fall, August 23, 1836.

THE sun has shone upon us at last, and here we are in very full enjoyment of one of the loveliest exhibitions that Nature prepares for her adorers,—a noble waterfall, with all those accessories of scenery about it which tend to excite and elevate the spirits, the fancy, ... may I not say, the soul?

This is one of the most celebrated spots in the neighbourhood of Salzbourg, from whence it is distant about fifteen miles. The drive to it is of itself worth coming five hundred miles to see. According to our usual habit, we left our Golden Lion at five this morning; a degree of activity which, upon this expedition, is peculiarly necessary, for the vaunted rainbow of the falls can only be seen between ten and eleven; and who would miss an appointment with Iris, for the sake of remaining an hour or two longer in bed?

The road follows the river Salzach pretty closely

the whole way; but as the river itself is here very tamely like any other river, we looked at it only enough to know that it was there; for our eyes had mightier matters on which to employ themselves. The first object that pre-eminently distinguishes itself on leaving Salzbourg is its castle, which on this side is seen rising from the naked rock, without even the garde-fou of a balustrade before its church-militant windows.

Soon, very soon, however, this object, noble as it really is, also ceased to be of consequence enough to detain the eye, and render the seats in the back of our open carriage of other use than to be knelt upon. Mountain beyond mountain burst upon us as we pursued our way along the valley; some black as matted forests of pine could make them, and others, loftier still, rearing their heads in barren dignity, to lose themselves in clouds, while their snowy sides sparkled in the glorious sunshine.

Dearly as Nature loves variety, and wondrous as her changes are through all her works, making the same object present unnumbered aspects, she never shows this power so enchantingly as amidst an assemblage of mountains. Every cloud that passes above or below their venerable heads produces something new to look at, and to love. And those who indulge themselves in passing idle, but most happy hours, in gazing upon these fitful variations, will often feel puzzled, as I have done, to decide whether gloom or brightness enchants the gazer most. The

early hour at which we set off this morning gave us an opportunity of watching the effects produced by the sun chasing the shadows as he rose, while the light mists flew before him, leaving such brightness upon every object as we have not seen for many days before.

In the midst of the valley which winds among these majestic heights is the little town of Hallein, famous by its vicinity to the Dürrenberg mountain, in the centre of which are hid the magnificent salt-mines of whose fame I have heard since time out of mind. A few miles farther is Golling, where we breakfasted, and whence, having left the carriage and provided ourselves with a guide, we started to explore the path leading to this lovely waterfall.

Messrs. H— and B— are some fifty feet above my head, sketching; C— is perched upon a point she has chosen for herself, her happy eye glancing from rock to rock, and the dashing waters making sweet music for her. T— is acting the part of a chamois, springing from crag to crag; while I, meantime, am seated upon a most comfortable wooden sofa exactly in front of the fall, and, as I suspect, better placed than any of them, because I have humbly submitted myself to the taste, wisdom, and experience of the very picturesque-loving prince bishop, who imagined and commanded the daring paths by which it is easy to reach all the points whence the cataract can be advantageously seen.

This is the first thing of the kind I have seen

since we left America that has appeared to me deserving the name of waterfall.

Niagara, of course, stands alone, and can never be named to illustrate any comparison: but though the Trenton, Potomac, and Genesee falls are likewise all too mighty to be fairly brought in competition with this; yet I am tempted to say, that, in point of beauty of scenery, it is superior to either. The height and form of the ravine through which the torrent falls; the manner of the approach, every step so full of new interest and beauty; the happy accidents of sunshine and of shade throughout the whole ascent; the occasional peeps at the fair world below; and, lastly, the natural arch of rock through which it makes its first downward leap, altogether constitute a scene, or rather a succession of scenes, that cannot be surpassed even amidst the giant scenery of America.

But, before you leave house and home in order to set off for the purpose of looking at it, I must in conscience tell you that a part of its beauty to-day is owing to the late heavy rains. It is not indeed one of those tiny torrents designated in the guide-books as a "très jolie chute d'eau," but which most summer travellers find as dry as Virginia Water in the dog-days,—for it must ever, I imagine, send down a sufficient quantity of water to render it a very splendid object; but such rain as I lay and listened to the night before last, is allowed to have increased it considerably.

We are told that this fine waterfall is fed by the celebrated Königsee lake, situated on the further side of the mountain at several miles' distance, and that the stream finds its way through the heart of this mountain, concealed from human eyes from the time it enters a low-browed cavern at the Königsee, till it starts forth again to the delight of all beholders, forming the beautiful cascade that at this moment seems dancing and singing before me. During the singular drought which fell upon the Salzbourg country in 1822, the Königsee lake sunk below the bottom of this cavern, and the Schwarzbach fall entirely ceased to flow. In the year 1823, but at how many months' interval I could not accurately learn, the shock of an earthquake was severely felt at Saxenbach, a spot pretty nearly in the centre of the district, where the distress for want of water was the greatest.

Whenever the success of an expedition depends upon early rising, we generally manage it well, and we reached the upper fall in good time this morning to see the bright tints of the rainbow glowing on the chill mist that mantled it. The phenomenon does not here show itself in an arch quite so magnificent as that which springs over Niagara ; but, nevertheless, it is a lovely spectacle, and well worth looking upon at the price of a little additional activity.

It is now near one o'clock, and the sun has very nearly left this deep ravine, lovelier, perhaps, than

before in the beautiful clear-obscure of its mid-day shade.

When we first arrived here, and for nearly an hour afterwards, the broken torrent of the second fall caught and reflected the sunshine on thousands of separate gems thrown high into the air; but now, instead of looking like a cascade of emerald sprinkled with gold, it seems to have put on a suit of mourning, its only colouring being black and white; —but it becomes it well, and the undazzled eye can enjoy it without winking.

Fourneaux, 3 P. M.

Having retraced our beautiful path beside the rapids through the wild gorge that leads to the fall, and then traversed the two miles of level ground between its entrance and the town of Golling, we were constrained by the weakness of our human nature to waste some few moments in taking refreshment, though unwearied in spirit, and as desirous as ever of solving the mystery of the Fourneaux, a name which nobody seemed able to explain, though all agreed in proclaiming the spot so called, the wonder which surpassed all others which this wild world of mountains has to show. In half an hour we again set forth, but this time attended by a char-à-banc drawn by one horse, to carry us as far as a carriage could go. From Golling we proceeded up the valley of the Salzach for about an hour, when, having crossed a rapid stream that flows into it, we began to

mount a steep hill, and soon lost sight of the river. Having nearly reached its summit, we quitted the char-à-banc, and turned up a bank, at the foot of which, beside the entrance to a path so steep that stairs were necessary to render it practicable, was a hand-post bearing the inscription "Nach die Öfen." Öfen? Fourneaux? Ovens? What could this wild path lead to, that could bear such a name? After mounting for some time, we began to descend a long, long flight of very rudely-formed wooden stairs, which took us down the side of a dark deep ravine. Still we could by no means imagine what species of oven we were to find at the bottom of it; we could see nothing before us but a very precipitous descent, with endless stairs zig-zagging down it. At length, when it seemed that we had nearly reached the bottom of what appeared to be an extremely narrow rocky gorge amid the mountains, we suddenly perceived that we were standing on a natural bridge over the Salzach, which was roaring along a hundred feet lower still. If, instead of Ovens, they had called this extraordinary pass a caldron, the name would be more intelligible, for never did water "boil and bubble" with greater violence and commotion than the pent-up, checked, and irritated stream at this spot.

Another flight of steps took us some twenty or thirty feet nearer to the torrent, and there we saw it raging through its narrow channel of dark naked granite, and passing under three several natural

bridges, evidently formed by rocks hurled from the enormous cliffs above by some terrible convulsion of the elements. The whole aspect of the place is that of the most wild and awful grandeur. There is one spot from which we hung over a black silent pool, where the water, having reached its level, seems pausing to take breath; this, from the tall, grim, sunless rocks which close it in, might serve well for an image of the nethermost pit to any poet who may wish to send his muse upon an infernal tour.

Having seen my party dispose of themselves according to their several whims,—some with ambitious, but, as I suspect, most fruitless hopes of throwing on paper the mad scene before them,—and the others clambering in search of new and different glimpses of the tortured stream, I have found my way to a point that, more unsketchable than all the rest, is also more magnificent,—for here, when I turn my eyes below, I see the dark and angry stream battling its noisy way among the rocks; and, when I raise them, a stupendous mountain, many thousand feet in height, rears its gaunt front before me, and almost makes me tremble at the near presence of its vastness. It seems as if the enormous masses of rock that have tumbled headlong from its craggy summit across the river, had been hurled in malignant sport by the giant genius of its pinnacle—and who knows but the same fancy may take him again? . . . . .

I wish you could hear the mysterious effect of the hoarse rushing sound produced by the rapid passage

of the deep waters below me! It is louder than that of the cataract we have so lately left; but heavy, sad, and solemn, and far unlike the stirring music made by the gay bounding movement of the waterfall.

What a glorious spot would this be for one of high-toned poetic imagination to linger in, feeding himself with images so vast, so wild, so unlike the ordinary combinations of nature, that he might easily fancy a new world around him, and then people it as he list! For me, I can only gaze and feel bewildered, and "wish that Heaven had made me such a" river and such rocks, where I might come and look at them, morning and evening, and by moonlight, and by starlight, till I knew all their awful recesses, and appalling shadows by heart; and at last not feel, as I do now, that I must turn away, and bid them adieu for ever.

I wish, too, you could see how the most delicate flowers love to grow amid the most savage and grim-looking solitudes; and I wish, too, I had skill enough to tell you all their names; but I certainly never saw one-half of them before.

* * * * *

Salzbourg, 24th August.

I was much too tired when I got home last night to finish this letter; but, that it may contain the conclusion of my day's adventures, I must now tell you that after leaving the marvellous *Fourneaux*, which we did by a path that displayed forward views into

the mountainous region around them, more magnificent, though not more beautiful, than any the Tyrol had shown us, we suddenly came to the resolution of spending a day or two in exploring the country in the direction in which we beheld the loftiest mountain.

This day will be occupied in the continuation of our researches at Salzbourg; but to-morrow, if the weather be propitious, we shall set off in a stool-waggon, or char-à-banc, with one horse and a driver, who stands engaged to stop where and when we will, and to wait patiently, should our rambles on foot take us unexpectedly to a day's distance from him. Our soubrette is to be consigned to the care of the kind Gertrude, and our luggage will consist chiefly of maps and guide-books. The prospect of this scrambling expedition seems to delight us all more than any scheme that has been yet proposed; and I think, if it should chance to rain to-morrow, we shall break our hearts.

Our ride home last night was by the light of a most glorious full moon; and I can wish you nothing better, when you visit Salzbourg, than just such a sight of the mountains, the forests, and the rocks, as we then enjoyed:—all so deliciously serene and so profoundly still. The river Salzach, too, that a few hours before we had heard and seen raging so furiously, had now not only recovered its tranquillity, but lay smiling in the moonlight, and complacently repeating to our eyes all the lovely objects on its

banks, with the renovated sweetness of a pretty woman when, after the annoyance of opposition, she is permitted at length to have her own way.

But I must conclude this rambling epistle, for I am summoned to join an expedition to the much admired park or garden of Aigen: by which name it may most properly be called I know not, as both are given to it. This "*Lieu de plaisance*" is another work of the same prince bishop Ernest de Schwarzenberg, who made the paths which enable the traveller to enjoy at his ease the wonders of Schwarzbach Fall, and the Fourneaux; and, if his genius has had an opportunity of displaying itself to equal advantage on the side of the huge Gaïsberg, we shall see something beautiful.

LETTER XV.

Wet Drive to Hallein.— Drag up the Durromberg Mountain.— Entrance to the Salt Mines.—Descent to the Lower Regions.— Exit at the Base of the Mountain.

Hallein, 25th August.

So earnestly bent were the hearts of the whole party upon the projected excursion among the mountains, that although the dawn was most unequivocally overcast, and that the morning lowered, and brought on the day as heavily as the heaviest we have seen, not one of us had courage to say, "Had we not better stay at home to-day?" So off we set, and met the fate which threatened us; that is to say, we got very nearly wet through before we reached Hallein. Fortunately, our first project was to visit the salt mines; and as these lie very conveniently sheltered in the bowels of the earth, we had only to dry ourselves, breakfast, and procure a carriage that would shelter us, in order to be ready for the undertaking.

The two first divisions of this preparatory process were very satisfactorily gone through; but, on inquiring respecting the third, we found that the en-

trance to the mines was on the summit of the Durremberg mountain, and that to reach this elevation we should have need of two very light open carriages, each drawn by a pair of stout horses, broke to the work. These little cars, however, were each of them furnished with an enormous umbrella, capable of sheltering those beneath it almost as effectually as a close carriage, and thus prepared we again set off; but the rain gradually diminished, and before we arrived at the mine it had wholly ceased. Had the day been clear, the views, as we ascended, would have been magnificent; but, as it was, we only guessed what it might be, by peeping through an occasional interval between the wreaths of mist and clouds that enveloped us. The road is so steep, that in one or two places it seemed as if the little carriage must tumble over backwards.

The species of pun upon the name of St. Peter which has caused so many sacred edifices to be founded on rocks, has been followed very literally here; where, on a rocky pinnacle, nearly at the highest point of the Durremberg, a little church has been built of the native red marble; it is considered to be quite a marvel, but we were too intent upon our mining scheme to enter it: and accordingly having, as required, inscribed our adventurous names in a book, and put white linen jackets and trousers over our dresses, we entered the mountain by a low narrow door, each armed with a candle, and were instantly shut out, or rather shut in, from the light

of day. The gallery upon which we entered continued for a very considerable distance, but so narrow as to oblige us to walk in single file: we then descended many steps, and found ourselves in another long gallery. From both the higher and lower one many other passages branched off, inclining both upwards and downwards from the line we pursued. For the greater part of the distance the sides and roof of these galleries were timbered, but every here and there the naked rock appeared sparkling with crystals of salt. We proceeded in this manner, always descending, for above a mile, when we reached the mouth of an abyss, and anything more terrific than its appearance, by way of an entrance, I can hardly conceive. It was, in truth, neither more nor less than a black yawning hole; and, as we stood trembling on the edge of it, we were told that we were to seat ourselves one at a time on an inclined plane, the first few feet of which were made dimly visible by the candle of one of the guides, and so slide into the impenetrable darkness of the gulf below.

For a moment I felt that the thing was impossible, and said so; but an old miner, who was the principal guide and leader of our party, assured me so earnestly that if I would trust myself to him I should be perfectly safe, that I yielded; and C—— being provided with a similar assistant, we seated ourselves behind them, I and my conductor leading the way, and shot down the distance, which was one

hundred and twenty-six feet, with a velocity that almost took away my breath; but evidently without any danger whatever. All thought of fear, too, ceased the moment the movement began; the whole thing was so new, so strange, so extraordinary, that one must be most remarkably careful of one's personal safety to bestow another thought upon it. The black darkness before us, the flashing and imperfect light that the guide's candle threw around us as we flew downwards, and the dizzy swiftness of the motion, were altogether quite enough to fill the fancy, to the utter exclusion of all visions of broken bones. This sort of downward flying was repeated four times with considerable intervals between each, and at the end of the fourth flight we came upon a scene that we shall probably none of us ever forget; an immensely large natural cavern, the middle of which is occupied by a lake as black as night, was made visible by a multitude of flambeaux arranged round the water's edge, the whole scene producing an effect terrific and solemn beyond that of any combination of objects I ever looked upon.

The reflection of the lights in the inky lake, the dark and most miraculously level rock that almost pressed upon our heads, the chill unnatural stillness of the air, the deep and solemn silence, all acted upon our senses with an effect like enchantment; and we stood upon the shores of this mystical lake much as departed souls might do upon those of Acheron, doubting what we should see next.

By degrees a bark became dimly visible, approaching us with a movement so noiseless, that, like all the rest, its coming seemed the work of some power unknown. We were given to understand that this spectre boat was destined to bear us across the black waters, and we were bade to seat ourselves within it, which we did—at least I can answer for myself—with the same unquestioning obedience with which we should have performed the behests of a magician. Slowly and silently we were wafted over the water; a voyage which, short as it was, has sufficed to fill my mind with such images of central darkness and eternal night, that I shall never again be at a loss to comprehend such phrases as "darkness visible," and the like. What a famous spot would this be to play off such mysteries as Moore talks of in his Epicurean!

Shortly after the voyage was accomplished, we came to the last and deepest of the gulfs by which the mountain is perforated; and slid down a distance of between five and six hundred feet, with a velocity which I think was increased by the guide's improved opinion of our courage, and a wish that, before we quitted his subterranean habitation, we should be permitted to know at what rate mortals might safely approach the earth's centre.

Nothing, in fact, is easier, notwithstanding the horrible aspect of these dark pits, than for those who understand the manner of the descent, to regulate the rapidity of it. Two round and highly po-

lished pieces of timber, about a foot apart, go from the top to the bottom of these descents; along one of these passes a rope as thick as a man's wrist, and the person about to take flight, being seated on these cylindrical timbers, passes the right leg under the rope, which presses the limb with sufficient tightness to check the too violent rapidity of the movement. The right hand also may grasp this rope to assist in regulating the progress, while the left holds the candle, by means of whose faint and flickering light the picturesque horrors of this strange journey are made visible.

This last of the five inclined planes being passed, we soon entered upon the passage which leads by a uniform but steep descent to a point nearly at the base of the mountain, at which is the exit of the mines. This passage is justly considered as one of the most extraordinary works that was ever executed. The distance, which is about seven thousand feet, is cut through the solid marble rock, with a degree of neatness and uniformity that is perfectly astonishing. It took, it appears, forty-four years to complete, having been begun by Archbishop Dietrich in 1506, and completed by his successor, Marc. Sittacus, in 1550. This work deserves to be classed with the Pyramids, as a monument of human labour and perseverance.

Through this passage our mode of proceeding was altogether new, and, though neither fatiguing nor disagreeable, was, I think, the only part of the ex-

pedition attended with any real danger, as the least carelessness might have produced very seriously ill consequences. A long narrow plank received us all, on which we were obliged to sit astride; and in this manner, almost as it seemed on the balance, with our feet carefully drawn in under us, we were drawn with great velocity down a steep descent on an iron railway by two men. The slightest movement, such as the extending a hand or a foot a few inches, must have been followed by the inevitable fracture of the limb; the red marble archway through which we were thus rapidly drawn being too close upon us to permit the slightest extension of the limbs without coming in contact with it. In several places this passage widens into spaces of considerable extent; and it is after passing these, and on entering again between the narrow limits of the archway, that this danger is the greatest. It was necessary to remember the certainty with which our railed pathway led us, in order to believe it possible that we could pass in safety between the marble corners, that seemed, by the lights we carried, to be threaded only by a black line, along which we were to find our way.

In one of the mines is a statue of St. Rupert, carved out of its marble wall in bold alto relievo; and at another point a tablet records two different visits of the late Emperor Francis, who, as we are told, failed not to make personal acquaintance with every object worth seeing in his dominions.

On emerging from the mountain, we met the same damsel waiting for us who had enveloped us in our mining attire. How she had got there I know not; probably, she came down the outside of the mountain in one of the carriages which took us up, while we were plunging through its interior. She brought with her the bonnets and shawls which we had laid aside, which she delivered to us with such scrupulous care, that even our pins were not forgotten. We were not sorry, I believe, to be restored to the light and warmth of day, though we had not endured the loss of these dear blessings without having received great gratification in return for them. The whole excursion occupied three hours and a half.

I seldom describe any thing that has given me pleasure, without feeling a wish that I may be able to induce others to follow and enjoy it too; but on this occasion I must confess, that those only who are conscious of bearing a stout heart within them, should venture to follow me through the bowels of the Durremberg. To the majority of my female acquaintance I think the expedition would bring more pain than pleasure.

We saw nothing of the working of the mines: a gang of about twenty workmen, who appeared to be passing from one part of these enormous excavations to another, stood up out of our way in one of the galleries; but, excepting these, we seemed to have the mines all to ourselves. They are, however, as

we hear, in full operation; but I presume we only passed along the high road which runs through them.

When we were restored to the earth's surface we had the pleasure of being greeted by bright sunshine, which not only cheered our prospects for to-morrow, but enabled us to visit the establishments where the salt is prepared for the market. They appear to be on a very extensive scale.

LETTER XVI.

Set off for Berchtesgaden.—Loss of our Companions.—First sight of the Königsee.—Midnight Concert.—Return to the Königsee.—Voyage.—Dinner.—Expedition to the Eiskapelle.—Agreeable Rencontre.

Berchtesgaden, August 27, 1836.

THE morning of yesterday rose upon us as bright in sunshine as our hearts could wish, and we therefore determined upon putting an additional horse to our little waggon, that C— and I might again be dragged up the Durremberg, as the vaunted landscape it commands had the day before been so enveloped in clouds, that, for the greater part of the ascent, we might have been traversing Salisbury Plain for aught our eyes could tell us to the contrary; but yesterday the atmosphere was exactly in the state to show off every thing to the very best advantage. A light cloud would sometimes seem to rest itself in its bright course, for a moment, upon a snow-covered crag, but none came between us and the sun.

The three gentlemen, who were to go on foot, also preferred the mountain road, which is not only more interesting, but several miles shorter than that

which makes the circuit of its base. The frontier between Austria and a little bit of Bavaria, which, for some reason or other, not very comprehensible, was among the arrangements of 1816 left in the possession of the latter monarchy, was to be passed on the farther side of the Durremberg, and we had some little difficulty in persuading the officials to let us go on without a passport. But at length, having very civilly listened to our explanation, and thinking, perhaps, that there was nothing very dangerous in the appearance of us and our portfolios, they consented to let us pass, accepting our assurance that the gentlemen who were following would show them one from his Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State, visé, to boot, by all the powers that be. Soon after this was adjusted; our *piétons* overtook us, and we breakfasted together at the prettiest of chalets in that prettiest of valleys which lies on the Bavarian side of the Durremberg.

After breakfast we drove on, Mr. H— preceding us, and B— and T— promising to follow immediately. They usually outwalked our drowsy horse, but on this occasion we unfortunately came to a point where the road divided before they rejoined us. Without making any observation, the cocher went on; and we, knowing he had received his orders, permitted him to do so, nothing doubting that he was driving us to Berchtesgaden.

Instead of this, however, he had turned from the town, and was taking us to the Königsee, whither it

was our intention to go after securing rooms at Berchtesgaden for the night.

Nothing can well be more beautiful in its way than this drive to the Königsee. The foreground, nearly the whole way, has greatly the appearance of a finely-wooded park, through which runs the brawling little river Albe; while, in the distance, mountains piled on mountains, the highest almost hiding their snow in the clouds, give a savage majesty to the landscape, in beautiful contrast to the rich woodland scenery and soft mossy turf through which the road runs. Sometimes, indeed, large isolated masses of rock, which seem as if they must have rolled from the mountains to the valley, suddenly appear amid the soft herbage; but their marble sides are generally clothed with moss, heaths, and the loveliest wild flowers.

The barberry is here, as well as throughout the Tyrol, in the greatest perfection and abundance; its elegant wreath-like branches, richly laden with their glowing fruit, add, in no trifling degree, to the decorations of this delightful drive.

All this we enjoyed extremely, nothing doubting that our escort were following at no great distance; and when we arrived at the little gasthaus beside the dark green waters of the Königsee, we patiently, nay, contentedly, amused ourselves on its edge for an hour, gazing, and sketching, and examining the boats that were to carry us over it. But when this hour, and the longer one which followed it,

had passed away, and still our friends came not, we began to think that some mistake had happened, and that they were probably looking for us at Berchtesgaden, as anxiously as we were waiting for them at the lake. Strongly, therefore, as the dark wave tempted us to embark on its bosom, we were generous enough to abstain; and determined, after baiting our steed, and refreshing our vexed spirits by the bread, butter, and milk of the rustic little inn, to return to Berchtesgaden, in the hope of finding our lost companions. Our drive back again was but a dull business, notwithstanding the beauty of every inch of it, for we began to be really anxious respecting the result of the adventure. However, to make short of what appeared to us a grievously long business, we found them at last, but not till we had beat through every part of the ancient and picturesque town of Berchtesgaden in search of them.

We passed the evening in wandering down from this high and beautifully situated town, to the bright green stream that meanders through the meadows below it. A sketch was made from the pretty bridge; but, before it was well finished, heavy thunder drops began to blot the page, and then we slowly crept up the steep hill again, consoled for the trifling inconvenience of the rain, which fell reluctantly through a most sultry atmosphere, by the pleasure of watching some bright lightning flashing across the snow of the mountains.

After tea I continued reading and writing letters to England, till past midnight. The heat was still intense, all my windows were open, and then I was consoled for all the mishaps of the day by hearing the first good *jodeln* we have listened to since we entered the Tyrol. I had fully expected to have heard this singular and often pretty falsetto from every chamois hunter and mountain nymph that I passed on the road ; but in this I have been altogether disappointed. Scarcely half a dozen genuine jodeln notes have greeted us till last night. In truth, I believe, that of this, as of every thing else that the world produces, the best has been imported into England; and that when four men and a woman, every one of them carolling as wildly and as sweetly as so many singing-birds, were presented to the English public as a Tyrolese *family* all snared together from one erie-like nest among the mountains, they were, in truth, as carefully picked out, and got up for the London market, as our clarets and our Rhine wines.

Last night, however, I certainly listened for at least two hours to some very sweet warbling, in which these jodeln notes recurred in all the choruses; and, as these voices were decidedly prepared only for home consumption, they may certainly be considered as genuine. The occasion of this nocturnal merry-making was evidently some rural festival, for all the numerous party appeared to be peasants : the sultry night obliged them also, Germans though they

were, to open all their windows; and there they sat, men and women together, immediately opposite to me, with their glass beer-cans, mounted in silver, standing before them, in full enjoyment of the invigorating contents, and of their own sweet voices. I left them at it when I went to bed at half-past twelve; and how much longer the concert lasted I know not, for they soon jodelned me to sleep.

To-day we have been rewarded for all we lost yesterday. I pray you never to come within twenty miles of the Königsee, without passing a long day on it and about it. The weather we have had might serve as a pattern for all party-of-pleasure days henceforth, and for ever. Light clouds, too high to hide the snow, yet sufficient to relieve us from the too fervent blaze of day, floated over us, as if sent expressly to give that exquisite variety of tint to the rich emerald of the lake, which so greatly enhances the beauty of all landscape colouring. Other lakes may boast of greater extent, this being but five miles long, and less than two wide; but its colour, and the awful height of the marble mountains which gird it in, are features, probably, unequalled anywhere.

We navigated this fairy sea in a very commodious bark, with an awning capable of protecting its passengers both from sun and rain. Our crew consisted of three men and a woman; the latter particularly conversable and intelligent, and deeply learned

in all such circumstances respecting the locale as curious travellers desire to know.

The enjoyment of floating about on that strangely clear water is certainly very great, and would be greater still if the people knew how to row; but they contrive to produce a jerking movement with their paddles, which perpetually reminded us that we were "folks of this world," notwithstanding the many marvellous objects around, which might have led to a suspicion of the contrary.

The first division of our voyage brought us to a miniature island; sacred, perhaps, in the eyes of the faithful, from the figure of a Jesuit which is perched upon a little rocky eminence in the midst of it. And then we paused to salute a very pitiful cascade, dignified by the name of the Königsbach. But these *petitesses* mattered nothing; the green lake was the green lake still, and still it washed the feet, and reflected the giant forms, of the rocks that closed it in. The highest of these, named the Watzmann, rises 8736 feet above its level.

The regular and prescribed tour then brought us to a spot where a sudden chasm in the rock gives room for a stream, more picturesque than abundant, to fall into the lake; and beside it some one of those good spirits who seem to delight in devoting their genius and their wealth to the task of rendering all the loveliest spots in this wonderful country accessible, has made a path as safe as it is beautiful up to the *chaudron*, as it is called, into which falls the

lofty Kesselbach. This cascade brings down but an inconsiderable quantity of water from its high-born spring; yet it dashes along amidst such capricious formations of rock, and with so startling a vehemence, that it surpasses in wildness and beauty many a waterfall of ten times its magnitude.

At no great distance from this chasm is the mouth of the low cavern through which the lake sends its superfluous waters to feed the cataract of the Schwarzbach.

A long pull, entirely across the lake, then brought us to another waterfall, called the Schreinbach, which pleases both eye and ear by its pretty fury. It roars louder than many of its betters, and is beat into foam as white as milk long before it reaches the green lake. This fall is of a magnificent height, and very nearly perpendicular; and, though American travellers are apt to give themselves airs about waterfalls, we all sat gazing at it, as long as our boat would let us, with great satisfaction. Another twenty minutes brought us to the farther extremity of the Königsee, where we again landed, and found ourselves in a spot the most melancholy and desolate that can be imagined. The mountains here retreat, though to no great distance, leaving space for another lake, called the Obersee, of about four miles in circumference.

A walk of about half a mile amidst fragments of fallen rocks, and over dark mosses that look as if rarely pressed by human footsteps, brought us to

the shore of this dismal lake. I hardly know why it is that these dark waters produce an effect on the spirits so different from that of the Königsee. There every object seems redolent of pleasure; here, though the scene is as beautiful as wildness and majesty can make it, no sensation is suggested but sadness. The Fischunkel and the Salet Alps form a semi-circle round it; leaving, moreover, a few hundred acres of wilderness, over which are scattered a multitude of huge stones, which appear to have tumbled headlong from them. Many of them, however, are covered with the most beautiful mosses, and this dismal little desert is filled with the very loveliest flowers I ever beheld. From the Fischunkel rushes a cascade, called the Röthbach, that divides itself into three slender streams; but the enormous height from whence they fall, atones, in a great degree, for their scantiness.

Amid this valley of fallen rocks the sketchers established themselves for an hour, while I collected the most rich and rare nosegay I ever possessed. We then re-embarked, and rowed back to a low green neck of land, called the island (more correctly, the peninsula) of St. Barthelemi, where there is a chapel to which pious pilgrims often repair, and a gasthaus to which no one should ever repair at all, if they can possibly avoid it,—for more miserable discomfort I never encountered than greeted us there.

We had heard much of the lake salmon, and

understood that this was the place whereat to eat it; accordingly, when we passed this point in the morning, we stopped to order dinner. Hung up round the principal room of this lake hotel are portraits of a multitude of salmons, all as big as porpoises, and all said to have been caught in the neighbouring waters, giving promise of children and grand-children of the same dimensions. Salmon, therefore, was ordered as the staple of the dinner, and at two o'clock we returned with appetites well disposed to do justice to almost anything eatable. But, alas! the sight of their "saumon délicieux" left us very little inclination to taste it. About two dozen tiny trout, hardly larger than a tolerable smelt, looking as if ladled out of a furnace of water, without the slightest attempt at sauce of any kind, were set before us; every accompaniment being as wretched-looking as themselves. They are, however, of a fine colour; and I can imagine, that if suffered to exist till ten times as large, and then well dressed, they might be found very suitable food for Christians.

The spot at which our table was placed—for we dined al fresco—was almost beautiful enough to console us for our wretched fare: and, moreover, as a source of comfort under this affliction, we remembered, that the less temptation we had to prolong the repast the better, as we had an enterprise before us of no ordinary fatigue; which, though we were all equally determined to attempt it, caused some of us to tremble at its contemplation. In truth, we had

been sufficiently forewarned of its difficulty; but, after mature deliberation, we decided upon braving it.

The only glacier amongst these alps within reach of feet not belonging to a chamois hunter, lies at what must be called, I suppose, the foot of the Watzmann, but to which we attained after four miles of desperately hard climbing. It was not, however, merely to reach a glacier, and touch the snow, that we did this; a very singular formation of ice, or rather of snow firmly frozen, which forms a solid well-defined natural arch, has existed pretty nearly in the same state beyond any recollection of its being other than it is. This is called in the country the Eiskapelle, (Ice Chapel,) and to this we determined, rashly enough perhaps, to reach.

The first part of the walk from St. Barthelemi is over soft green turf, and through a level plantation of pine trees. We had been assured that a guide was indispensable, and were therefore accompanied by an active mountaineer, who, pike in hand, marched before us; a precaution which, for some time after we set off, appeared almost ludicrously superfluous. Ere long we reached a little old chapel, not in the best repair, though declared to be a spot of peculiar sanctity, and much resorted to by pilgrims. A rapid stream brawls hoarsely at its feet, and a more savage-looking solitude than surrounds it could hardly be imagined by the most

inspired painter that ever dreamed of St. John in the Wilderness.

From this point the character of the scene gradually becomes wilder and wilder; and the path which leads through it more broken, more steep, and more difficult.

As we climbed, the noisy stream climbed with us; and thrice we crossed its stormy passage by the aid of rocks and planks such as would, I believe, have stopped the progress of most female tourists. The great feature of the scene, however, is not this bustling torrent, but the mighty rocks that rise beside it. There is no power in language, I think, to convey an idea of the species of pleasure which arises from finding oneself in scenes so grimly terrible as those which enclosed us during this laborious walk. Such being my persuasion, you will not wonder that I should decline any attempt to tell you how I felt as I half broke my neck by straining to see the top of the unimaginable wall that rose against me. Not even the dark witch-peopled Brocken can equal, in stupendous effect, the savage grandeur of this tremendous gorge.

How very strange, and seemingly whimsical, are some of Nature's arrangements! Here, even here with nine thousand feet of brute marble to hide them, are found the most delicate, and, perhaps, the most varied race of flowers in the world! . . . . . I wish I may not grow so enamoured of this minia-

ture mountain enamelling as to deem our splendid garden-flowers coarse and unsightly; but these are really so lovely, and show themselves with such sweet coyness amidst the indescribable rudeness of every thing about them, that I certainly never looked at any blossoms in the world with equal delight.

The afternoon was most oppressively hot, and the pass through which we toiled our tedious way so close and narrow, that no breath of air came to refresh us. C— and I had taken the precaution of bringing shawls for the Ice Chapel; but neither these, nor even our bonnets, could be worn: they were carried for us by the light-footed guide, while a parasol only sheltered us from the scorching sun. Now and then a few delicious alpine strawberries were found among the rocks; and, in short, summer glowed around us in every way.

With no interval but a few yards of totally barren crags and pebbles, among which we prudently sat down to cool ourselves, we passed from this prime of summer to the very centre of the most iron frost. It is hardly possible to conceive a sensation more strangely out of the common way than that produced by this transition. Within the space of ten minutes I was suffering from the extreme of heat, and my teeth were chattering from the most violent sensation of cold I ever experienced. The frozen snow crunched beneath our feet, and glittered in our eyes. Snow rose in all directions round us,

and before us yawned the snow-formed vault we came to see.

It is a spot that one may like well to recollect, and I may rejoice to remember that I have looked upon it; for so different is it from that portion of the world with which I have been previously acquainted, that it seems to have stamped a set of perfectly new images on my memory.

Dante, I think, must have visited an excavated glacier before he wrote his ice scene, for the sight of this recalled the impression made on my fancy, years ago, by his description.

The mountain torrent, by the side of which our rough path had led us for nearly the whole ascent, is itself the cause of the wonder we came to look at. It appears to have its source in the Watzmann mountain, and its stream has been covered by an avalanche of far distant date, from under which it reappears at the point called the " Eiskapelle."

The arch which the snow here forms is exceedingly curious, and its outward extremity so thin that the light is perceptible through it. From forth this archway pours the unfrozen stream, and the temperature of the air within this strange cavern is so much warmer than without, that a body of steam visibly rises from it; and on entering, or even passing the mouth of the aperture, the sensation of warmth is quite extraordinary. We toiled up a few hundred yards of the glacier above the chapel; but I suffered so greatly from the cold, particularly in my

feet, that I would go no farther, and excepting T—, who insisted upon scampering up much farther, all the party were well disposed to retreat with me.

The obvious danger arising from so violent a transition from heat to cold induced us to walk in very quick time when we once more felt our feet on terra firma. It reminded me of the unfortunate man who, having been beguiled into taking an ice while dancing, fell into an ecstacy of terror afterwards, lest it might be the means of sending him from this mortal life; and, in the hope of counteracting the dreaded mischief, renewed the exercise with all the vehement agitation of mortal fear,—exclaiming, as he proceeded, " Right and left, for the love of God !"

The same process appeared to answer perfectly in our case, for we speedily forgot all feeling of cold in our rough and rapid descent down the deep gorge up which we had climbed so slowly.

Most welcome was the rest our boat afforded, and most delicious the calm cool row across the lake: but, when we reached the little gasthaus on its shore, we were too tired to think even of the beautiful drive back to Berchtesgaden but as a labour we would gladly have escaped.

Right glad were we, nevertheless, that we had performed this feat, and C— and I did certainly feel a little proud of having so resolutely overcome its difficulties; but I do by no means recommend the promenade to ladies in general. Of a hundred fe-

males who may visit the Königsee, I really think it probable that ninety-nine would either fail in the attempt to reach the Eiskapelle, or suffer serious inconvenience from achieving it.

On our way to Berchtesgaden we had the unexpected pleasure of overtaking some English friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. M—n, on their return from the Königsee to Salzbourg. It would have been a greater pleasure still, had we been fortunate enough to fall in with them in the morning. He is a poet who, as all the world knows, can feel, and speak the pleasure he feels from what is beautiful, better than most living men. But even this hasty exchange of, "Is it not beautiful?" was very agreeable.

LETTER XVII.

Departure from the Salzbourg.—Contrast of its Scenery with that around Munich.—Disappointments.—Absence of all the Beau Monde.—Melancholy aspect of the City.

Munich, 1st Sept.

Our drive from Berchtesgaden back to Salzbourg gave us another variation on the subject that we have passed a fortnight in studying,—namely, the flats and sharps of the Salzbourg, or, rather on "la belle harmonie de la nature," manifested in the glorious country we have left, as seen at all hours and in all directions.

Yes . . . . . we have left it—and with a degree of regret that it would be difficult to make you fully understand. This feeling does not arise from any peculiar enchantments which we found in the town itself, although it has infinite store of precious relics of all kinds to render it interesting; for, like every other old town in Germany, Salzbourg is full from the top to the toe . . . . from its lofty castle walls down to its river's edge, with that awakening species of interest which arises from finding oneself in close

contact with the days when our forefathers were, and we were not.

Excepting in some few of our most sacredly preserved old churches,—and even there the exception is rarely perfect, for the very care taken to preserve them too often removes the venerable rust of antiquity, but, excepting there, England has all the green freshness of blooming youth, compared to the solemn, sober, untouched sanctity of German age.

Why this should be, and to a degree so very striking, I do not well understand. Germany has had more of present war within every part of the broad expanse that answers to her name, during the last fifty years, (to say nothing either of the barbarous, or imperial struggles, that took place before,) than England has known throughout nearly her whole history ; and yet within the limits of a single town, that has owned, perhaps, a score of different conquerors, more perfect, untouched relics of the past are to be seen, than can be found spread over the surface of our three kingdoms.

The unchanged aspects of the towns themselves, as they first meet the eye, may easily enough be accounted for by several causes. The character of the people is evidently averse from change, even in the mutable matter of attire; and wealth, nearly unbounded, has not, as in England, been felt to flow in a brisk current through every artery of the social system, giving both the inclination and the power to alter and embellish every object which contributes to

the comfort and decoration of life. Neither has a change of faith led to the destruction of the antique symbols, the abundance of which forms so striking a feature in the whole country.

But this does not apply to the universal preservation of the costly churches, the fountains, statues, and other civic treasures, all of which must have passed under the eyes, and, as it were, through the hands of the spoilers; and yet here they are, seemingly untouched since the hour they were formed, still occupying the stations first allotted to them.

Independent, however, of this rich source of amusement, the mere town of Salzbourg could have been left without any great regret; for we knew no one, there was no theatre, nor either music or pictures that we knew how to get at. But to leave the country round it, and probably for ever; to turn from those majestic mountains, their stormy torrents, and the dark paths which they have hollowed for themselves through the eternal rocks; to leave all this for ever is so painful as almost to make it a doubt whether the joy of coming, or the sorrow of going, be the greater.

The pleasure, however, will last longer than the pain; and after I have forgotten that on Monday, the 30th August 1836, I drove with a heavy heart out of Salzbourg, I shall be able to close my eyes, and feel again in fancy the enchantment of the matchless country round it.

Had Nature intended to set off the glory and the

beauty of her handiwork in the Tyrol and the Salzbourg by the force of contrast, she could not have done it more effectually than by spreading near it the great flat plain over seventy miles of which we have travelled to Munich. The effect of this extraordinary change upon our little society was sufficiently remarkable. Those placed in the back of the carriage continued to gaze on the receding mountains with visages that seemed to lengthen with the lengthening distance, and the tone in which one of them sighed forth, as we drew near to Munich . . . . "I can see the snow still!" might have touched the hardest heart.

As to poor Mr. H—, he looked like one who had been dragged from a loved abode by force of arms, leaving his mistress behind him,—or, like the unhappy Paul, when he had lost his Virginia, and exclaimed—

"Voilà nos montagnes! . . . . Retournons-y!"

One tried to sleep, another to read,—but it would not do; turn our eyes, or even shut them as we would, the great big plain of Munich was felt to be spreading itself round and round us: we groaned under the infliction, as if we believed that Fate had decided we should never look upon a mountain again.

This was not a temper of mind calculated to make us admire, or do justice to, the Bavarian capital. Alas! . . . . We were, in truth, sick of the sight of its

tall thin towers before we entered among them . . . . And then followed a series of misfortunes, all tending to deepen the tint of the green and yellow complexions we brought with us.

We drove to one, two, three, four, five hotels, before we could find rooms to receive us; the sequel of which disagreeable adventure was very different from that of the similar one at Salzbourg. Instead of the neat-handed Gertrude of the Golden Lion, we are here pestered by half-a-dozen ill-conditioned smoke-scented boys by way of waiters, who buzz about us when we ring a bell, like bees at the tinkling of a brazen pan; yet our behests are not one-half so well accomplished as they were by the hands of our lost favourite.

This morning one of our gentlemen departed for Augsburg, to assure our host there that we had none of us fallen a victim to the cholera, and to take possession of the trunks we left with him; while the other two traversed the city in the hope of finding a cleaner and more agreeable hotel.

But the only result of their endeavours was to make us consider ourselves as very fortunate in having found rooms for so large a party anywhere; for the multitude of travelling parties just now passing through Munich is unprecedented.

Our next disappointment was occasioned by learning that several friends, whom we expected to find here, have all left the town; and worse, perhaps,

than all, one or two introductions, upon which we reckoned as a passport to all wonders, are null and void for the same reason. All the world are *aux eaux*, or, *à la campagne*, in some direction or other. In truth, summer travellers have about as little chance of finding society in the cities of Germany during the period of their sunshiny visits, as strangers in London would have during the shooting season. The watering-places are the only scenes of summer gaiety in this country; and it is certain that, in order to form any just idea of the cities, and the higher class of their inhabitants, it is absolutely necessary to visit them in winter. We have been walking about Munich the whole of to-day, and have not yet seen a private carriage.

Our minister, too, a personage to whom the travelling English are apt to look with the hope that his influence will embellish every capital they approach, unfortunately resides at several miles' distance from Munich. In short, the whole aspect of the city is at this moment unquestionably very triste; and, while straining my eyes towards the still visible ridges of the distant Tyrol, it would be difficult not to murmur sotto voce,

"What 's this dull town to me?" . . . . . .

Some of the streets, however, are really magnificent, and the style of the newly-built palaces in the

Ludwig Strasse speaks much of the wealth and splendour of those who inhabit them. We have as yet, indeed, done little else than parade the streets, and read the guide-book. The streets are pompous, and the guide-book is pompous too; so we expect to look upon much splendour to-morrow.

Had I not been afraid of indulging in too great length of *radoterie*, I could have noted down for you many, many more things, either curious or beauful, in the lamented Salzbourg. I have just recollected, whilst sipping my bad coffee,—(alas! that of Salzbourg was most excellent!)—I never told you of a very delightful expedition to the Rainberg, a singularly isolated hill, just outside the town, on the right-hand side of the river; and so beautiful from the view it commands of the mighty Untersberg, the Lattenberg, the rocky Jettenberg, and the sublime Stauffen, that were you to visit Salzbourg, and omit to climb its rough but flowery side, by my fault, I could not forgive myself. Nor must you think, because I have said nothing about it, that Aigen is not an earthly paradise; or that Hellbrunn is not a marvel; or that the covered-way from the town to the convent of the Capucins is not a truly Catholic mystery; or that the Capucinenberg itself is not one of the finest spots in the world. All these, and a multitude of other things, "*dignes d'être vues*," as the guide-books say, have been passed over by me in very ungrateful silence;

partly, I believe, because I was too much occupied in seeing, to have time to write.

I tell you this now; because to-morrow, as in duty bound, I intend to forget Salzbourg as much as I can, and devote myself altogether to Munich.

LETTER XVIII.

Continued Vexations.—The Picture Gallery closed.—The Party become too cross to see clearly.—The Glyptothek.—Restoration.—Dannecker and Thorwaldsen.—English Garden.

Munich, September 2.

YESTERDAY I poured forth upon you a jeremiade, because we had found all the inns full, and all the houses empty. Alas! were this all, we might still have had reason to remember Munich with pleasure; for we might have seen, as we then fondly hoped to do, her far-famed gallery of pictures. But the evil star that presides over this visit to Munich, denies us this; and so heartily vexed am I, that, were it not for shame, I believe I should propose driving back to the Tyrol for a week or two, in order to recover my good-humour.

This sad disappointment has fallen the more heavily upon us, because it was wholly unexpected. Mr. and Mrs. M—n, when we parted from them at Salzbourg, on the evening previous to our leaving it, while lamenting their own ill-fortune in having visited Munich when this collection was invisible,

congratulated us upon our better hap in being sure to find it open; as they had heard, when here, that all the arrangements would be completed for opening the new building to the public on the 25th of last month.

But this hope, in which we dressed ourselves with as much confidence as satisfaction, proves utterly abortive. Nobody appears to know with certainty when this eclipse is to be over, though the month of October is mentioned as likely to see the end of it. The lamentations of the English travellers who have passed through Munich this summer have, as we are told, been loud and long; and, truly, I feel a very perfect sympathy with them all.

Pictures are so mixed and blended in one's fancy with the name of Munich, that every thing I can tell you about this fine showy city, its bright new fresco colonades and tesselated roofs, must seem flat and unprofitable without them. Nevertheless, we are very industriously seeing every thing that we have been told to see; but, as the thermometer stands above eighty, we have grown tired of walking, and so we have driven into every quarter of the town as perseveringly as if we hoped to arrive at the pictures at last.

And what shall I tell you about it all? That I admire Munich, its gaudy decorations, its ambitious architecture, and its smart new residence? I cannot honestly do this; for neither the general aspect of

the town, nor the peculiar style of the new palace, suit my taste. Some allowance I advise you to make for the ill-humour in which I write; nevertheless, I will tell you the truth, as far as my obscurated faculties permit me to perceive it.

The city of Munich, notwithstanding the undoubted fact that some venerable traces of Henry the Lion may be found by those who industriously seek for them, has less the appearance of high antiquity about it than any German town I have seen. In fact, all the principal streets and most splendid buildings are of very recent date; and as I never remember to have seen any place where so many magnificent edifices were in progress, I imagine that, in a few years, Munich will be still better worth seeing than it is at present. Thus I console myself by thinking, that when I return, as I trust I shall do, to see the pictures, I shall find a great deal more to see besides.

Perhaps it may be the result of the smell-fungus mood into which my Munich disappointments have thrown me, but I am almost inclined to complain that some of the streets and *places publiques* are too wide, and too large. I confess that it is very like complaining that "la mariée est trop belle;" but so it has seemed to my cross eyes. When you are on one side of a *grande place*, it almost requires a telescope to find out what is to be seen on the other; and to my national *boutiquière* perceptions the in-

ference seems to be, that ground-rent is not high here.

Of the new palace I will not say much. There are but few palaces of which very much can be said to good purpose, and this is not one of them. As far as it is exhibited to the public, it consists of a long suite of moderately-sized apartments, more totally devoid of embellishments of every kind (but one) than most buildings. There are no pictures, no statues, no mirrors, no carpets, no draperies, and very scanty furniture. But for the one exception, which consists of fresco painting,—or, more properly, perhaps, of fresco colouring,—it is found in a variety and profusion that may produce a very agreeable effect for those who chance to like it, but to me it appears gaudy and unpleasing in the extreme.

Every ceiling, every wall, every door, every window-shutter, glows with this watery brightness. Each successive chamber outdoes its predecessor in gay variety of colouring, and the whole palace looks like an emanation from the bow of Iris. This style of decoration, however authoritative may be the precedent of Pompeii, is, in my estimation, extremely wearying in its effect. To my eyes it is even painful at the first glance, and I can hardly conceive the possibility of its being long agreeable to any one.

There is, moreover, a defect in this new palace, the discovery of which I cannot attribute to any

obscuration of my faculties, and which is fatal to the splendid effect it is intended to produce.

Most of the apartments — perhaps, I might say all — have either pannels, or pillars, or pilasters of seeming marble or granite, which, at the first glance, give the idea of a very substantial and imposing dignity; but the second, if taken *de près*, shows that the limekiln, and not the quarry, have furnished them; and it is easy to perceive that these stately decorations, which seem to hold forth a promise of splendour for generations yet unborn, are in fact more perishable than any produced by the paper-mill. It is painful to remember, while beholding them, how slight a mischief might turn their smooth ephemeral beauty into crumbling ruin. A disappointed courtier in a passion might scratch down such a palace, or at least the polished surface of it, in a few hours; and every idle page may inscribe his mistress's name on the faithless granite, as easily as on wax.

Having thus candidly given you my opinion of the new residence, I must now tell you what I think of the old one; but I much doubt if I shall find phrases fit and proper to express the extreme admiration with which I have contemplated this beautiful and most perfect specimen of a princely palace a hundred and fifty years ago. Heretofore, I have had doubts whether Monseigneur le Duc d'Orleans was right in going so far back as he has done for models for the furniture and decorations of his palace; but,

upon seeing the state apartments of Maximilian Emanuel, these doubts have entirely vanished. There is, in truth, an air of regal dignity and finished splendour about them that would be sought in vain among the palaces of modern days. Every thing is in the most harmonious keeping; and the whole display, if compared to a specimen of newborn elegance, would produce much the same effect upon the mind, as a scene from Ascot races set beside one from the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

I must fail to give you any idea of this rich exhibition, were I to attempt a detailed description of it; but there is one object which I will name as a curious specimen of the sort of elaborate costliness to be found there. Among the rooms shown is a state bed-chamber, in which is a bed which was embroidered for the Elector Charles the Seventh. It is stated to have employed forty persons for seven years, and to have taken two thousand four hundred pounds' weight of gold in the embroidery; nor does its appearance throw any doubt upon the statement. I was amused by hearing that, when Napoleon was conducted to this splendid bed-chamber, he insisted upon having a small camp-bed prepared for him on one side of this stupendous canopy, leaving the sole occupation of its magnificence to his empress.

To the magnificent royal library here, it is so impossible that any description of mine could do justice, that I shall only remark upon the polite

kindness with which its various treasures are shown to strangers, and on the unequalled liberality which permits its volumes to travel to any part of Europe, should they be needed for the researches of the scholar or the historian.

All the public institutions at Munich are, or promise to be, on the most extensive and liberal scale; and, deeply as I regret not seeing its matchless collection of pictures, it is impossible not to approve the noble pride which has led to the erection of the splendid building in which they are about to be exhibited. This building, which has received the name of "The Pinakothec," is so ample, that as we drove round it, and with longing eyes surveyed its long range of windows and of skylights, the magnitude of the collection for which it is prepared pressed upon our imaginations, and we admired it amidst a world of sighs.

Another new and very beautiful erection is the Glyptothek, for the reception of the king's collection of statues, which are chiefly antique; though a Venus, by Canova, leaves a recollection of its grace and beauty so predominant over every other, that it is apt to make one forget the principal part of the collection.

The exterior of this building is in a very pure and perfect style of Ionic architecture, and is in my estimation by far the most beautiful edifice in Munich. The halls of the interior are also very handsome, and exceedingly well arranged, showing to

the greatest possible advantage the collection they contain; but, notwithstanding all that can be said in its defence, my eye cannot be reconciled to the gaudy gilding and colouring of the ceilings. To my feelings, this species of decoration is, in the most offensive degree, incompatible with the dignified simplicity that should prevail in a hall of statues; but that those who have so willed it, should not be left in your eyes without the defence they offer for it, I will transcribe a passage from the little work sold at the Glypthotek, descriptive of the building.

" On y a employé, selon l'usage des anciens, les couleurs les plus vives, ce qui se trouve en contradiction avec la prédilection qu'on affectait dans les derniers temps pour les teints grisâtres et fades. Les murs sont revêtus de stuc imitant le rouge antique pur. La coupole est ornée de caissons carrés, d'étoiles, de moulures taillées, et d'autres ornemens dans le style Grec, ainsi que la corniche et la frise; le tout est coloré en blanc, bleu, azur, et vert clair, et richement doré."

To the walls of rouge antique (rosso antico schietto) I make no objection; on the contrary, I allow the effect to be excellent, for the statues seem upon it: but against the harlequin-tinted ceilings I must protest with all my strength; and their being " richement doré" only makes the matter worse.

Beautiful as are the halls of the Antique at the Louvre, I never raised my eyes to the splendid roofs

with which some among them are finished without withdrawing them hastily, lest the effect of the scene below should be injured. But here the matter is incomparably worse; for, elegant and even noble as is the Glyptothek of Munich, it can no more compare to the Louvre in splendour than in vastness; and the coloured compartments of its ceilings are as unlike the pictured plafonds of the Parisian Gallery, as the parterres in a Dutch flower-garden to the lawns and shrubberies of English pleasure-grounds. Both, however, are in my judgment exceedingly inapplicable to a hall for statues; but at the Glyptothek the defect is infinitely more glaring than at the Louvre.

The Egyptian part of the collection, though small, must, I should imagine, be extremely precious. Several of the specimens are more beautiful in themselves, and in more perfect repair, than any I have ever seen. Of Greek and Roman antiques there are enough to furnish study to native artists, and to gratify the national pride of a people who appear most cordially disposed to adopt the taste of their sovereign, which, beyond that of any living monarch, is shown in the encouragement of the fine arts.

Striking and beautiful as is the arrangement of the relics preserved in the apartment styled the "Salle des Eginetes," I could not help thinking that it displayed rather too striking a contrast to the system of Dannecker, who, when he gets hold of a mutilated statue that has been repaired, deems

it his first duty to remove all that the audacious modern botcher has dared to affix to the venerable fragment; for here a contrary course has been pursued with so much hardihood, that whole groups of Greeks rise before us unscathed, even to their fingers' ends. The distinguished name of Thorwaldsen (who is stated to be the author of their restoration) is, however, of sufficient authority to render even the modern portion of these groups an interesting study; though it may be allowed, perhaps, to be a question whether the value of the morsels rescued from time might not have been greater if preserved sacred from all mixture with the labours of a modern chisel.

It was the opinion of Mr. H—, that the beauty of the entire groups, as exhibited in the Glyptothek, was quite sufficient to justify the attempt at restoration; but he suggested that the interests of the art would have probably been better served, had these groups been executed entirely anew, with such aid as the existing fragments and the learned researches which followed their discovery could give, whilst the sacred morsels themselves should be reverendly placed beside them, at once provoking the useful accuracy of critical judgment, and giving testimony to the skill of the modern artist who ventured to imagine and complete the forms, only in part, revealed to him.

I have already mentioned the lovely Venus of Canova in the hall dedicated to modern art, which is assuredly one of the most charming creations of

modern days. His Paris is likewise a statue of very delicate finish; but in the qualities of life and grace at a long interval from the former. Of the sweet Adonis of Thorwaldsen it is enough to say, that it well merits its station near the Venus of Canova.

The evening of this sultry day we passed in driving through the well-shaded alleys of the fine park-like enclosure called the English Garden. It is very skilfully planted; and among the picturesque groups of trees some may be remarked as peculiarly beautiful specimens of different shrubs and forest trees. We stopped the carriage for half an hour to hear some very good military music. Two different regimental bands, who played alternately, were stationed before a building called the Pagoda, the galleries of which were filled with people drinking coffee and beer. A very considerable number of persons were assembled in the open space before it, and about a dozen handsome carriages regaled our eyes among them; this was the first glimpse we have had of the beau monde of Munich; and we saw one or two very elegant-looking women. To-morrow I shall go to the theatre to see Faust.

LETTER XIX.

Faust.—Schleissheim.—Teniers and Tintoret.—Gallery of the Duc de Leuchtenberg.—Memorials of Napoleon and Josephine.—Churches.—Position of Munich.

Munich, 5th Sept.

I HAVE achieved what I much wished for—I have seen Faust performed on German boards; and so familiar am I with almost every line of this extraordinary poem, that my scanty knowledge of the language did not impede my following the performance throughout. The result has been to confirm my previous opinion, that this wild but powerful vision was in no way adapted for theatrical representation. I am willing to allow that the biting satire conveyed in the scene between Mephistophiles and the young scholar who comes to consult Faust about a profession, is quite of a popular kind, and likely enough to be keenly relished on the stage; but I think that nearly every other part of the composition must ever lose in representation.

There are few works in any language calculated to rouse the imagination so powerfully as this strange

poem; but witnessing the attempt to represent the daring images which work so well on the fancy, by mere mortal action, is positively painful. You may tell me, perhaps, that if the objection be valid, it would hold good against the Tempest, the Midsummer Night's Dream, or any other drama admitting supernatural agents; but I think not. Nothing can be more beautifully dramatic than the pretty agency of Ariel, or better calculated to decorate the scene, than the fanciful fairyhood of Oberon and his Titania. But the dark spirit that has seized on the soul of Faust can hardly be presented under human form without losing his power upon the imagination.

There is a sort of vague mysticism floating delightfully over the whole poem, as you read it, at once creating beings, yet forbidding them to take any forms defined and certain; and the presence of mortal men among these spiritual dramatis personæ, like the entrance of unlicensed steps into an enchanted ring, scares all the host away.

* * * * *

We passed nearly the whole of Saturday in making an excursion to Schleissheim, an enormous old château, built in 1701, by Maximilian Emanuel, as a maison de plaisance. Of late it has only been used as a gallery of pictures, and has, in fact, no less than forty-eight rooms thus employed. Our grievous disappointment respecting the gallery here, made us the more anxious to see this large sub-urban collection.

But the ghost of the Pinakothek haunted us even there, for its still hidden walls have drawn from those of Schleissheim all the most precious gems of the collection.

Anything more dismal and forlorn than the promenade through these spacious and seemingly interminable chambers, in their present state, can hardly be conceived. The walls are still thickly studded with a multitude of curious but uncatalogued old pictures; but at every spot where once hung some precious specimen of art, there is now a melancholy gap.

In many instances the void frame is left, seeming to say aloud, "Here was a picture!" and the effect of the whole exhibition upon the spirits is that of fatigue, disappointment, and vexation.

Some of this multitude of rooms are of size and proportions in the very highest style of magnificence, but, except the countless pictures, they are totally without furniture; their windows look upon a desert flat, and the echoes of our footsteps and our voices sounded amidst their lofty desolation like the feeble murmur of a few surviving inmates in a palace of the dead.

Yet among these fading and forsaken remnants of what must once have been a splendid, though too crowded gallery, are a few very curious old things; not to mention a considerable number of pictures good enough to be selected from the immense mass of rubbish that surrounds them, and to furnish forth

a respectable collection in any country less rich in paintings than Bavaria. Among these are a set of very interesting interiors by Teniers, representing the painting rooms of an artist, where the walls are hung with some of the best-known pictures in the world; and the skill with which these miniature copies are executed is admirable, giving the style and tone of each different master, in a manner not to be mistaken. T— said it reminded him of poor Mathews' imitations of different actors, the tricks of each were so happily caught.

There is, moreover, one picture left at Schleissheim, which I would go farther than its ten miles' distance from Munich to see. This is the noble altar-piece of the chapel, by Tintoret. The subject is the Crucifixion, and the moment that in which "the rocks were rent, and the earth trembled." The bold, but not exaggerated drawing of the figures, the wonderful management of the light, and the appalling energy of the whole composition, render it a glorious picture.

There was something quite touching in the manner in which the venerable guardian of the now degraded collection reiterated his assurances that this altar-piece would never be taken from Schleissheim. It is left, probably, on account of its unmanageable size. He told us that it was thirty feet high. Some of the lower rooms are still full of packing cases, so it is probable that the work of selection is not yet completed.

To-morrow morning we leave Munich at an early hour for Ratisbon; but I must not conclude my last letter from hence without telling you, that we have had the pleasure of seeing the small but well-selected gallery of the late Prince Eugene, Duc de Leuchtenberg, (ci-devant Beauharnais,) whose illustrious widow, the sister of the King of Bavaria, permits it to be seen for a few hours in every week. There are some charming pictures in this little collection; and moreover the principal room, which is a very elegant one, has some pretty marbles in it. Among these is an accurate copy of Sommoriva's exquisite Canova, "*La Madeleine pénitente*," which in the catalogue is noted thus—

"Ste. Madeleine à genoux, pleurant sur une croix qu'elle tient dans ses mains.—Par le Che. Canova." (?)

There is a portrait of Petrarch's Laura, by Angelo Bronzino, in this room, which has a character of countenance as singular as it is touching. Though still lovely, the face is not young, and has a tinge of ill-health and of melancholy that makes one fancy the original had suffered much. In her hand she holds an open volume of Petrarch's sonnets.

There are, also, several interesting memorials here both of Napoleon and his first empress; among others, the council table of Napoleon, "tirée de Malmaison," as we were told by a gentleman who saw us looking at it.

In the course of our lounge through the rooms, Mr. H—, in speaking of the collector of the gallery, called him, merely from habit, " Eugene Beauharnais ;" " Il était né tel, monsieur," said a gentleman, who overheard him, in an accent denoting considerable displeasure; " mais il est mort Duc de Leuchtenberg !"

I believe that, contrary to custom, I have not said a word about the churches here. In fact, I have not seen any that have greatly excited my admiration, though among the many we have entered are one or two decidedly very handsome ; but they are not of a style likely to make me dangerous from any lengthened and rapturous description of them. As to the cathedral of Notre Dame, it is, notwithstanding its fine height, most decidedly ugly, and its octagon pillars are so many towering deformities.

The bronze monument before the steps o f the altar, to the memory of the emperor, Lewis of Bavaria, is a magnificent structure ; but, after so recently looking at the tomb of Innspruck, it was impossible to judge it fairly. The effect of the two colossal figures, however, each one bearing a standard with the imperial eagle, coming forward as it should seem from the tomb, and kneeling upon the steps of the altar, is very impressive.

We heard in this church, on Sunday, a very fine mass, most admirably performed. It was, I pre-

sume, the fête of St. Beno, for his relics were carried round the town, followed by an immense multitude.

In the church of St. Michael is a fine monument, in white marble, by Thorwaldsen, to the memory of Eugene, Duc de Leuchtenberg, erected by his widowed princess. The words "Honneur et Fidélité" are inscribed above his marble portrait, and on the tablet beneath he is described as—

Eugenii Napoleonis
Regis Italiæ vices quondam gerentis.

It is hardly possible, I should think, to look upon a country more completely destitute of beauty than that which surrounds Munich. A city so placed must offer more than usual attractions to all the human beings in its neighbourhood; and, accordingly, there are fewer traces of sub-urban residences around it, than may be seen near any other town of the same extent with which I am acquainted. The plain that surrounds it is not only flat, but utterly sterile, defying even the magic art of gardening to clothe its nakedness gracefully. The noble streets of the town certainly appear to great advantage upon returning from a drive or a walk into this arid desert:—

Crowded cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;

and would do so, after such dolorous ruralizing,

even were the city of refuge far less fair to the eye than Munich. Excepting in the cool, beautifully planted English Garden, the most agreeable drive we found was near the river, where, unpicturesque as are its banks, we had still the satisfaction of knowing that we looked on " Iser rolling rapidly."

LETTER XX.

Route from Munich to Ratisbon.—Starvation.—Landshut.—Damp Sheets.—Ratisbon.—The Danube. — The Dom-kirch.—Palace of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis.—Riding School.—St. Emmeran. —Scottish Convent.—Hôtel de Ville.—Germanic Diet.—Dungeons.—The Valhalla.—Examination of the "Ordinari."

Ratisbon, 7th Sept. 1836.

Our journey from Munich to this place has been through a country, to all outward seeming, as utterly uninteresting as any country, new to the traveller, can be. Nevertheless, I doubt not that eyes apt, and time agreeing, might even here rout out a multitude of things worthy of remark, for I have faith unbounded in the riches of German interest. This country, from one end to the other of it, has been the most faithful guardian that the world can show of the treasures which Time has committed to its charge; and there is no corner of it, however remote or obscure, that does not nobly repay the labour of investigation; but, during this journey, we allowed ourselves no time for any deeper search than might be made by a passing glance, and this showed nothing particularly worth recording.

The distance from Munich to Ratisbon is eighty-two English miles, out of which the voiturier made, level miles though they be, two days' journey. Our principal adventure was, I think, being very nearly starved to death by chancing to arrive at Freysing at the hour of Mittag-essen, when a certain General Peppinheim was there also. T—, as usual, took upon himself the office of purveyor, and, entering the kitchen to ascertain what hope there might be of an eatable repast, returned with the excellent and somewhat rare news that we should speedily have a very good dinner, for "la cuisine" was in full activity, and that it was evident a variety of good things were very nearly ready for the table.

He had ordered our meal, and we set off, according to custom, to explore the town. But, alas! . . . . on our return the most horrible-looking vivres were set before us that it was ever my hap to see. We declined inquiring into their further merits, (excepting, indeed, that one of the party had the noble courage of tasting a morsel for the information of the rest,) and we ate boiled eggs with meritorious resignation, reaping what consolation we could from the assurance of the waiter, that the General Peppinheim was actually taking his Mittag-essen at the same time! Could the gallant general have been made acquainted with our very miserable condition, I feel persuaded he would have held out a helping dish to us.

We slept at Landshut, which is a considerable

town, with one or two curious old churches in it. A large and thickly peopled fair filled the principal street, and appeared to be the scene of much gaiety, till a sudden and most violent gust of wind caught up an entire booth in its path, and threw all in its neighbourhood into horror and amazement by raining down upon them its contents in most whimsical disorder.

There was one notable circumstance which occurred to us at Landshut, which I mention chiefly for the purpose of impressing upon your mind the value of the means by which we avoided suffering by it. We were on this occasion furnished with the dampest sheets we had yet met with; and this is saying a good deal, for the habit of using well-aired linen appears to be as little known or valued in German inns, as it could be in the realms of his majesty the water-king. But the provident device of carrying sheets with us, saved the party now, as it has often done before, from the disagreeable alternative of sitting up all night, or of running the risk of pains and aches without end. When you set forth to follow my steps, do not omit this precaution. We have certainly found more comfort from it, than from all our other contrivances put together.

We reached Ratisbon, which appears to be a very pretty city, about four o'clock; and, while our dinner was preparing, took our first ramble through its clean, airy streets, and across the bridge, which showed

us, for the first time, such a view of the Danube as might give us a fair idea of its rank and station among rivers. It is here a very noble stream; and as we looked upon its bright waters, which at that hour reflected most beautifully the picturesque buildings on its banks, we felt, I believe, no emotion save pleasure at remembering how implicitly we were going to trust ourselves to its mercy.

We did not re-enter our hotel without a visit to the venerable Dom-kirch. This is not a first-rate cathedral in point of size; but taken altogether, within and without, and considered with reference to material, form, proportion, and finish, I should say it was the handsomest we have seen since we left France.

This morning we have again passed half an hour within its walls greatly to our satisfaction. It is at this time undergoing a thorough repair; and the manner in which the work is carried on, might beneficially become a model for all cathedral repairs throughout the Christian world. The carving in stone, both within and without the church, is very fine, and not a fragment of it but is preserved and replaced; or, where needs must, imitated with a degree of reverential care that betokens no ordinary degree of taste and judgment.

This very beautiful church contains just within its southern wall a deep draw-well of holy water, — a more liberal mode of supplying this necessary Catholic commodity than I have ever seen elsewhere.

Having placed ourselves in the hands of an experienced valet de place, I believe he took care that we should visit all the principal buildings of Ratisbon. The Prince of Thurn and Taxis has a charming palace here, and seems to have a part of the town as completely set apart as the metropolis of his territory, as if it were a castellated stronghold. The stables and ménage of this prince are quite perfect for their size. In the latter we saw his riding-master teaching a lovely young Arabian steed to dance, for so only can I describe the variety of graceful tricks he made him play; this was so very pretty a spectacle, that it was not without much reluctance C— and I left the gallery of the riding-house to proceed with our sight-seeing. We next visited the church of St. Emmeran, with its venerable shrines and martyr relics; and then proceeded to the Scottish convent, where we bent over the tombs of many a saintly countryman,— Gordons, M'Cartneys, Arbuthnots, Grahams, Scotts, and Macdonalds. The society is now reduced to two brethren and five novices. We much wished to present ourselves to them, but were told it was impossible. The convent looks out of repair and miserable enough, but the church is a gem on account of its exquisite Saxon porch, as well as for many specimens of the same pure architecture to be found within.

Our next visit was to the Hôtel de Ville, the venerable building in which the Germanic Diet was

formerly held. Two marvellously fierce bronze heads and shoulders, as large as life, and executed with great spirit, hang over the portal,—one of them apparently in act to throw down a huge stone on whoever should dare approach unbidden; but, excepting these, and a few perishing pannels of very old arras, together with the consciousness, as we looked at them, that we were standing where very mighty men had stood before,—excepting this, there was nothing above ground in this ancient edifice particularly calculated to gratify curiosity. But just as we were preparing to depart, and once more brave the brazen porter at the gate, I saw the guardian of the place enter a side chamber, and return with a candle and lantern.

Hopes of subterranean wonders immediately recalled all our attention, and we prepared to follow whithersoever the lantern led. We did so; and if the spectacle we encountered thereby cannot well be said to have *gratified* curiosity, or any other human feeling, I nevertheless believe that, when it was over, we should all have been sorry to have missed seeing it. It was, as you will guess, to the dungeons of the stadthaus that we were led; amongst them, too, are chambers prepared not only for execution, but for almost every imaginable sort of torture. In one of these a screen of close net-work is so placed as to conceal the judges who were to listen to the examination, and give the sign, themselves unseen, for the remission or aggravation of

the *question*. The desk on which the secretary took down the examinations still remains close beside the lattice-work; the instruments of torture are scattered about, as if placed ready for immediate use; and the whole scene looks as if it were got up to show us the terrors of the dark times that are past. Of the prison dungeons we saw three, of different degrees of rigour. One is a boarded cell, to which air is admitted by a sort of chimney, and by the hole through which the food of the captive is to reach him. This cell permitted a man of six feet to stand upright. The next in order is eighteen inches lower, without the consolation of being boarded, and into this the culprit is obliged very nearly to crawl. The third is a mere pit, sunk twenty feet beneath the level of the other two; and those condemned to atone for their crimes by abiding within its dark and narrow limits, must be let down into it by cords. Upon the horrors of this place of heavy retribution we looked through an iron grating that covered the top, while large fragments of lighted paper were thrown down to enable us to see its deep and frightful gloom. Four years ago a soldier was confined for six days in this place for having robbed a church. Query, would six months at a tread-mill have been a greater or a less punishment than this? For a similar, but, I presume, less aggravated offence, another man, likewise a soldier, was confined two years ago for four days. Of the boarded cell I should say, that its horrors did not greatly exceed

to Vienna. We start to-morrow, and I can hardly tell you whether I dread it, or wish for it most, for we have been down to the river's edge to see the boat, and it certainly does not look very promising of comfort; but there is nothing better to be had. It is a large structure of unpainted deal boards, almost the whole of which is occupied by a sort of ark-like cabin erected in the middle. This is very nearly filled by boxes, casks, and bales; the small portion not so occupied being provided with planks for benches, and a species of rough dresser placed between them for a table. This we are given to understand is fitted up for the express accommodation of the *cabin* passengers. But the worst thing I saw is the ladder which, in case of rain, is to take us down to this place of little ease. It consists of a plank, with sticks nailed across it to sustain the toes of the crawler who would wish to avoid jumping down seven or eight feet. The sloping roof of the ark is furnished with one bench of about six feet long, from which the legs of the brave souls who sit upon it dangle down over the river. There is not the slightest protection whatever at the edge of this abruptly sloping roof, which forms the only deck; and nothing but the rough unslippery surface of the deal planks of which it is formed, with the occasional aid of a bit of stick, about three inches long, nailed here and there, can prevent those who stand or walk upon it from gently sliding down into the stream. At either end indeed of this ark there

projects, a little below the level of the lower part of its roof, a platform, upon which, though the boards that form it are loose, and almost as elastic as a tight rope, one might, I think, contrive to stand safely enough; this, we were told, however, was not for us, but for that much more important part of the cargo, the rowers; so I presume we must by some means or other be conveyed to the before-mentioned bench on the roof, and there be stowed as safely as the nature of the position will admit.

Well! . . . . We have DETERMINED, one and all of us, to navigate the Danube between Ratisbon and Vienna; and I will neither disappoint myself nor my party from the fear of a fit of vertigo, or a scramble down a ladder. Were there much real danger, we know that those who take care of us would not let us undertake the expedition; and with this comfortable assurance we shall go to sleep. The stars look bright, and promise well for the weather to-morrow. Adieu!

LETTER XXI.

Departure from Ratisbon by the Danube.—Arrangements for the Voyage.—Manner of navigating the Vessel.—Approach to the Valhalla.—Scenery.—Sinuosity of the River.—Wet Landing at Straubing.—Landlord's Legend of Agnes Bernauer.

8th September, on board the Ordinari on the Danube.

Could you know one half of the real terror with which I was struggling when I wrote to you last night, you would be able to understand the extreme delight which C—, I, and our equally alarmed attendant damsel, are now enjoying! . . . . . At a very early hour this morning T— was up, and on board; and perceiving by a final examination of the deck, its one giddy little bench, and all things appertaining thereto, that we should inevitably be extremely uncomfortable there, he set about considering the ways and means by which such martyrdom might be avoided. He at last got hold of the schiffmeister, which he had found impossible yesterday; and by a little persuasion, and a little bribery, induced him to have a plank fixed for us at the extreme bow of the boat, to which we can not only reach without

difficulty, but, once here, have a space of some nine or ten square feet for our sole use, on condition of leaving it free for the captain about five minutes before each landing. This perch is perfectly delightful in all respects; it is sufficiently distant from the ark to escape the smell of the tobacco smoke both within and without it, and it admits the whole of our own party to sit, or lie, or lounge in some manner or other within reach of us with perfect comfort and convenience. Our fruit, cold meat, wine, bread, and so forth, are stowed near us; desks and drawing-books can all find place; and, in short, if the sun will but continue to shine as it does now, we shall consider ourselves the best accommodated travellers by land or by water that at this present moment are enjoying the ever fresh delight of looking on new hills, new groves, new waves, and a clear sky.

* * * * *

Our crew are a very motley set; and, as we look at them from this our dignified retirement, they seem likely to afford us a variety of very picturesque groups. On the platforms which project at each end of the ark stand the men — and the women too — who work the vessel. This is performed by means of four immense oars protruding lengthwise, two in front, and two in the rear, by which the boat is steered; besides these, there are two others to row with, which latter are always in action, and are each worked by six or eight men and women, the others

being only used occasionally when the boat requires steering.

It appears that there are a considerable number of passengers who work for their passage, as the sets at the oars are frequently changed; and, as soon as the allotted task is done, they dip down into the unknown region behind the ark, and are no more seen till their turn for rowing comes round again. I presume the labour thus divided is not very severe, for they appear to work with much gaiety and good-humour, sometimes singing, sometimes chatting, and often bursting forth in shouts of light-hearted laughter.

Ratisbon looks well from the river as you leave it, its dark towers rise from the plain with excellent effect; and the state of the atmosphere to-day is exactly such as to make every object appear to the very best advantage.

The estates, or, I should rather say, the domain, of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis reaches from Ratisbon, on the left bank of the river, as far as Danaustrauf, a distance of about seven or eight miles; where, upon a sharp little hill, stand the ruins of an old castle, once evidently a tower of strength, but now looking much as if it were converted into the belvedere of a gasthaus. About a mile farther, on its own steep ascent, stands the Valhalla.

The effect which this graceful and majestic object will have when finished, as seen from the river, with

its four hundred marble steps reaching to the water, will be a better illustration of the sublime and beautiful than it would be easy to find elsewhere. It is visible at intervals for many miles, though the sinuous course of this most snake-like river often withdraws it from our view. . . . . Then come some vineyards—poor-looking enough, and a village church with its circle of cottages, and then some little woody eminences, forming altogether a pretty, though not a noble series of landscapes.

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As we get on, however, we have blue hills in the distance; and before us rises a huge edifice set up on a little mountain, whether castle, convent, or fort, it is not yet possible to decide; but its name is Wörth, and it helps the landscape greatly. Then ever and anon we have the Valhalla again, which, all unfinished as it is, with its noble columns concealed by the case that envelopes the whole, delights the imagination, if not the eye, by reminding us of what it will be.

We are so fortunate as to have a countryman on board, an officer of the British navy, and his excellent glass carries forward our impatient eyes faster than our slow boat can go. If this delicious weather continues, however, we shall not complain of its sluggish progress. The movement is so deliciously tranquil, the broad Danube is so bright and so blue as it reflects the cloudless sky, and our party accommodated so very much to their satisfaction, that

I cannot just now conceive the possibility of our becoming weary of it.

We have now the towers of Straubing in sight,—it is here that we are to pass the night; and they are so near us, that, were we to be put on shore, we might, I think, walk there in ten minutes; but our captain assures us that it will be several hours before the river brings us there. I never saw a river wind so unmercifully; not even the Wye, at Simmonds Gate, can beat it. Sometimes the blue hills are on one side of us, sometimes on the other; and, more than once, our boat's head has pointed direct to Ratisbon.

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We have just met five heavily-laden barges, towed up against the stream by thirty-two horses; the current, however, in this part of its course is not extremely rapid, and there seems no great difficulty in working up against it. The body of the river is here frequently broken by large low islands, which considerably impair its beauty; but we have amused ourselves by watching two or three cranes, and a multitude of wild ducks, that have been sporting among them. The banks of the river have as yet no great beauty; the south side seems a continuation of the wide plain we passed between Landshut and Ratisbon. On the left run a range of low, and, for the most part, wood-covered hills, which are, however, at some parts at a considerable distance from the river, and do not accompany it in its windings.

Some very bright lightning is playing its zig-zag frolics in the west, through such a heavy mass of clouds that we tremble for the weather of to-morrow; but for the present moment, however, nothing can be more beautiful than the aspect of this threatening sky. We have doubled the last headland, and are rapidly approaching the landing-place. We must now, according to agreement, resign our places to the captain . . . . . I fear that, near as we are, we shall get wet through before we reach a shelter on shore, for we land at a quarter of a mile from the town, and heavy drops are already beginning to fall.

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Straubing, Thursday night.

Our landing proved a very slippery business, but it is done; and though, as I predicted, we had to seek our inn through a heavy shower, we have reached it in safety at last, changed our wet garments, and enjoyed some copious libations of our Paris tea. We all agree that we have passed the day very delightfully; and that if to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow be like it, we shall consider the Danube as one of the most agreeable high-roads in the world. But thunder, lightning, and rain are without, mixing fear for the future with our pleasant recollections of the past.

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Instead of listening to the rain, I have been giving ear to a legend of the place. It is a sad one; and I

will generously give it to you, instead of immediately going to bed to dream of it.

Once upon a time, says our communicative landlord, in very good French, there was a certain Bavarian count, who had one only son, a noble youth, brave and pious withal, and one whom to see was to admire, and to know was to love. Fate took him to Augsburg, where one Agnes Bernauer, the fair daughter of a barber, attracted his eye and gained his heart. He wooed, and she was won. The young husband, it seems, believed that his high-born father, haughty though he was, could not but glory in such a daughter as Agnes; so he brought her to Straubing, even to the count's castle, and made her kneel at his father's feet. For a moment the proud man's brow was overcast, and his son saw the red spot settle there. But the cloud passed away, the old man smiled, and the young man was satisfied.

It was upon a lovely autumn morning, about a month after the young count's return, that his father entered the chamber in which he was listening to the sweet but untaught voice of his Agnes as she chaunted an old Tyrolian ballad that told a tale of love. The old noble waited till the pretty ditty was over, and then, turning to his son, he said, "I marvel not that thou shouldst love to listen to such sounds: but Agnes would not choose that her knight, her lord and husband, should wholly forswear the feats and sports befitting noble blood that he may hear her sing . . . . . The noblest youths in Bavaria hunt the

boar to-day, within a mile of Straubing: would Agnes wish her husband to remain at her knee? . . . . or would she have him join the chase?"

"Oh! she would have him go!" . . . . replied the pretty Agnes; and the young count went.

Just as the shades of evening began to fall, the ancient noble again mounted the turret stair, and, entering the young bride's chamber, asked if she were minded to stroll with him towards the road that skirted the fair Danube, by which he thought it probable his son would return from his hunting. With haste she accepted the invitation, and walked by his side to a spot whence a thick grove of trees stretched for some distance along the river's edge. Two serving-men followed them, seemingly for her honour and service, for one was ordered by the observant count to bear a mantle for her, lest the evening air should prove chill, and the other followed her steps close behind, in evident attendance on her person.

When they reached the thicket the count paused, and said, "Fair daughter, you cannot fail to meet your husband here, and it will please him well that you should thus honour his return: . . . . . but for me, whom the fire of love no longer warms, I feel the evening air too keen; your serving-men will guard you from all harm." Having spoken these words, he wrapped his cloak more closely round him, and, without waiting her reply, hastily retraced his steps towards the town.

The serving-men stood still, and for a moment spake in whispers together, while Agnes stepped forward into the covert of the little wood; but the moment after she heard their heavy tread close at her heels, and, the next, each seized her by an arm, and, dragging her to the bank, they raised her between them, and cast her headlong into the stream. One short sharp shriek she uttered—but no more; yet she struggled, and rose upon the wave; and then they battled with the weak fair creature, thrusting her farther and farther out, till her young head sunk never to rise again!

Such was the fate of Agnes Bernauer, and it is thus her sad story is still told at Straubing.

LETTER XXII.

Change of Scene.—Imprisonment.—A Gleam of Sunshine.—Deggendorf.—Pleintling.—Dismal Forebodings.—Affray at the Water Edge.—Vilshofen.—River Scenery.—Passau.—Rain again.—Engelharzell.—Its Hotel.—Chapel of the Rock.—Custom House.—Another Day on the River.—Improving Scenery.—Aschau.—Linz.—Comfortable Quarters.—Gay aspect of the City.—Summons from the Police.—Magnificent Views.—Castle of Prince Maximilian.—The Rapids.—Visitation of Saints.—The Devil's Wall.—Morbach.—Durenstein.—Kloster Neuberg.—Vienna.

Friday 9th.—On board the Ordinari.

How am I writing to you now? . . . . . Is it possible that this is the same boat? . . . . and that the same vaulted heaven? . . . . and this the same river? . . . . and we the same people as when I wrote to you yesterday?

All then was so beautifully bright, the air so fresh, yet warm, — our little party so full of gaiety, and every passing hour winged with such real enjoyment, that it almost seems impossible all things should be the same, save one.

We are now, certainly, as miserable-looking a set as eye can light upon — crowded into a little deal

box, and alas! not our suffering selves alone, but three or four incessant smokers with us! Our whole prospect is made up of bales and packing-cases, the air we breathe poisoned, and we with no more power to help ourselves than a parcel of poultry packed alive in a basket. Yet all this misery in place of all that happiness, only because we have rain instead of sunshine!

Oh! treacherous, enticing Danube! .... How sweetly didst thou smile when inviting us to trust ourselves to thy capricious kindness! .... How totally did our guileless and ingenuous natures lead us to overlook the packing-case in which it was thy secret purpose to stow us, while gazing on thy soft dimples and hypocritic smile!

Instead of showing us, as before, an aspect bright as hope, this abominable river has now the dull leaden hue of despair; every object on its dim and misty shore frowns gloomily upon us as we pass along; our hands are cold.... our feet are wet..... and each looks at the other with lack-lustre eyes that speak but of discomfort and ennui.

Poor C—, who hates tobacco smoke, if possible, more than her mother, has placed herself upon a tub outside the door of the ark, with the rattling planks on which the rowers stand above her head, dripping—not "minute drops"—but streams upon her. A few seconds ago she was looking so alarmingly blue, that I had almost decided upon making her come in to be smoked, instead of sitting there to

be drowned ; but, before either fate was accomplished, our good-natured naval companion wrapped her so effectually, head and all, within the folds of his impenetrable cloak, that I have decided upon leaving her in possession of her tub, despite the little circular Niagara that is falling round her.

B— and T— have climbed up upon the luggage, which is piled to the height of some seven feet above our heads, and are, I believe, trying to coax themselves to sleep.

Mr. H— attempted to draw, but fearful, perhaps, of not rivalling the Deluge of Poussin in its watery hue, he has just packed up his pencils, and crawled up after the others, to try what he may be able to do in the sleeping line. My maid sits beside me, poor soul! looking the very picture of Patience, but without the hypocrisy of smiling; and I am employed in thus honestly giving you an account of our second day's voyage upon the Danube, that the first may not beguile you into attempting the like without taking into consideration all the pros and cons of the adventure.

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During six hours we have endured this martyrdom . . . . . It is very dismal work I assure you. In the course of this long interval, the three females of the party have, by way of experiment, taken the places of the three males on the baggage,—bags carefully arranged for pillows, and cloaks for mattresses; but a few minutes' variety of wretchedness was all

we got by it, for the rowers above our heads, and the people lodged in the back part of the ark, made noise enough to murder any sleep that could fall on living eyes.

We have tried, too, the amusement of eating a little; but it did not answer. Yesterday we were so gay that every deficiency only provoked a laugh; but to-day . . . . . if it had rained ortolans, we should have sighed as we ate them.

And here we are . . . . . still peeping through the tiny windows of our dungeon—in which even C— has been driven to seek shelter from the falling torrents—fully expecting to inhabit it during six hours more . . . . . without mentioning many anxious fears for the morrow, and the morrow, and the morrow, even to the end of the seven long days during which we had intended so very particularly to enjoy ourselves!

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Hope has just peeped in upon us, and came, as usual, leaning upon an anchor, for it is our naval friend who assures us that the clouds are clearing off, and that we may expect a sunny evening to our gloomy day.

Thank Heaven! this cheering prophecy seems in a fair way of being realized. One among us has just discovered sun-light enough to produce a shadow. But, nevertheless, our dear little nook at the head of the vessel is dripping, and the deal seats literally soaked through by the heavy rain. However, if we

cannot sit, we may stand, and that we are preparing to do, free from pipes, and with the banks of the Danube to amuse us.

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Pleintling, Friday night.

After a few hours of rather doubtful enjoyment, the gradually brightening sun producing some splendid effects on the scenery, but the damp exhalations from everything rendering the looking at them a very sneezing sort of felicity, we had the comfort of stopping for half an hour at a large village called Deggendorf. The young men consoled themselves for the confinement they had been enduring by scampering across the light wooden bridge which is here thrown across the Danube. Its length is above a thousand feet. The scenery, though still rather tame, is varied, picturesque, and pleasing.

On re-embarking we still preferred the vapour bath outside the cabin to the tobacco smoke within, and amused ourselves by speculations concerning the probable effects of this mode of travelling, whether it would lead to colds, fevers, and death, or whether we should all live to laugh at it.

At about seven we reached this place, miserable enough in its aspect. It was not dark, but every moment becoming darker; and the first words that greeted us on putting our wet feet on shore, were, that the only hotel, in the slightest degree entitled to this appellation, was already more than full. T—

flew to the shelter which appeared next in rank, and was again told that not a bed could be had.

Our position was not enviable. Perhaps many ladies might prefer finding themselves on a soft sofa, in a warm well-lighted drawing-room at home? . . . . It may be, that the consciousness of its being our own wills which brought us there, lent us strength to bear it. So there we stood, the night darkening round us, in the little dirty street of Pleintling, and not knowing but that it might prove to be our only bed-chamber. At length the indefatigable T— returned to us from a third adventure, with the information that in a dismal-looking old house, close to the river, he had secured beds — such as they were — for the whole party, including our naval friend.

These were joyful tidings; and when we had entered the dark passage, and climbed the darker stair, we were cheered by the sight of a pretty maiden assiduously lighting sundry tallow-candles to make us welcome. It is a strange wide wild-looking chamber that she has shown us into; a long row of windows, hanging over the Danube, occupy one side of it; in another is a deep dark recess, which we have all successively entered, candle in hand, in order if possible to ascertain its purpose; but in vain. In different parts of the room there are six beds; and such a sofa, such tables, and such chairs, as might have been bought at a sale by auction at the dismantling of a baronial castle in the fourteenth

century. From this apartment a door opens into one much smaller, and less wild-looking. In this there are three beds, and it is there that C— and I, with our maid, hope to repose ourselves as soon as we shall have taken the promised coffee.

A few minutes ago our abigail came from this inner chamber, looking very pale, and assuring us that there was a plank beneath one of our beds so very loose that she thought it must have been left so on purpose; and that if the stories she had heard were true about Germany, and about letting people down through the floor to murder them, this was the very exact place for it.

Though the enormous sofa of eight foot long had been dragged to the more enormous table which refused to be moved at all, and though we were all very comfortably established on it, yet the whole party arose en masse amidst shouts of laughter to examine this alarming plank; and though the majority of the company were of opinion, after this examination was over, that the said plank was probably not much used at present for the purpose our servant suggested, we could none of us deny that in case any such murderous projects were to be executed, the rooms themselves, without taking the trouble of dropping us through the floor, were singularly well adapted for the purpose, as the dead bodies, even without the ceremony of a sack, might be dropped into the Danube from the projecting windows, and its current would bear them out of

sight with very safe rapidity. . . . . But here comes the coffee, by the hands of one of the prettiest girls I ever saw . . . . . I am sure that if mischief be intended, she will give us a hint of it . . . . . but she is followed by the very sourest old fellow of the regular German boor breed that ever was beheld on canvass, or out of it.

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The old man, who is no less a person than our host, made his visit to inform us, that, as we had only taken four of the six beds in the outer room, he should bring in two men to occupy the remainder. This proposal was met with a very civil offer to pay for the beds; but the old man blustered, and said he should not turn guests away to please us. This, though rudely uttered, was so reasonable, that the four gentlemen immediately offered their services to assist in removing the beds to another room; which, after a good deal of altercation, was at length agreed to, we on our parts covenanting that the price of the beds should be added to our account, to repay the trouble of removing them.

I believe my maid is going to her pillow under a very considerable feeling of alarm. The rude tones of our host, joined to the aspect of his rooms, has filled her head with all sorts of gloomy imaginings; but, nevertheless, I think we shall sleep sound and safe till morning.

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Saturday, on board the Ordinari.

I am very happy to tell you that we have none of us been murdered, but some of the party have been in sufficient danger to make our poor maid think more highly of her powers of prophecy than she ever did before.

While taking our coffee in all haste this morning, that the boat might not be kept waiting for us, the same blustering old gentleman who had before appeared again entered the room. T— had already paid our reckoning, as agreed upon the night before, into the hands of the girl who waited on us; but our grim host now demanded considerably more than the double of it, which all the gentlemen agreed in refusing, and we set off for the boat. The old man followed us to the water's edge, and, as we were walking one after another across the plank into the boat, he seized T—, who was the last, by the throat, and dragged him back, declaring aloud that he had not been paid. The three other gentlemen immediately stepped back to his succour, when, as if by magic, a multitude of men suddenly appeared on the water's edge, evidently prepared for some act of violence. T— demanded to be taken to the police, but was answered by many "that there was no police." Two of the mob laid hold of Mr. H—, and dragged him down; two more performed the same office to Mr. B—. At this moment I saw a fellow, with a woodman's axe in his hand, approach T— from behind, and, lifting it in the air, he appeared

about to strike. Our naval friend meanwhile was also surrounded, and I therefore had recourse to the captain of our boat, vehemently urging him to go on shore, and pay whatever sum might be demanded, in order to finish the business. He complied with my request in part,—that is to say, he paid a portion of what was demanded; and the four gentlemen came on board without either of them having given a blow, but fully determined to bring the affair before the nearest magistrate.

Accordingly, at the little town of Vilshofen, where the boat remained for a couple of hours, we went on shore; and the gentlemen, having placed us in a comfortable hotel there, waited upon the Landrichter, who listened to their statement with much civil attention, and immediately despatched an officer to fetch the culprit before him. But before his return the time for the departure of the boat arrived, and we have been obliged to go, leaving Mr. B— and T— to pursue their reclamation.

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The weather is again delightful, and, were not our party thus disagreeably broken up, we should again be in good-humour with our voyage. The Danube is a very noble river, though its banks have as yet shown us nothing which may compare in beauty with the Rhine. Here and there a bold hill, covered with a dark growth of pine, starts up, with a convent or a castle at its top; and by some of its windings the broad river produces the effect of lake scenery. But

whether it be that the remembrance of the Salzbourg mountains is too fresh with us, or that the features of the landscapes we have passed are in truth but tame, it is certain that we have as yet seen nothing sufficiently enchanting to atone for such a day's rain as we had yesterday.

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Fortunately, so much luggage was to be taken out, or taken in, at Passau, that the boat halted there for five hours, enabling us to see the very pretty town, and the picturesque formation of low rocks through which the river ripples in approaching it; and, moreover, giving T— and B— a good chance of overtaking us. A beautiful road runs along the south bank of the river, from Vilshofen to Passau; so beautiful, indeed, that I could not but think, as I looked at it, how very unnecessary it was to float down the Danube in a deal packing-case, in order to enjoy its beauty.

The character of the scenery improves greatly near Passau; the banks are bolder, more richly wooded, and with some fine rocks at intervals to vary the effect. At one point a mass of rock, that terminates in the river, has been cut through to admit the road; and above, on the summit of the perforated stone, is placed a colossal couchant lion of marble, with an inscription stating that Maximilian the First placed it there, as a memorial of his having made the road.

After walking about the town, and dining at an

extremely comfortable hotel, we set off on a walk towards Vilshofen, in the hope of meeting our friends, which we did at the distance of a mile from Passau. It seems that the business which took them from us will require some time and investigation before it can be brought to any conclusion.

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Obernzell, Saturday night.

The scenery from Passau to this place has been extremely beautiful. The river, now augmented by the Inn, rolls on with increased rapidity, winding among a succession of wood-covered heights, among which the naked rock occasionally shows itself. Turn after turn of this serpentine course have followed each other so rapidly, that every ten minutes changed the picture, and found us enclosed in a new lake. Not one of these but has some peculiar feature of its own. Sometimes a group of men and women are seen hanging upon a steep acclivity, and casting with most persevering strength and dexterity innumerable logs of newly-cut fire-wood down towards the river. These logs came towards us bounding and rebounding, and seemed almost to threaten our heads as we passed; but, after all, they arrived with wonderful accuracy exactly to the spot at which they were aimed . . . . . Then rises a fine block of sheer bare rock, some hundred feet high, with a chapel or ancient tower upon its summit; and then again nothing is seen but

unbroken forest, and the smooth wave on which we glide; and, in pretty contrast to this, we often swing round an abrupt elbow upon a little Dorf, gay in whitewash and green blinds.

The condition of a traveller by this "*ordinari*" conveyance differs more, according as the sky may smile or frown, than you can well imagine. It is not merely the difference between being wet or being dry, or between having a bright or an overclouded landscape to look upon; but it makes all the wide interval between being very happy or very miserable. We have had no eyes to-day for the bare deals of which our bark is framed, and I believe we were all ready to fancy it as fine a fabric as that which glittered in the sun when Cleopatra ventured on a voyage. Heaven grant us the same portion of its own cheering sunshine to-morrow!

Danube, Sunday morning.

To write now would be, as Hood's housemaids say, "too much for our strengths." . . . . The rain is pouring down in torrents! . . . . Poor C— is again driven to take refuge in the packing-case. What can I say to you, but that we are very miserable? . . . . And yet I would willingly find something of which to write, inasmuch as occupation would be a great relief . . . . but I can only repeat again and again . . . . we are very miserable! . . . . and I will add, as in duty bound, never trust yourself on board an ordinari on the Danube!

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Engelhartzell, Mid-day.

Through mud and rain we have made good our landing at this prettily situated, but now very dirty little Dorf. It is, however, one of the frontier towns of Austria, and here our goods are to undergo a strict examination. Thank Heaven, I smuggle not; and therefore shall not sleep the less soundly for knowing that all my travelling properties are to be turned out before official eyes to-morrow.

But alas! this Engelhartzell, where we expect to pass not only to-day but nearly the whole of to-morrow! It offers us almost the worst accommodation we have yet met with. I can give you no idea of the chill misery of the room in which we are going to dine, to sup, and then to sleep. The rain patters against the windows, and the wind howls; and yet the *frau*, unpitying, declares that her stoves have not yet been prepared for fire, and therefore fire we cannot have. This was the result of our first colloquy. The object of the second was to tell me, that if, as my maid had contrived to make her understand, I insisted upon having clean sheets put upon the beds, I must pay extra for them, for it was not the custom of the house to change the linen for every change of company. Now, in the matter of the sheets, I am happily independent; but does not this give rather an awful idea of the establishment in general?

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We have just received the cheering intelligence

that the examination of the cargo will be got through to-day, Sunday though it be, and that we shall set forward again to-morrow on our checquered voyage. It has been raining violently all the morning, but the aspect of the heavens is improving; and as, by a side-long glimpse at the river from our windows, I perceive the fragment of a ruined tower upon the opposite heights, I intend, as soon as we have dined, to brave wind and water, and see all that is to be seen. The poor people here appear desirous of doing all they can for us, and there is a bustle through the whole household in preparation for our dinner that might make less experienced travellers expect a great deal: but the place is a most wretched one indeed; and the appearance of the beds, in presence of which our dinner-table is laid, is such as to make it doubtful whether, spite of all my maid's careful contrivances, we shall venture to use them. I say not this in a spirit of grumbling, but because I really think it right to make you understand that such things make part and parcel of the inevitable difficulties attending this voyage down the Danube. I do not think it could possibly enter the head of an unpractised travelling lady, upon setting forth on this expedition, that she would have to sit, and to eat, and to sleep in such a room as that in which I now write; and it is therefore the bounden duty of an avant-courière to describe things as they are.

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We have had our dinner, and we have had our

walk; the latter, in spite of mud and dripping boughs, was infinitely more to our taste than the former. We followed the path beside the river, but went up the stream; for, besides looking at the ruined tower before mentioned, we wished to see again a singular mass of dark and rugged rock which rises nearly in the middle of the stream, and which, as we passed it in the morning, we had descried through the window of the ark just sufficiently to excite our curiosity. It is a collection of sharp crags, without the slightest mixture of vegetation, and so steep as to appear unscaleable; yet on its very summit is a little chapel containing a figure of Christ.

Just as we came opposite to it in our walk this afternoon, a party of devotees, both men and women, were in the act of landing there. They scrambled up on their hands and knees to the seemingly inaccessible altar, before which they kneeled for some time, and then scrambled down again, at the risk, as it appeared, of falling into the river at every step. They all safely reached the bottom however, and re-embarked in their boat, setting up a loud and merry chaunt as they did so, which, as they rowed off, was interrupted by shouts of laughter, showing at least that their devotion was not of a gloomy character, however rugged the path by which it had led them.

On our return we entered the custom-house, where we found our own trunks under discussion. We had been repeatedly warned that at this frontier

our goods would have to undergo a very long and vexatious examination; but herein, as on very many other points, we found ourselves altogether ignorant. The examination, though carried on with the most business-like precision and exactness, is performed with peculiarly civil attention to the convenience of travellers. A smuggler would, I doubt not, have reason to dread the investigation at Engelhartzell; but those who have no intention to defraud the government may abandon their trunks to the officers, without the slightest fear of being annoyed by the mode of their examination.

The custom-house is a commodious though rudely-constructed building, with one side entirely open to the river; and this opening makes the frame of a picture containing as beautiful a bit of river scenery as the Danube has yet shown us, excepting, perhaps, the bridge and rocks of Passau.

And here we are again in our dismal little gasthaus, with undrinkable coffee, and three tall tallow candles to comfort us. We are all endeavouring to find or to make an occupation, and trying to bring into active service as much good-humour as we can, to beguile the hours that must be spent in this villanous little room ere we can dismiss our male friends to their own chambers, which, by all accounts, are very much worse.—Poor souls!

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Monday, 12th.

Once more we are on the Danube, and once more

the sun shines. We are now approaching what is considered to be the finest part of the river. To-night we are to get to Linz, of whose beauty all the world has heard. To-morrow we pass the rapids; and the day after that cruel fortress, the far-famed Durenstein, where our lion-hearted Richard was so foully held captive, and whence he was rescued by such heroic affection.

We already begin to see the mountains of Styria in the distance, and are told by our fellow-travellers that there are finer glaciers among them than any we have left in the Tyrol. This is cheering. There is not one of us, (I am not quite sure that I may include our maid,) who does not love the sight of a glacier well enough to dine, sup, and sleep again at Engelhartzell for its sake: a degree of devotion which it is quite impossible for you to appreciate without having passed the ordeal.

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The river is, indeed, growing very beautiful; it has, perhaps, more variety than the Rhine, but I have not yet passed any point I like so well as the Lasleyberg.

Where the broad stream, however, seems to disentangle itself from the hills at the beautiful little town of Aschau, there is a varied charm both in the foreground and the mountainous blue distance that it would be difficult to rank as second to anything . . . . . Linz is now in sight, with its multitude of military outposts, and its noble *entourage* of mag-

nificent hills. This approach is glorious . . . . . it deserves all that has been said of it.

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Linz, Monday night.

In order to enjoy any blessing completely, it is quite necessary to have felt the want of it. Charming as is this pretty town of Linz, it would never have produced so very agreeable an effect upon our spirits, had we not previously been lodged in the wretched Dorfs upon which I have uttered such manifold lamentations. Nevertheless, had I been wafted hither from Richmond Terrace in a balloon, I should still have been fully aware that Linz was a very beautiful city . . . . . And then, the comforts of our hotel, of our civilized well-tamed "Black Eagle!" . . . . What a fine thing is an easy sofa! . . . and a large handsome room . . . . and good coffee . . . . and all the other so often overlooked and neglected comforts that bless our daily existence! If you wish to know how much they are really worth, come down the Danube in an ordinari.

We arrived here at half-past four, and, having as usual made our dinner on board, we gave an hour or two to walking about the city. At one part of it we saw all the pretty bourgeoisie assembling together for a ball. The coachmen who brought them wore large bunches of artificial flowers and white ribbons in their hats, and all the beaux we saw arrive had each an artificial white rose in his buttonhole,—whence we imagined that a pair of Linz lovers

had been made happy. At the other end of the town the theatre appeared to be receiving abundance of company.

But before setting off on these exploring expeditions, we met with an adventure which I must relate, as it was the suite of that of Pleintling. While still standing on the quay, not having quite decided whether we should venture to proceed in the boat to-morrow, or not, an agent of the police having boarded our boat, and, as I presume, learnt the names of our party, came up to Mr. H—, and bowing respectfully put a paper into his hands, saying, " Monsieur aura la bonté de me suivre."

Mr. H— gave us the paper, and departed. The note contained these words :—

" J'ai l'honneur de prier Monsieur A. H— de passer à la police. Signé —— "

At the first moment we were somewhat startled at this; for it seemed hardly possible that, having entered another kingdom, the authorities could already have received notice of what had occurred in Bavaria.

When Mr. H— returned to us, however, we found that so it was. He had now confirmed the previous depositions, and, on leaving the magistrate, was assured that the assault and extortion so outrageously committed should meet the punishment it deserved.

When this affair was concluded, we took our coffee together at the hotel; and then, as the moon

was at the full, set off to mount the hill that overhangs the town, for the sake of seeing by her light, if we could not by any other, the magnificent view it was evident that hill must command. We just saw enough of it to make us decide upon seeing more. The boat is not to depart till ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and we have therefore determined to rise at six, and walk as far as three hours will permit before breakfast.

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The Danube, Tuesday morning.

True to our determination of last night, we all met this morning very punctually at six, and again mounted the hill immediately commanding the town. We then perceived that, beautiful as was the cliff on which we stood last night, the road led upwards, turning from the river to a point considerably more elevated, which of necessity must be more beautiful still; and, in truth, the landscape we gained as we mounted was such as is rarely looked upon. Its grandest features are the snow-clad mountains in the distance, but there is hardly an object that can be deemed desirable in a landscape which is found wanting there.

Part of these delightful three hours was passed in the examination of a small castle which Prince Maximilian is very tastefully converting into a charming residence; but which was originally, I imagine, intended to be one of the circular cordon of forts which spread their protecting batteries round Linz.

The situation of this edifice is magnificent; and its chapel, garden, esplanade, and, indeed, every thing of, or belonging to it, in admirable taste and keeping. It was really painful to leave this spot, which is such as we shall not easily find a parallel for.

Indeed, the passing by Linz in this cursory manner is altogether abominable; for, look which way you will, in it or about it, some object meets the eye, near which it would be most particularly agreeable to linger. Convents, castles, mountains, rivers, forests, churches, all showing themselves in the most enticing manner; yet all to be left unexplored!

* * * * * *

The river is quite glorious to-day in every way. We have just passed the rapids, which, though probably an adventure of little danger, is sufficiently out of the common style of European boating to cause some little emotion to females making the descent for the first time. Just before the point at which the fall becomes perceptible we took in a pilot, who immediately assumed the whole management of the vessel, our imperative captain obeying every glance of his eye with the most prompt docility. Perhaps it was watching this, that occasioned the trepidation which I will not deny I felt as we rushed through the boiling eddies. I perceived that our stout commander was aware that there was need of caution, and this might well put me a little out of breath.

The scenery at this part of the river is of the

highest order of beauty, and for many miles the banks give a succession of the most noble and interesting objects. Among these the majestic abbey of Mölk is predominant. A gentleman, whom we had taken on board at Linz, gave us some very interesting particulars respecting the power, wealth, and dignity possessed by the abbot. Like most other peculiarly wealthy religious establishments, Mölk belongs to a society of Benedictines. The wide-spreading abbey is a palace of great splendour as well as extent; and, when the abbot receives company, they are presented to him by a regular master of the ceremonies, who is a gentleman always selected for the graces of manner and address.

But, great as the splendour of this mighty abbot appears to be at present, it was, according to our informant, much greater before the regulations of Joseph the Second, who, among the variety of changes for which he had so decided a predilection, made great alterations in many things concerning ecclesiastical possessions.

Nor has Mölk been the only object that adorned the beautiful banks of the Danube during this day's voyage. We have had castles in ruin and not in ruin, and cliffs, and villages, and forests, and churches, all in bright and beautiful succession; and the river so nobly broad the while, and so steadily reflecting its rich banks, that one hardly knows whether the copy or the original be the most lovely.

As soon as we had fairly got through the rapids,

a little boat, with a solitary mariner in it, put off from the shore as we swept by, and, securing himself alongside of us with a hook, raised in the other hand a little begging-box, attached to a sort of miniature *station*, in which was exhibited a kneeling saint. This demand for saintly largesse was on the plea of our having been permitted to navigate the rapids in safety. Almost every one on board gave something; but these offerings of pious gratitude were not, as it should seem, for the use of the poor peasant who led forth the little wooden saint to receive them, for the offerings were dropped through a narrow slit in the lid, and the treasure secured by a very substantial padlock.

This visitation, from its novelty, had some interest for us heretics, and we were still discussing the nature of the tax, and the universal compliance which had followed the demand, when we descried another skiff put off, manned, like the former, by a sailor and a saint. As before, we were hooked to the holy bark; and, as before, every passenger dropped a coin into the coffer. At the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile a female appeared, exactly in the same style, bringing a figure of the Virgin; then followed another man with the figure of Christ; then a boy with a saint; then another Virgin; and so on, till at least a dozen of these river worthies had received tribute for our safe passage over the fall.

Among the picturesque objects most vaunted on the Danube, is the singular formation of rock called

the Devil's Wall; whatever one hears much of is apt to occasion disappointment, and so it was with this. Yet I hardly know what we expected, beyond what we found; for a more remarkable ridge than that which here starts from the earth, exactly at the river's edge, and continues up the steep acclivity in a line as straight as if it had been built by a mason, can hardly be met with anywhere. But I suspect it is not quite so lofty as our poetical imaginations had led us to expect.

We are to rest for the night at a village called Morbach, which we shall see, says the captain, at the next turn of the river. Heaven grant us as good quarters as we had last night at Linz! I am weary even with admiration, and shall greatly like a comfortable hotel.

* * * * * *

The Danube, Wednesday.

I really think the commander of this Danube ordinari must receive wages from some practical divine who wishes to impress on all men, and on all the women he can catch on board also, the uncertain nature of human happiness. Why else should he pass by, as in scorn, so many pretty smiling Dorfs, so many gay-looking hotels, and bring us to pass a night of horrors at the place called Morbach? . . . . . Shall I attempt to tell you how we were lodged? . . . . . Shall I endeavour to describe the species of drug which the Morbachians call coffee? No! No!

. . . . I will not. It is nearly impossible I should find words to colour the picture after nature; and, if I did, you would not feel the better for reading them. So no more of Morbach; it is the easier to forget it, because we have since passed, and for a long reach of the beautiful river we have gazed upon, one of the most remarkable and the most interesting spots that ever met my eye. The moment the boat had turned the point which hid it from us, I knew that the object which presented itself loftily alone on the hill that faced us, was Durenstein. Its high and isolated position is of itself enough to give a strong impression of its unapproachable solitude; but, as we came near enough to examine the nature of the country in which it is placed, a sensation of pity, and almost of horror, seemed common to us all, and we felt as truly that Richard was our king, as if he had reigned but yesterday.

Were I to tell you that this frightful fortress was placed on the pinnacle of a high and barren rock, I should tell you true, and yet be far from giving you a just idea of its position. It stands, indeed, upon a bleak bare rock, and it stands alone, for a precipice apparently yawns round every side of it; but this is not the feature which gives the greatest horror to the fortress of Durenstein. It is not the one barren crag on which it rears its now crumbling terrors, but the dark world of other crags that surround it, which makes this spot one of the most awful that nature ever formed. The mountain is bristled with these

dark masses of all heights and amplitudes, and in forms so strangely grotesque, that it is difficult to believe they have received them from the ordinary accidents of natural formation.

Strongly were we tempted to order the captain to put us on shore at the foot of these strange rocks; but, on consulting one or two of our fellow-passengers, we found that it would be much less inconvenient to visit this singular spot from Vienna, from which it was distant forty English miles, than to quit the boat, leaving all our baggage behind us, in the hasty manner proposed. So we yielded to reason, and rowed on; — but deeply did I vow, as we stood gazing till the grim ruin was hid from our sight, that I would not leave Austria till I had stood within the walls that had held Richard prisoner.

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Vienna, Thursday, 16th Sept.

The remaining hours of our voyage showed us that the country near the Austrian capital was highly beautiful; but, somehow or other, after Durenstein nothing roused in us any very strong feeling of interest. And, besides, we were tired of the boat, and longing heartily to get once more sheltered by a roof that, for a time at least, we might call our home.

It suited the convenience of our captain to put his passengers on shore at a solitary gasthaus, not half large enough to furnish beds for the numbers landed; and the place appearing to be a scene of very low riot, we immediately determined to walk on to

Kloster Neuberg, a considerable town at the distance of a mile or two, where there was no doubt of our getting beds, and whence we could easily proceed to Vienna on the morrow.

The distance, as invariably happens, was considerably greater than we had been given to expect; but we reached Kloster Neuberg at last, and succeeded in getting rooms, though such as to make us anticipate the sleeping at Vienna the night following as a great blessing. This morning we found a very commodious voiture, which speedily conveyed us to the Schwartzen Adler, in the Leopold Stadt. And there I am very comfortably reposing, while T— is traversing Vienna in search of lodgings for us.

I assure you it is no small joy to feel that I am at last in the capital of Austria; a point to which I have oftener directed my wishes than my hopes. I mean quietly to live upon this comfortable certainty for some days, before I look out for any thing new. Adieu!

LETTER XXIII.

Difficulty of getting Lodgings.—Appearance and Position of Vienna.—Cleanness of the Streets.—St. Stephen's.

Neue Markt, Vienna, 20th September 1836.

It has not been without considerable difficulty that we have found lodgings to suit us; and even the apartments in which we are now rejoicing must be left on the first of next month, as they are engaged by the Baron von . . . . . something, as his winter residence; but we trust that the interval will give us time to settle ourselves more permanently. So much for me and mine. And now let me, if I can, share with you the first impression that Vienna has made upon me. It is in almost all respects as little as possible like what I expected to find it. As yet I can, of course, speak only of its general appearance and position; and herein, as I believe is pretty generally the case, my preconceived picture has proved anything but a likeness. From the importance of Vienna, and all that belongs to it, in the history of Europe, I expected to find it spreading

nearly over as much ground as Paris,—a mixing up of the ideas of bulk and importance, which, I am ready to confess, does no particular honour to my sagacity. Instead of being as large as Paris, however, the walls of Vienna can be walked round by a party of ladies, chattering all the time, within the hour; or, in plainer English, the circuit is about three miles. This is quite true: yet were I to tell you that the circuit was thirty, I doubt if the statement would be greatly more calculated to convey a false impression of the general air and style of Vienna than this bald truth would lead you to conceive. A capital city, the circuit of which does not exceed three miles, may naturally enough be supposed to have the air of being small, contracted, and nowise imposing; but come and look at Vienna, and you will find, if you never found it before, how easy it is to say what is true, yet convey an impression that is false.

Vienna properly, or rather literally, so called, is, to use a phrase of Horace, "the least part of herself." The Stadt, or centre of this elegant city, is surrounded by fortifications which form, probably, the most beautiful town promenade in the world. The elevation of the wall which supports this glorious terrace is from fifty to seventy feet, following the inequalities of the ground; and the walk is varied by many bastions, several plantations of ornamental trees, and in one or two points by public gardens, through which the passage is never impeded. Some

of the pleasantest mansions in the town have their principal windows looking upon the Bastey, as this beautiful promenade is generally called, and their entrance in the streets; while others have their entrance from the Bastey; at which points a carriage approach is arranged from the street below, but always in such a manner as not to interfere either with the beauty or convenience to the gravelled terrace.

Outside this magnificent wall, the masonry of which is worthy of all admiration, runs a fosse, now converted into drives and walks of great beauty and enjoyment, and ever affording on one side or other of the town the most perfect shelter from the winds with which its neighbour mountains are apt to visit it.

Rising on the exterior circle of the fosse is the Glacis, also devoted to the health and pleasure of the population, planted in many parts with trees, and everywhere intersected with well-kept walks and drives.

Then comes the Vorstadten, or, as I should describe it, the outer town, forming, excepting where the Danube cuts through it, a complete circle of faubourg round the city. When I tell you that the dwelling-houses of the faubourgs amount to five times the number of those in the city, you will understand what I mean when I say that Vienna is the least part of herself. One reason why the singular arrangement of this town is so delightful is, that the view from many points of the walks and drives is

highly beautiful; having the fine range of the Kalenberg mountains on one side as a back-ground, and a multitude of objects, full of interest and beauty, presenting themselves in succession near the eye, as you make your circular progress. But there is another reason still, and that of infinitely greater importance to its enjoyment, which is the perfect freedom from filth, or external annoyance of any kind. How the thing is managed passes my comprehension; but neither in the streets of the city, on its noble and widely-spreading ramparts, beneath its lofty walls, in its deep wide fosse, or its extended Glacis, is any sight or scent to be met that can either offend the senses or shock the feelings in any way.

What renders this the more extraordinary is, that the population is extremely dense, the streets narrow, and the system of drainage, though greatly superior to that of Paris, immeasurably inferior to that of London. Yet you may walk through every street and lane of Vienna with impunity.

While mentioning this most blessed civic peculiarity, which renders it impossible for me as yet to pass through any part of the town, or the beautiful circle of life and animation which surrounds it, without reiterating my astonishment and admiration at its perfect cleanliness, historic truth obliges me to declare that the absence of evil smells, so remarkable in the streets, does by no means accompany the traveller in his entrance into his hotel; and I must

confess, also, that in our very laborious search after lodgings, we have mounted many a staircase wherein what I have heard a saucy Englishman call "the smell of the Continent" was sufficiently perceptible. As far as I am acquainted with the capitals of Europe, I should say that London and Vienna might divide between them the palm for having, far beyond any other large congregations of men, discovered the means of herding together without suffering their near neighbourhood to become a nuisance. London has done this for the interior of her dwellings, Vienna for the exterior of her streets.

We have not as yet fully examined any edifices but such as offered a hope of lodgings, except the beautiful cathedral of St. Stephen. One might fancy that the cathedral had been built to match the city, or the city to match the cathedral. St. Stephen's, as a metropolitan archiepiscopal church, is small; but the beauty of many parts of it, and the graceful, solemn, and harmonious effect of the whole, place it decidedly in the very first class of churches. Like a multitude of other noble cathedrals, it was intended to have two spires; but at the end of between four and five hundred years it still stands unfinished with one.

And that one . . . . . I hardly know whether it would be more just to say, that its exceeding beauty is sufficient to atone for every imaginable deficiency in every other part of the edifice, or that its light and elegant form leads one to regret the more bit-

terly that the rich structure is not rendered perfect by having another and a similar graceful pinnacle piercing the heavens on the other side of it. There is one peculiarity in this lovely spire, that, as far as my memory goes, renders it unique. Instead of being placed, as at Antwerp, Strasburg, Salisbury, etcetera, on a tower, it rises, fine by degrees and beautifully less, from the ground.

This church of St. Stephen's is so very beautiful, with its dark mellow tone of colouring, its rich carvings, its graceful proportions, and the indescribable air of dim religious sanctity which seems to envelope every part of it, that I suspect it is not easy to form a fair unprejudiced opinion on the merits of this deviation from common usage. I think it probable that a spire of ordinary beauty thus placed beside an ordinary building, would not have a good effect; but I can scarcely imagine it possible that any one could be found, while standing in the Stephensplatz, and looking at this delicately-wrought pyramid, who could be capable of saying, "That spire would be better were it other than it is."

This master-piece, which rises to the majestic height of five hundred feet, is towards its top very visibly out of the perpendicular. A gentleman who, if I mistake not, is entirely to be depended on, told me that this was the effect of the bombardment by the Turks at their second visit to Vienna, in 1683: another has told me that the injury was done at the bombardment of the town, on the 11th May 1809,

by the French : and another still, who accidentally stood near us while we were looking at it, assured me that the obliquity had been occasioned by an earthquake. Whatever were the cause, the injury has been very considerable ; and this enormous height of delicately perfórated stone is now sustained by a frame-work of iron within, which is supposed to render it as secure as if it had never been shaken.

The interior of this beautiful church is as fine as the exterior. The pillars which support the nave are the most richly ornamented that I remember ; and the extraordinary profusion of stone carving in pillars, pulpit, altars, and monuments, gives to the whole building the air of a holy museum, to which every pious worker in stone of the middle ages made a point of contributing something.

But not all this richness in the detail could have sufficed to produce that exquisite effect of harmonious gloom which strikes so forcibly upon the feelings on entering the St. Stephen's of Vienna, were it not for the strangely uniform and universal tint that pervades every part of it. The shade of colour differs a little between the walls and the various richly-wrought objects seen against them ; but, like the " Brown Girl" of Murillo, the whole offers nothing to the eye to cut that soothing series of dark, soft, clear-obscure tones which it is so delightful to look upon.

I had gazed long and steadily at these fine grey walls, and, I may say, *enjoyed* their harmony of tint,

without being at all able to understand why it was that there was such a dark richness in their colour, as made even the unscathed and holy solemnity of Westminster Abbey seem pale in my remembrance; when, at last, Mr. H— exclaimed, "The walls are painted!"

There appeared something almost profane in the assertion, and it was most strongly controverted by more voices than one. On close examination, however, the fact was fully established: not only is the native stone coated with some species of dark colouring, but in many places, though in general they are nearly effaced, we traced the coloured lines intended to indicate the neat layers of cement by which the blocks are joined.

Whatever might have been the reason for laying on this artificial surface, whether it were to cover some previous profanation of whitewash, or for the purpose of protecting the crumbling material, I have at present no means of knowing; but, whatever the motive, the operation has been performed with such successful attention to general effect, that it is impossible not to admire it.

The Emperor and court are expected to return from Prague on the 22d. His coronation there, as King of Bohemia, took place under painful circumstances; for the prelate whose station gave him the honourable privilege of bestowing the *sacre* died two days before of cholera.

We have been advised to profit by this absence of

the imperial family, by obtaining admission to see the chambers of the residence; a privilege freely granted, I believe, to all the world, but which can, of course, be only partially available when it is inhabited; so we have fixed on to-morrow for this survey. The weather still continues extremely warm, and is now so steadily fine that I begin to remember my Durenstein vow. It would be wiser, I suspect, to pass a day of sunshine amidst its horrid crags, than to wait till equinoxial blasts were come to add their wild music to the romance of the scene.

We shall not, however, persuade ourselves to quit Vienna for some days, I suspect. We *must* see the entrée of the Emperor—and we *must* hear an opera —and we *must* be present at a sort of musical festival to be given in one of the public gardens, in which the music performed at the recent coronation is to be given; and there are a great many other *musts* besides, which, if I listen to them, will inevitably make me forsworn, for Durenstein and its black giants will be all buried in snow.

LETTER XXIV.

Church of St. Augustine. — Canova's Monument to the Archduchess Christina.—Canova's Theseus.—The Imperial Residence.—Apartments of the Empress-Mother.—Isis by Canova. —Return of the Court from Prague.—Musical Festival in the Volks-garten.

Vienna, September 27.

As we set off upon our expedition to see the imperial palace immediately after breakfast, I thought we should have time enough to visit one of Canova's most celebrated works, which lay directly in our way to it.

The church belonging to the convent of St. Augustine, which is considered to be the parish-church of the court, contains the magnificent monument of the Archduchess Christina, who married Duke Albert of Saxe Teschen. It was he who, in the year 1805, enriched Vienna by erecting this most splendid of modern cenotaphs to her memory. Any description of this elaborate work would answer no good purpose, for you have probably seen engravings from it, and, if not, I should not succeed in giving you

a correct idea of its singular grace and beauty. I will only tell you, therefore, that it consists of a pyramid of marble, in which a door appears to open upon a dark tomb. Around this dismal door are, I think, nine figures as large as life; without counting a superb lion, that makes a part of the allegory represented, and which is stretched beside the door of the tomb.

I never in my life admired any allegory but those of Spenser, and even those I admired chiefly because it was so easy to forget that they were allegories. But the beauty of these sculptured groups must of necessity enchant the eye, however little sympathy they may find from the understanding.

The whole of this vast composition is of the finest white marble; and the cost of it is said to have been twenty thousand ducats, which is something less, I believe, than ten thousand pounds sterling.

The examination of this magnificent work occupied us so long, that on presenting ourselves at the palace we found we were too late for the morning entrée, though rather too early for that of the afternoon.

During the interval we went into the Volksgarten, the principal object in which is a small but elegant building, on the model of the Temple of Theseus at Athens, which has recently been erected there as the repository of that other great work of Canova, the Theseus. This lofty composition, as you know, represents Theseus in act to slay the

Minotaur; and, seen at this moment, it conveyed to us a very powerful impression of the versatility of its great author's genius. A few minutes before we had been gazing on forms of the softest and most delicate contour, and faces beaming with grace, piety, and benevolence. Now we beheld his creating power displayed in the production of a monster portentous in his frightful strength, and so alive in rage and suffering, that the spirits quail before him; while beside him stands a hero, so deified in aspect by the majestic courage which seems at once to dilate his limbs, and tranquillize his youthful features, that we feel he is a demigod, though his title to the honour has not yet been proclaimed in heaven.

This group is colossal. It was originally executed at the command of Napoleon, who intended that it should be placed at Milan; but it affords so glorious an opportunity to the lovers and disciples of art for studying the manner of the first of modern sculptors, that the donation of it, by the Emperor Francis, to the public of Vienna, was a truly paternal gift. The doors of the temple are open from the rising to the setting of the sun.

We this time contrived to leave Canova in good season, to join a party of fellow sight-seers already assembled in an ante-room of the palace, for the purpose of making the tour of the imperial apartments. The first thing shown, except two or three handsome, but nearly empty ante-rooms, is a spacious and beautiful apartment called "*La salle des*

cérémonies." The lofty walls have the appearance of being of white marble, and the roof is supported by a majestic line of columns that run round them at the distance of about ten feet. The multitude of *bougies* in this noble chamber must give it, when lighted up, the appearance of an enchanted palace. I never saw any room so prepared for a blaze of light; for the numerous chandeliers, each bearing three tiers of lustres, are not the only receptacles for it; the cornices and pilasters having multitudes of silver sconces, which, when all in service, must produce a brilliance outshining that of day.

The other state-rooms of the palace form an elegant, but not particularly spacious suite of apartments, furnished with much taste and splendour, and all richly carpeted from the beautiful manufactory of Linz; but the general character of the rooms is rather that of comfort than of magnificence, and there are not, I think, above one or two of them either too large or too fine for daily use. In these, the delicate satin hangings, chairs, and sofas, are all covered with white linen, so that their inconvenient splendour is only occasional. In front of one or two of the principal salons is a long projecting balcony covered with glass, which in winter is filled with flowers. It is nicely carpeted, has one or two little ottomans, and must, when tempered by the warm air, which is made to circulate here in all directions, be a most luxurious promenade during the dismal days of winter.

The whole of this suite of rooms face the noble *porte du château,* (the Bourgthor,) by far the handsomest of the twelve gates leading from the Stadt to the Faubourgs. The coup d'œil from their windows is very fine: in the distance rises the majestic Kalenberg; then a beautiful section of the circular Vorstadt, which at this point has some splendid buildings; and nearer still the magnificent gateway, by which enters a road of imperial dimensions, with trottoirs and gardens on each side of it, having beyond them, stretching as far as the eye can reach, the private gardens of the palace on one side, and the before-mentioned public Volks-garten on the other, both flanked by the lofty rampart, the terrace of which here passes over the Bourgthor.

Having completed the promenade of these rooms, we made a turn or two, and found ourselves in a tribune looking down upon one of the court chapels; a very small building, quite devoid of all architectural pretension, but in which the offices of the church are said to be performed with a degree of perfection as to the music not to be found elsewhere. The imperial tribune in which we were placed looks down upon the altar; and the sides of the chapel are studded with windows, which, like those we looked from, open upon seats reserved for the haute noblesse, — particularly such as are attached by office to the court. The body of the chapel is filled with seats for the accommodation of the public.

From hence we proceeded to a more antiquated

part of the building, in which is another suite of fine rooms fitted up by Maria Theresa, remaining exactly in the state in which she left them, and which are still used for cabinet councils, and the reception of foreign ministers. These apartments have a heavy and gloomy aspect, especially perceptible when coming from the modern salons on the other side of the palace; but there is something so venerable and dignified in their gloom, that in passing through them we insensibly lingered longer than when examining the elegant decorations of the modern set. In truth, every thing that brings one in contact with memorials of this extraordinary woman must be interesting. While tracing through her empire the bright track she left behind her, and which is so clearly visible in every part of it, the remembrance of her early difficulties, and the dauntless courage with which she encountered them, comes upon the mind with all the vivid power of a well-told historic romance. The poring over the various familiar articles of her bed-chamber, examining the embroidered canopy under which she died, and listening to the traditions attached to almost every object near it, was like reading a chapter in a new work of Walter Scott's.

In the midst of these venerated state apartments, which have very fine parquets, but no carpets, is a small room that from its diminutive proportions might be called a cabinet; this alone is richly carpeted, and altogether looks like a place of quiet

domestic repose amidst a world of state and ceremony. Around this small room are ranged a collection of little white marble busts, being portraits of Francis the First of Austria, and all his offspring. Among them is the handsome head of the young Duc de Reichstadt, which was pointed out by the attendant as being one of superior interest.

We next visited the apartments of the Empress-mother, as she is called, though she has never had a child. Having mounted a multitude of stairs, we found ourselves in what seemed another palace, very nearly as splendid as the first. One room indeed, entirely hung — walls, windows, and all — with the richest white satin, having chairs, sofas, ottomans, and footstools to match, struck me as more exquisitely elegant than any thing we had seen below. In the apartment fitted up as a library stands a most delicate figure of Isis, as large as life, by Canova,—a nymph-like creation, as distinct as possible in form, feature, and expression from the other marble immortals we had that morning been studying. This modern Phidias shows to great advantage at Vienna. I heartily wish that some of our abounding gold had gone to make him more generally known in England.

From one room a door opens into a spacious conservatory, or winter garden, as they call such temples of sweet luxury here, which seemed to be already abundantly stocked with blooming exotics. It is erected over a range of buildings connected with

the palace, and from without has the appearance of one of the gardens of Babylon.

The spot where the father of his people, the almost worshipped Francis, died, is pointed out in one of the rooms occupied by the Empress-mother. His bed must have stood in a recess, which is now converted into a closet shut in by folding-doors; and is very elegantly, though solemnly, fitted up as an oratory: it is here that his still-mourning widow performs her daily devotions.

I have repeatedly seen more splendid palaces than the Bourg of Vienna, particularly in point of size; but in the tasteful and elegant finish of its apartments it cannot easily be surpassed.

On the following day we accepted the invitation of our naval friend, and stationed ourselves at his windows at the Black Eagle, to see the Emperor return from his coronation at Prague as King of Bohemia. The only interesting part of the spectacle was the enormous crowd that filled the streets the whole way from the Leopoldstadt (the faubourg by which he entered) to the palace. I certainly never saw the elements of what in most other cities would have constituted a mob, so decently clothed, so generally clean and *well-to-do* in appearance, and, in the midst of great gaiety and good-humour, so perfectly quiet and orderly. Two plain-looking carriages, with six grey horses each, formed all the show this multitude came to look at. Various parties of military however turned out to re-

ceive the Emperor and King, and one or two excellent military bands played at different points of the route. The Emperor and Empress were in the first carriage, but it was impossible to catch the countenance of either.

The next evening we went to the Volks-garten, for the purpose of hearing a musical entertainment performed in honour of the recent coronation, and return of the Emperor. A portion of this public promenade was enclosed round the orchestra on the present occasion, and the space, which was of considerable extent, became crowded at an early hour; although it is certain that some thousands of persons, who took their stations without the pay-gate, must have heard the music quite as well as those within it;—the only difference being, that such as obtained the entrée, by paying their piece of twenty kreuzers, enjoyed the privilege of eating ices under the shelter of a semi-circular building commanding an advantageous view of the well-lighted enclosure, the orchestra, and the concluding fireworks. There were three distinct bands, two of them military, playing waltzes in succession from different parts of the enclosure during the first hour of the evening; but about nine o'clock the discharge of a cannon gave notice that the principal performance was about to commence: the three bands then drew together, and, very skilfully led by Lanner, performed in a masterly style the marches, jubilate, and coronation anthem used during the late solemnity at

Prague. At the moment when the crown was supposed to be placed on the head of the Emperor, a discharge of cannon burst athwart the solemn music with excellent effect. The whole thing was wonderfully well managed, and showed no trifling degree of genius in the arranger, whom I presume to have been the Herr Lanner. The fête concluded with a short but brilliant display of fireworks.

The number of persons within the enclosure must, I think, have exceeded two thousand, and among them were many pretty, well-dressed women; but I suspect that the company was not above the second class set of fashionables, for Vienna is still out of town; nor may we hope to behold any thing deserving the name of company, in the metropolitan sense of the word, till the month of November, when leafless trees seem in the imagination of most people to form themselves into rods, which drive away, during the mysterious interval of their annual death, the giddy throngs who leave the city to do honour to the sunny days of their life and gladness.

Notwithstanding this deficiency of haut-ton, however, the general effect of the scene was singularly gay and pretty; the evening was as free from damp and almost as warm as at Midsummer; and the majority of the company continued the whole time out of doors, taking ices and coffee.

LETTER XXV.

Durenstein.—The Return from it.—Krems.—George Sand.

Durenstein on the Danube, 29th Sept. 1836.

I AM now writing to you from a spot whence, I truly believe, no English letter was ever written before; for my great predecessor in the occupation of this rock, though most decidedly my countryman, had not much opportunity of indulging in the luxury of epistolary correspondence.

I told you, a week or two ago, when passing on the Danube under the shadow of these terrific rocks, that I was determined to return, without being under the control of either boatman or coachman, to wander at will in the dry and desolate wilderness, and find my way about the fragment of that lonely fortress, in which our first Richard was held captive.

And, true to my vow, here I am; and, scattered up and down the rocks, in most happy indulgence of their various whims, my whole party are here too, with the intention of passing one day of freedom where the poor king passed so many in captivity.

How like a chained eagle must the royal soldier have felt while pinioned on this frightful pinnacle! I think the spot was chosen in the hope that the unequalled desolation of the scene might appal the lion's heart, and slowly kill his royal spirit, even while his imprisoned body was suffered to live.

But as I have already performed some astonishing feats of climbing, and am now enjoying myself under the cool but arid shadow of a mass of rock, with my note-book and my pen and ink, expressly for the purpose of making you a sharer in my expedition, I must begin, like all other faithful historians, at the beginning.

We left Vienna at five o'clock yesterday morning, and had a wofully tedious day's journey to Krems, where we slept last night. We breakfasted at Stockerau, and saw there twenty-eight carriages belonging to the Emperor, on their return from Prague: then passed over a country not particularly interesting, excepting that at one place we got a fine view of the Danube, and at another had the satisfaction of knowing that we were on the plain where the famous battle of Wagram was fought; and after a villanously bad dinner reached the little town of Krems too late to walk down to the river, which is at no great distance, or to look about us in what appeared to be an interesting old town.

At six this morning we started for Durenstein, which we reached just in time to enter the venerable church before the early mass was concluded. I re-

joiced as I remembered that King Richard's bones lay not there.

The road from Krems to Durenstein runs along the edge of the Danube, which is at this point as beautiful as any river can be, when the scene through which it passes is made up of gloom and desolation. The gasthaus at which we put up the carriage, and took our breakfast, is the remnant of an old convent, the windows of which almost hang over the river; and if the taste of the poor recluses who formerly looked from them was of the melancholy-sublime class, they must have drawn much consolation from the position.

At many points of the little town, which is now only the habitation of a few poor Vignerons, traces of its former strength are visible. The escape of Maximilian the First from his rock near Innspruck is recorded as a miracle; but the escape of our Richard the First from the iron durance of his prison here, appears to me infinitely more like one.

As soon as our neat comfortable breakfast was ended, we descended from what I think, from its size and pleasantness, must have been the apartment of the lady abbess, to the court-yard of the half-ruinous mansion, and by the active and good-humoured assistance of the whole family we were soon in a condition to scale the castled crag, to reach which was the object of our enterprise. Two or three huge baskets were prepared, containing all that

was needful for a mountain meal, and given in charge to the son of our host and the most perfect Diana of a country-girl that I ever saw. Bare-legged to the knee, with one basket balanced on her beautiful head, and another carried in her hand, as if it had been a light quiver of feathered arrows, she strode on with a free and active pace before the party. For some time the way led along the village street; then, turning suddenly at right angles to the river, it took us along a stony glen that brought us in front of an enormous mass of rock; and, winding round it, a steep and narrow path soon brought us to the base of the almost precipitous slope which leads to the fortress of Durenstein.

Having mastered about a third of its slippery height, we decided upon sparing our Diana, and the young heir of the gasthaus, the toil of dragging our provisions any higher. They were accordingly dismissed, and the baskets deposited in a cool and commodious little cave on the hill side. This done, we placed ourselves on the scanty turf, and began to look around . . . . . Surely it would be difficult to find another spot (not a sandy desert) on which it has pleased Nature to bestow an aspect of such utter desolation ! . . . . Yet we all seemed delighted to find ourselves in the midst of it; and I certainly never saw any set of people about to explore the most flowery paradise that art and nature united could spread before them, who seemed half so eager to

ransack every corner of it, as we did to range among the grim rocks and crumbling ruins of this melancholy spot.

* * * * * *

The heat is that of the dog-days,—shade there is none upon the side of the hill that we had to climb before the fortress could be reached; but strong in will, and active in curiosity, we allowed ourselves but short breathing space before we again commenced our labour.

. . . . . And I have accomplished it,—and am now reposing on a spot level with the cave wherein our commissariat is lodged. It was a work "of toil and dread," I do assure you. There are corners to be passed in ascending, which become more terrible a hundred fold on coming back, from whence the eye looks sheer down . . . . how many feet I know not, but enough to turn my head, without a bush or a crag to save one from vertigo. I am exceedingly glad to have stood within the walls of Durenstein . . . . and by no means sorry that I am got safely down again thus far.

On the summit of this barren hill rises a shapeless rugged mass of rock, and it is on this that the keep of the castle is built; the rest of the edifice is on much lower ground, hanging, as it were, on the declivity that slopes towards the town; and it was probably in some chamber of this lower part that the royal prisoner was confined, which would certainly place him within reach of the voice of his minstrel

I can now more easily believe, than at the time it was told me on the river, that Blondel's voice made itself heard from a turreted building at the foot of the mountain; for a part of the fortress hangs so completely over it, that it is easy to conceive the possibility of distinguishing an air in the stillness of night from the one point to the other.

Of this lower portion of the building, however, nothing now remains but the foundations, and here and there fragments of the walls, just sufficient to enable one to trace its outline. The keep itself is but a tottering roofless skeleton, yet still enough of it remains to give some notion of its architecture. There are one or two groinings of arches left, and one or two capitals of pillars in what was probably a little chapel. In one place are some faint remains of fresco painting on the walls, with remnants of an inscription, but too much obliterated to be legible.

The length of the keep is ninety-nine feet, the breadth eighty-five; the greatest thickness of the walls three feet two inches. In the centre of this part of the ruin rises a huge mass of the living rock, so left by the skilful architect, as being of better fabric for a dungeon than any his stone-masons could construct. This rock is thirty-one feet long, twenty-six broad, and twenty-two high, and the dungeon hollowed within it is a low chamber about sixteen feet by twelve; such, at least, is the result of our careful, though, perhaps, unskilful measurement.

A few sheep and goats are browsing the scanty herbage on the steep acclivity below the ruin; and the very wildest pair of shepherd boys that eyes ever saw, sit perched upon the highest point of the crags, as if seeking to divert the lazy hours of their monotonous occupation by trying how near they can approach destruction with impunity.

From the place I have chosen as my arm-chair and my writing-table I look down upon a chasm, on either side of which rise enormous masses of dark granite, in forms so strangely grotesque, that they look more like the wild carving of some savage sculptor than the work of nature. From the river we mistook many of the isolated pinnacles with which the mountain is bristled for relics of gigantic fortifications; but now we find them to be more vast than any work of man. Nature seems kindly to have guarded the recesses of this cruel region by these threatening crags, as if on purpose to warn man from entering among them to seek a resting-place. But it was no resting-place that the artificer of yon dismal fortress sought; it was torture, anguish, and despair for which he was preparing; and, if his purpose were to find a spot where these could most surely be brought to perfection, he sought it well.

It must have been through this dark pass that the brave Richard was dragged towards his prison, for on this side only is it accessible; and if ever through his perilous career the lion's heart quailed for a moment, it must surely have been that, when the

painful height being scaled, and his prison reached, he looked down upon the savage wilderness around him, and felt how fearfully he was severed from the world. Oh! true and loyal Blondel! . . . thy name shall live side by side with that of Richard . . . . . thy steadfast love and faith shall stand recorded in characters as lasting as those which chronicle his noble deeds! . . . Had his bold project failed, Blondel would have breathed his last sigh within the dungeon rock above.

Having explored the scanty remnant of the castle, some with more, and some with less intrepidity . . . . for there is such ticklish treading about it, that no carpet dame, nor carpet knight either, would do well to attempt the adventure that we have performed . . . . . but having completed it, the party separated by agreement till the hour of dinner; each one, according to the law made and provided for such occasions by our travelling code, to dispose of the interval as may best please his or her fancy. The three sketchers, however, seem all attracted to nearly the same spot; T— has darted off to explore the mountain far and near, and I am seated to my heart's content with shade, ruin, and rocks, all contributing to my enjoyment.

* * * * *

So few people take the trouble of penetrating to the distant and difficult spots best calculated to arouse the feelings, that the great majority, powerful in their numerical strength, agree en masse to raise

the cry of "*affected exaggeration!*" and so laugh to scorn any one who, in simplicity of heart, attempts to convey to others an idea of the impression such spots produce on him. This mountain, for instance, whence I now write to you, is wonderfully well calculated to throw into distance every ordinary interest and feeling, and to fill the mind with all the visionary material of which romance is composed. But I know well, good friend, that you for whom I thus sedulously indite my adventures, cannot bear it . . . . . It irks, it irritates, it puts you in a rage . . . . . and, knowing this, it would be most ungenerous were I to take advantage of your kindly reading my letters, to make you take that which I know you loathe . . . So I will not say another word about King Richard, or of the thoughts that rise as I look down on the desolate scene on which he looked before; but, in the "*positif*" spirit of the times in which we live, I will just mention to you, that the country in which this ancient fortress of Durenstein is situated is, geologically speaking, of a very remarkable character; the formation of the rocks, in particular, is such as (though perfectly in the common and well-understood order of things when looked at by the eye of science) to produce an effect of very rare occurrence to the mere lookers at landscape. The stunted firs, that seem to live only by the charitable yearnings of the rocks to which they cling, rather aid than destroy the barren aspect of the region; but, never-

theless, there is, botanically speaking, great beauty and interest here, for there are abundance of delicate blossoms growing where all vegetable growth should seem impossible.

* * * * *

We have dined,—but it was no easy business. First, we had to find a patch of shade wide enough to screen us all from this most vehement autumnal sunshine; and next, we desired greatly to discover a spot so nearly approaching to a level as to give us and our baskets a fair chance of avoiding a roll to the bottom of the mountain before the repast was over. To unite the two was in truth impossible; not that we have actually slipped down into the Danube, nor have we been any of us fully exposed to the scorching sun; but, to escape both, we have been obliged to insinuate ourselves, each into a separate nook, and do the honours of the banquet to each other with out-stretched arms, and very tottering civility. But the affair is over without injury to life or limb; the sketchers are returned to their work; T— is determined to look over the top of another mountain; and now I, too, shall set off to explore, roaming about after my own fashion, and always persuaded that I see more than any body else.

* * * * *

I have got back to my old quarters, but am obliged to change my position, because the sun has changed his. It is now five o'clock, but still in-

tensely hot. A new sketch is begun; T— has not yet rejoined us, and therefore, while waiting for the return of Diana . . . . . be not alarmed, this is not a poetical flight, I do not mean the moon, but only our beauty of the Dorf, who is to return for our baskets; so, while we are waiting for her, I will recount to you a little adventure of my own. Having slipped and slid in safety to the bottom of the ascent, I regained the path from the village from which we had turned to scale it; and, pursuing this, soon found myself in a narrow defile, with bare rocks on one side, and a strangely deformed growth of firs, mixed with detached masses of stone, on the other. This pass became narrower and wilder every moment, till at last the road — if such it may be called—turned sharply round a corner of the cliff, and the whole scenery was changed in an instant; for on either side of me was a forest, still hanging on the mountains' sides indeed, and often pierced by sharp isolated rocks, but composed of many forest-trees, mixed with an improving race of firs.

The spot was one of those which, spite of its savage rudeness, the eye loves to dwell upon; the repose of it is so profound, the silence so soothing.

But scarcely had I enjoyed this for a moment, when I was startled by seeing a magnificent dog, as large as a Newfoundlander, but with a coat less shaggy, come bounding down the side of the mountain from a point where the trees and the underwood were the thickest, and make towards me in a style

which convinced me that the visit was intended for myself. I confess I felt more alarm than gratification at his approach, and my fears were proved to be reasonable even by the manner in which they were removed; for, before the fine animal had fully reached me, a little girl, not more I think than six or seven years old, burst through the thicket at a point almost close to me, and threw herself upon the noble beast with evident anxiety to prevent his reaching me. The caresses of the little blue-eyed nymph did more than stronger and ruder arms might have effected:

"Plus fait douceur que violence."

The dog instantly stopped, and throwing up a glance at me, which seemed to say, "So!... you have escaped a gripe!" he set himself to return the endearments the little girl had bestowed, with such vehement good-will, that I expected every moment to see her thrown down, and trampled under the feet of her canine friend. She stood her ground, however, with beautiful strength and activity; and I heartily wish that Edwin Landseer could have seen the pair, with the dark bit of savage scenery in which they were placed, and the blue Austrian sky that glowed in contrast to it above them. I never looked upon a better composed picture.

I soon perceived what was the cause of the attack so nearly made upon me; for, as soon as this pretty romping scene was over, the child skipped across

the path, and seated herself upon a huge bundle of faggots and leaves, which the dog evidently intended to defend from any covetous wishes I might have formed for carrying it off.

While still occupied in admiring my little protector and her dog, another descent was made from the mountain in the shape of an old woman, who must, as I conjecture, be the grandmother of my little nymph. She was so loaded—so buried, I may say—beneath a bundle of leaves and boughs, that it was only from the waist downwards that she was visible; but she found her way however,—whether by sight or instinct, I know not—to the place where the other bundle was deposited, and, having cast this fresh supply beside it, she assisted the little girl in abstracting from it as large a portion as her little head could carry, which being placed on it, she too became very nearly invisible, which was a positive misfortune to me, for I never saw a lovelier little head. The old woman then took up the remainder, and they set off towards the village, the dog preceding, and, as I believe, guiding them; for though their downward eyes might catch a sight of him, I think it quite impossible they could see which way they were going. The leaves, they told me, were for *die kuh* to eat.

But here are our two basket-carriers approaching. T— has for some minutes been reposing his well-walked limbs beside me; the evening is advancing rapidly, and the drive back to Krems is too beautiful

to be taken in the dark; so we must hail the sketchers, and depart at once. Farewell, then, to Durenstein!

* * * * *

Krems, Thursday night.

Our day has been a very delightful one; and the drive back from Durenstein to this place cool, refreshing, and every way agreeable. But I wish we had contrived to sup and sleep at the dismantled convent where we breakfasted; it was not only a more interesting, but by far a cleaner and more comfortable abode. I am afraid that you will think I complain too often of the minor miseries of travelling, such as tobacco-scented rooms, bad suppers, worse beds, and the like; yet it would be hardly fair to descant on the pleasures of such an expedition as our present one, without giving notice that it is, and must be, attended with some inconveniences. George Sand, when speaking of English travellers, ridicules them unmercifully upon their always appearing at the table d'hôte, even after a long day's journey, without tangled hair or dirty hands. But, spite of this satirical attack, I must plead guilty to enjoying the use of "mes brosses et mon savon;" and even confess that I see no reason why, because I have been admiring fine scenery all day, I should not be permitted to have "les ongles irréprochables" at night. I fear, however, that my national *exigeance* goes farther still, and that I not only per-

tinaciously insist upon being freely permitted to use "mes brosses et mon savon," but that not unfrequently I am more disturbed at the want of other comforts, rather peculiar to England, than is quite reasonable in one who has so often wandered from her shores.

At this moment we are certainly paying the penalty often levied on those whose curiosity leads them to tread out of the beaten track; and to-morrow we shall pay a little more of it, when rumbling back over our forty miles of abominable road. Yesterday our spirits were admirably well sustained by knowing that we should pass to-day among the rocks of Durenstein. How we shall bear the long jolting of to-morrow remains to be proved.

LETTER XXVI.

New Apartments.—Price of Lodgings.—Faubourgs.—Public Gardens. — Buildings — Private Palaces. — Places Publiques. — Diversity of the Population.—Theatre.

Hohen Markt, Vienna, October 7.

It is little more than a week since I addressed my last letter to you, from Durenstein, yet to me it appears little less than a month since we made our excursion thither. We have done an infinite deal of business within this time, and have, moreover, amused ourselves in a variety of ways.

Our greatest work has been removing from our temporary lodgings in the Neue Markt, and taking possession of our permanent dwelling in the Hohen Markt. The comfort of feeling once more *at home* after three months' ceaseless change of place, is very great, and more than usually so to us in the present instance; because we have met such various and unexpected difficulties in finding apartments, that I have repeatedly been upon the point of deciding that we must either content ourselves with a dwelling in the faubourgs, or else make acquaintance with this bright and brilliant capital from the very detestable

domicile of a public hotel; an expedient which even here might have gone far towards plunging me again into a fit of the Smellfungus malady.

But, in happy time to avert so unamiable a catastrophe, a new but most friendly acquaintance that we have had the good fortune to make here, has been the means of putting an end to all our troubles on this score, by finding for us our present airy and agreeable apartments; and we have now the happiness of feeling ourselves settled for the winter as citizens of Vienna. As an *avis au lecteur,* and that, in case you should find yourself here, you may know more about this important matter than I did, I will tell you, moreover, that these lodgings, which we consider ourselves as so happy to have found, consist of seven tolerably-sized rooms, with a small kitchen, for which we have paid a hundred pounds for the term, ending the 7th May. The result of our laborious search, therefore, seems to be, that it is greatly more difficult to find rooms here, than in Paris; and that, when found, they are rather dearer,—and with the drawback, too, of being very much worse furnished. For instance, the windows have draperies—but no curtains; instead of silk or velvet, the sofas and chairs are covered with chintz-coloured calicoes; and instead of draperied beds, which in Paris often convert a bed-chamber into a state apartment, our little wooden couches, though neat-looking enough, are none of them above three feet wide, and there is not one single inch of drapery among them all.

I rather think that for a family wishing to make Vienna their home for the winter, it would be a much better plan to take unfurnished lodgings, and hire furniture according to their wants and wishes. The expense, by what I have lately heard, would probably be less, and the comfort and general good appearance much greater. But this wisdom was not acquired till it was too late to serve me.

In the faubourgs very excellent rooms may be found without difficulty, and greatly cheaper; and I can easily imagine that many strangers, especially if merely summer travellers, would like these fully as well, if not better, than the city. Many of the faubourgs have the advantage, which in summer would be invaluable, of having large and beautiful gardens close to them, to all of which the public are freely admitted. The imperial gardens at Schönbrunn, and those of the Princes Schwarzenberg and Lichtenstein, are among these; to which may be added the very extensive and beautiful park called the Prater, which I should think exceeds Hyde Park in extent nearly as much as London exceeds Vienna in the space it covers. There are many other public gardens besides these, of which, however, I have as yet hardly learnt the names; but in driving round the town they produce such an appearance of gaiety, healthfulness, and rural beauty, as distinguishes Vienna from every other capital that I have seen.

I have now walked completely round the ramparts, and I really think that if the possessor of Aladdin's

lamp had commanded the genii who rose to do his bidding when he rubbed it, to cause the prettiest possible little city to rise from the earth on purpose for him to look at, they must—if they were clever, fine-effect-loving genii—have conjured up something very like Vienna as seen from the ramparts.

Of the principal buildings, nevertheless, but little can be said; for, if taken in comparison with those of most other capitals, they show nothing pre-eminently deserving of admiration, excepting always the small but exquisite cathedral. There is, however, a heavy splendour in the sculptured decorations of some of the public buildings, and I am told that the interior of many of the private palaces is very superb. The little tower *à jour* of the Maria-Stiegen church, as seen from the ramparts, is extremely pretty; and the splendid but half-barbaric front of the church of St. Charles, built by his namesake, the father of Maria Theresa, embellishes every point from which it can be seen. As private family residences, it would perhaps be difficult to find any mansions, either in London or Paris, of appearance equally imposing with those of the Princes Schwartzenberg, Lichtenstein, Esterhazy, and Deitrichstein, in the faubourgs here. That of the Duke of Northumberland at Charing-cross, considering its position as a town residence, surpasses them all in its imposing aspect; but, allowing for this solitary exception, I know nothing of the same kind so handsome within ten minutes' drive of a metropolis.

Drawn and Etched by A. Hervieu.

CARINTHIANS UNDER THE WALLS OF VIENNA.

London. Published by Richard Bentley 1837

Within the walls, the principal beauty of Vienna consists in the number of *Places Publiques* with which it abounds. They count eighteen, I think, great and small; and from the size of the town, and its nearly circular form, it is almost impossible to drive or walk many hundred yards without coming upon one of them. In many of these are handsome sculptured fountains, and in others statues or columns more or less splendid, but all giving an air of stateliness to the area. In the Joseph Platz is a handsome equestrian statue in bronze of Joseph the Second, erected by his nephew the late emperor; but for the most part the ornamental erections in the Places Publiques are very Catholic compositions, too mystical to be easily understood, but producing altogether a very noble effect.

Yet after all, perhaps, the most remarkable out-of-door feature in Vienna, to a stranger's eye, is the diversity of the throng which people its streets. Jews, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Croats, Zangarees, all in their peculiar costumes, and all with the features, manners, and occupations peculiar to their respective nations, are seen traversing all the quarters of the city, and give to it the appearance of a grand universal mart. We have moreover just seen, reposing themselves in a pleasant plot of shade outside the walls, a group of Corinthians, who looked as wild as so many Red Indians. They were clad in a sort of drapery between a cloak and a blanket, that hung about their tall thin forms very pic-

turesquely. They wore sandals on their feet, had their arms bare to the elbows, and long straight black hair, hanging nearly to their shoulders.

The streets are as yet not much crowded with equipages, but in the course of a few weeks, we are assured that whenever we may venture to walk, except on the ramparts, we shall have the gratification of finding ourselves within as good a chance of being run over as even in Paris itself.

Last night we made our first visit to a Vienna theatre. We had fully proposed that the opera should be the earliest waited upon; but the coachman mistook his orders, or, which is more likely, we mistook in giving them, and, while fully persuaded that we were in the opera-house, the curtain rose and presented us with a tragedy. At first I was vexed, for my head had been long filled with the idea of a first-rate German opera, which I supposed I could not fail to meet at Vienna; but I was presently consoled by some of the very finest acting I ever witnessed. Despite all the disadvantages inevitable from my imperfect following of the dialogue, I almost fancied myself carried back to the golden days of Siddons and of Kemble. The conduct of the scene is absolutely perfect; no negligence, no inattention, no blundering; and as to the playing of the principal performers, it was so excellent as absolutely to support the illusion of the scene, such as I have felt it in the excitable days of my youth. The prima donna of the evening was Madame

Rettich, and I doubt if I have ever seen a more perfect tragedian on any stage. Her part was not one to display either such force of character or dignity of action as that of Lady Macbeth, or such an overwhelming flood of passion as that of Phedra; and therefore I will not as yet venture to compare her either to Duchesnois or Mrs. Siddons; but in the part of a young wife, watching the sufferings of a persecuted and perishing husband, she seized upon the feelings in a manner that seemed to have something of magic in it. If I mistake not, this Bourg theatre, as it is called, will become one of my favourite resorts, and I shall nowhere find so good a German lesson for C—.

The house is a very dingy one, and both ugly and inconvenient in form. It was formerly a tennis-court, for which it is much better fitted by its shape and proportions than for its present service. But the erection of a new Bourg theatre would be an expense wholly belonging to the government, the establishment being an appendage to the court; and I am told that it is much more in the spirit of the dynasty of Austria to build hospitals than play-houses.

LETTER XXVII.

Visits.—Doubtful Rank.—Ball at the Augarten.—Schönbrunn.—The River Wien.—Gardens of Schönbrunn.—The Gloriette.—The Menagerie.—The Bears.—Gold and Silver Fish.

Vienna, 11th October.

During the last week several people have called on us. Three of the parties have, it seems, the title of barons and baronesses; and yet by information obtained from one well versed in all the mysteries of Austrian aristocracy, it appears certain that there is not one among them who could by possibility be received at court, or by the common usage of the country be permitted to mix in the higher circles of fashion.

This statement, I confess, has startled and puzzled me; and the more so because I have heard of others, bearing no higher title, who are freely admitted among the privileged class. However, I am well pleased to make their acquaintance, and live in the hope that in process of time I shall be fully initiated into all the delicate etiquettes of this etiquettish capital. But we are told that winter must come

before there is any chance of this; and as yet there is no appearance of any thing but the brightest autumn, I could almost say summer, around us.

We were advised a few days ago by an English gentleman, who was here for a short time only, and was naturally desirous to see every thing that the season permitted, to go to one of the public gardens at which a ball was advertised. We did so; and if our curiosity was not much gratified, it was at least fully satiated.

The garden itself, called the Augarten, is extensive even to magnificence, and is connected with the Prater by an avenue which, if filled with carriages and company, would make one of the finest spectacles in the world. The trees of the Augarten are of great height, but trimmed, like many of the alleys at Versailles, into verdant walls; and the walks so arranged, and kept without a leaf that ventures to protrude beyond the given line, must amount in extent to many miles. The room in which the people danced is a very good one, and extremely well lighted; the music far from bad, and the tables for refreshments laid with great attention to neatness: yet it was clearly evident that the company was in no degree superior to what may be seen on every summer fête-day at the guinguettes near Paris. We did not remain there long, and as we drove home we remarked symptoms of festivity at many an humble gasthaus as we passed; from whence we surmised that it was some much-respected jour de fête,

though of what saint or saintess I know not. Two of the gentlemen returned on foot, and told us that almost every other house they passed poured forth a strain of music.

Yesterday being another of those bright days which make the autumn of this country so delightful, we took advantage of it to visit the imperial residence of Schönbrunn. It was here that Napoleon, the first and last, fixed his head-quarters while his troops were in possession of the Austrian capital; and it is here that the imperial family of Austria pass the chief part of every summer. The Emperor and Empress are indeed still there, though they seldom fail to drive into town for an hour or two every evening, for the purpose of witnessing the performances either at the Opera or Bourg theatre; but early next month the court becomes established at Vienna until April.

The palace of Schönbrunn is at the distance of one league from Vienna, and the road to it is in excellent order; an advantage not always found in the neighbourhood of this city. But its Mac-Adamish smoothness is all that can be recorded in its favour, for it passes through as ugly a flat as can well be imagined; and, what is infinitely worse to those who take no snuff and smoke no tobacco, it runs for a considerable way beside that most unsavoury of streams, the river Wien.

This black and vilely-smelling ditch is a foul blot upon the beauty and neatness of this lovely city, and

must certainly produce a miasma extremely prejudicial to health. Surely this receptacle of abominations could not have existed in its present state during the reign of Maria Theresa. It is impossible to believe that one, whose days may be counted by the noble and beautiful works with which she adorned her empire, could have passed to her imperial creation at Schönbrunn within reach of this black and noxious stream, and suffered its unhallowed waters to flow between the wind and her regality. Whatever be the cause of its present state of indescribable impurity, more striking here than it could be near any other city, from the remarkable cleanliness of Vienna in all other respects,—whatever be its cause, it must have arisen since this most noble lady took her last drive beside its unsightly shores; for had such vapours as nearly suffocated us yesterday been permitted to reach her from its tainted waters, I feel persuaded that, before twenty-four hours had passed, five hundred diggers and delvers would have been seen deepening their shallow bed, and drawing from every brook that poured forth a wholesome current in the vicinity, wherewithal to supply such a stream as might be worthy of giving its name to imperial Vienna. A spirit of very honourable and righteous economy must, I suppose, in these days, when money is less easily obtained, and labour of higher value, prevent the execution of such a gigantic project as converting the dirty little river Wien into an object of beauty: nevertheless, I heartily

wish that some one of the magnates whose voices speak with authority, would turn his horse's head some fine warm morning, when the Sun calls upon the Earth to send up her incense to do him homage, and take a ride of ten minutes' duration on the banks of the Wien. This would, I think, lead to the speedy correction of the greatest local evil that besets the city.

But I am keeping you unmercifully long on the worst part of the road to Schönbrunn, and must now atone for it by transporting you at once to the front of this elegant sub-urban palace.

Emperors and kings seem to take especial pleasure in conquering the coyness of Nature, and forcing her to submit to their will and pleasure in those spots where she rather frowns than smiles. Witness the gigantic labours of the agents of Louis-le-Grand in the marsh at Versailles, and those on a smaller scale bestowed by Maria Theresa and her predecessors upon the arid bank of Schönbrunn.

The success of both, however, is almost enough to justify the caprice. Versailles and its garden will continue a grand and graceful wonder as long as they continue to exist; and it is impossible to deny that though a *brunn* as *schön* as that which has given a name to the favourite villa of Austria might have been found amidst finer scenery, yet the place, as it now stands, is worthy the presence of an emperor.

The palace itself, which is said to be more com-

modious than superb, is not shown, or at least not without higher authority than we brought with us; but the gardens, which are truly magnificent, are as freely given for the enjoyment of the public, as the air that blows over them.

Such sights, however, are not among those that can be graphically described. It is not easy to talk of mountains and torrents in such a sort as to produce any thing like a true picture on the mind: but alleys, statues, fountains, and parterres are more stubborn still; for, if you do contrive to bring them with tolerable distinctness upon an ideal canvass, they seem as stiff and as hideous as the perspective of a drop-scene in a country theatre. But such a garden as that of Schönbrunn, spite of all that can be said against clipt trees and formal arcades, is a noble, I could almost say, a majestic spectacle. And not a little is its beauty increased by the skilful manner in which each portion of the large enclosure is made to set off and enhance the effect of all the rest. Thus, that part which is laid out with old-fashioned skill, and such scrupulous attention to regularity that it seems as if every leaf took orders from the gardener before it ventured to sprout, is made to soften by degrees, first into turf and shrubbery, and at last into a bit of genuine forest scenery.

At rather less, I should think, than a quarter of a mile from the garden façade of the palace, rises a sudden hill of no great elevation, but which looks more considerable than it really is from its abrupt-

ness: up to this point the wide expanse is laid out in the very stiffest style of old German gardening; but here the almost precipitous lawn is flanked by shrubberies and forest-trees, among which I remarked several beautiful oaks, of a species unknown in England, but with which I had become familiar in America.

On the summit of the hill these side plantations become wilder still, and spread away, I know not where, but far beyond our following. In the centre, and exactly opposite to the palace, is erected a very imposing sort of garden summer-house, called La Gloriette, three hundred feet long and sixty high. It is approached by an almost monstrous flight of steps from each side, decorated by colossal trophies, and consists of a fine arcade, with a magnificent saloon in the middle; from the windows of which, as well as from the elegant arches on each side of it, is seen an extremely fine view of Vienna, with its background of mountains. It would make an admirable panorama.

I know not if this building has ever been used for the purpose of giving summer fêtes, but no place could be better adapted for such a purpose. The roof of the whole edifice, saloon, arcades, and all, forms a terrace which of course embraces a view more widely extended still than that below: a stout garde-fou surrounds it, and benches are placed at intervals along the whole extent, so that it forms as delightful a promenade as it is possible to have

without shade. I should like to take a midsummer walk there by moonlight.

From the Gloriette we wandered up and down, in and out, through and over an infinite variety of hills and dales, and at last found ourselves in front of an enclosure set apart as the residence of a fine collection of birds, chiefly the more delicate species of game fowl and domestic poultry. That most lovely variety, the silver pheasant, is in great abundance and perfection here. They crowded by dozens to the lofty wire net-work which encloses them, in order to receive the bread abundantly bestowed by all their visiters.

Wandering on a little farther, we came upon a ménagerie of truly imperial dimensions, giving more space and comfort to its exotic prisoners than either those of France or England. The lion, however, looked sulky, and was evidently out of spirits; but his royal lady is a comely creature, and appeared to have a truly feminine pleasure in showing herself off; she received too the caresses of her keeper with a gentleness extremely amiable. The elephant is small, but shows her paces well from the ample space allowed her; and as for the dromedaries and camels, I think they must be much better off at Schönbrunn than in their native deserts. Our chief amusement, however, from this part of the expedition, was derived from contemplating—as we did for very nearly an hour—the unrivalled grace and activity of sundry bears. Their dwellings, of which

there are two, each in a separate enclosure, are built near a large walled pit or pond, filled quite to the edge with water, to which a paved path leads; and in the centre of this pond is a strange-shaped wooden construction, placed there apparently solely for the amusement of these shaggy people. The family we found most attractive consisted of a father, mother, and son, all seemingly in high health; but the two seniors were sufficiently passed the hey-day of their youth to have lost in a great degree that sportive spirit for the exercise of which their abode had been so considerately prepared. Their brawny son, however, appeared inspired with the very soul of fun and gamesomeness. Never did a living lump throw itself into attitudes of such comic awkwardness; and when the spectators skilfully aimed a cake, so as to make it drop at pretty equal distance from the snouts of all the three, the boundings, the rearings, the pawings, and the roar of the family trio produced an ecstasy in the by-standers which made the welkin ring. But in all these struggles the venerable head of the house invariably bore away the victory and the cake. There was one moment at which the domestic dissension took a very painful shape, showing us very plainly what the true and genuine hug of a bear might be. The bear-consort had very nearly succeeded in getting possession of the dainty morsel, the desire for which so fired the blood of the whole family; indeed, it was fairly grappled between her fore paws, and her eager jaw

had all but clutched it, when her lord and master sprung upon her, and, throwing round her what looked very like his arms, pressed her to his shaggy breast with a vehemence that made her roar in such a sort, that nearly every female in the circle of spectators roared too for sympathy. It was long after she was released from this conjugal embrace before her moanings ceased; and there was at last a sort of plaintive cadence in them that sounded much like "How could you serve me so? . . . me! your poor faithful wife! . . . ."

When we could find resolution to tear ourselves from these fascinating bears, we returned through a noble alley to the lawn, and concluded our promenade by taking a general view of its wide-spreading extent of trimness.

I will not say much of the fountains, the statues, the obelisks, and the ruins, which, according to the laws of all such gardening, abound in the imperial grounds of Schönbrunn. They are not so splendid as those of Versailles, yet they are very good in their way. The fountains, or at least their gigantic reservoirs, have however one peculiarity; they contain more gold and silver fish—ay, ten times told,—than all I have seen in ponds, pits, bowls, and vases, during the whole course of my life.

LETTER XXVIII.

Conversation with a Native of Vienna.

Vienna, 13th October.

ANOTHER new acquaintance has just left me. I had only seen him once before; but we have been conversing very freely, ay, and on politics too, even in the midst of Vienna.

His first question of course was—"What do you think of Vienna?" to which I answered, with very cordial sincerity, that I thought its general appearance and position beautiful, but that, as yet, I could judge of nothing farther.

"I believe," said he, "that you will find you have much to learn about us. It is not long since I passed a month in London; and splendid as your great metropolis is, and numerous as are the objects of interest for a stranger there, I assure you, I found as much, or more amusement, from collecting English opinions respecting Austria, as from any other source whatever."

"Did you find them very erroneous?" said I. He smiled. "I would rather let you learn to answer that question yourself," he said, "as you will very

soon be able to do . . . . You cannot fail to know the opinion of your own people respecting us; for it is not one of those vague notions, which may be met in one quarter, and utterly unheard of in another. You must be aware that our Emperor and his government are looked upon as a very abstract and type of tyrants and tyranny, and that the people of his empire are considered as slaves, groaning under worse than Egyptian bondage. Tell me — Is not this so?"

"I certainly think," I replied, "that there are many who entertain very nearly the opinions you describe."

"Many?" . . . he reiterated: "all — all at least who make a noise about their opinions. There may be a few quiet people who keep their thoughts to themselves, and say nothing; who may, perhaps, be better informed; and, upon my word, I think they are very right. I doubt if it would be safe just now in England for any one to say that Austria, of all the countries of the world, is that in which the government is the mildest, the people the most affectionately cared for, and injustice of every kind the least known. . . How do you think such a statement as this would be received by any score of Englishmen that should be taken by chance, without any selection at all?"

"I do not believe it would be credited; though I cannot agree with you in thinking that there would be any danger in making it," I replied.

"Danger of being hung upon a lamp-post? . . . . Perhaps not, if the place for the experiment were well chosen; but in Ireland . . . . . in any part of the O'Connel country, I should think it very rash."

I was somewhat surprised at the tone and manner in which he gave this opinion. Though there might be a little exaggeration in his views, it was clear that he was far from being ignorant of the feelings nurtured and expressed by the agitator and his followers; and I ventured to ask him how it had happened that one of his country, and professing the principles and opinions which he avowed, should have introduced himself among persons so little likely to be agreeable to him in any way.

"I only introduced myself to your radical newspapers," he replied. "I read your language with facility; and such is the state of your periodical press at the present time, that there is no means by which a stranger can become acquainted with the very extraordinary state of your country at once so easily and effectually as by studying it."

"I think you are wrong there," said I. "So far from thinking that the radical press can convey a just idea of the state of our country, the more temperate-minded and reasonable among us would as soon think of giving credence to the rant of a mountebank, or the puffs of a dealer in gin, as to any statements on any subject poured out by that diseased organ."

"It may be so . . . . and the more you may have

left in this same state of mind, the greater the chance which poor England has of again rearing her front among the civilized nations of the earth," he replied. "But in speaking of your periodical press as a criterion by which a foreigner may judge the state of your country, I do not allude to the information to be obtained thence concerning matters of fact, but solely to the most important fact of all —its own existence. The unchecked licentiousness with which it is permitted to pour into the hearts and souls of the British people every sentiment the most subversive of the duties of a citizen, together with all doctrines the most corrosive to religion and morality, and, in a word, every species of moral poison most likely to corrupt and destroy all that a wise and virtuous ruler would endeavour to cherish, is a phenomenon which is at present the most remarkable in England."

There was too much of painful truth in these words, for them to be heard with the light indifference of common morning-visit talk. That the conversation might not drop however, I rallied, and asked my visiter if there were not even at Vienna some liberal spirits, as they call themselves, who deprecated the censorship, and prayed the gods for power to publish all they chose to write.

"There certainly are some such," he replied, "but far from being dangerous; these aspirants for a free press are chiefly to be found among the most harmless though not the very wisest people in the world.

Our young poets and metaphysicians dream of new systems, and persuade themselves that, had they licence to publish all they write, they should raise their fellow-creatures several degrees higher towards the angelic nature. But it is hardly fair to call these fanciful boys *Liberals*. There are many among them who, spite of a little youthful enthusiasm, are as lofty-minded and pure-hearted Absolutists as any among us."

I could not help smiling at his last phrase; not, perhaps, from anything really absurd in it, but from the variety it offered to forms of speech more familiar to me.

"You smile?" he said; "perhaps it is the first time you ever heard Absolutism joined with an epithet that was not abusive?"

"Not quite that," I replied: "nevertheless, your expressions certainly sounded new to me."

"We are doubtless apt to speak and to feel respecting the system to which we have for ages owed our well-being, with more reverence and affection than can reasonably be expected from others," said he. "But the real difference between a Liberal and an Absolutist may be fairly stated, without any nationality, thus:—The *Liberal*, as the term correctly enough signifies, desires unrestrained power to please himself in religion, morals, politics, and literature, without reference to the wisdom or the will, either of God or man. All that restrains him in either is just so much tyrannical interference with his natural

and individual rights. The *Absolutist,* on the other hand, expects and demands from those at the head of the social compact of which he makes a part, that they should sustain that social compact by the power it has itself given—stand firm to their posts—keep constant watch over the safety and happiness of the people—protect them from violence and tumult of every kind—and prevent the evil-minded from making the simple-minded their victims, by pouring upon them corruption in the form of instruction. This is what the Absolutist demands in return for the dignity of place and station accorded to those who rule. The subjects of an Absolutism like that of Austria are much more *exigeants* than those of your constitutional monarchies, for we all look to our Emperor for a guarantee against mischief and danger of all sorts; while all that you constitutional folks ask of your Kings is, that when they have been placed on high they would just please to sit still, and be told that they are of no use or consequence whatever. You ask for no solicitude on his part, no protection against all that faction, blasphemy, and obscenity can do against you, your wives and children; nor do you expect or wish for that species of parental care which makes the welfare of every family in the land an object of interest to the sovereign.—No!—All that the subjects of a constitutional monarch ask, is permission to utter periodical expressions of contempt to him and his office. This privilege is, in the opinion of your countrymen, the very essence of

freedom ; and to obtain it they are willing to sacrifice good sense, good taste, and good order. It must, I am sure, astonish you greatly to hear the expressions of filial love and affection, so fervently uttered here, for our sovereigns. Perhaps," he added, laughing, " you may fancy that we call down blessings at the point of the bayonet, and utter *vivats* with a bowstring at our throats ? . . . . . Let me advise you to use all the opportunities you can find or make, for discovering the real feelings of the people of this country towards their Emperors, and towards their government. Listen for them in every class, and from every rank, and you will find the sentiment of attachment to the power that preserves them in their happy state of national prosperity and domestic quiet, is as genuine . . . . . and it is as natural too, as that which happy children feel for their parents."

I have not broken the discourse of my new acquaintance with all the ' said he's ' and ' said I's ' which occurred in it, both for the sake of brevity, and because my part of the conversation was not of much importance. But this I will venture to add from myself, that if ever a man spoke with unaffected sincerity, it was my visiter of this morning.

LETTER XXIX.

Country Excursions.—Spinnerinn am Kreutz.—Waggons.—Mödling.—Knights Templars.—Domain of the Prince of Liechtenstein.—The Cradle of Austria.—Briel.—Multitudes of Castles.—Schloss Liechtenstein.—Lachsenburg Gardens.—The Ritterbourg.—Baden.—Valley of Ste. Helena.—Heiligen Kreutz.—Sittendorf.—Beautiful Woodland Walk.—Wildock.—Johannistein.

Vienna, 18th October.

THE continued fine weather, united to the earnest recommendations of several friendly new acquaintance, who seem really desirous that we should not repent the thousand miles of travel it has cost us to reach them, led us last week again to leave Vienna for a day or two, that we might see some of the scenery round it before the trees have lost their clothing.

Of all the cities I know, Vienna is the best supplied with objects of interest within an easy distance of her walls. Paris has her Versailles, St. Germain's, etcetera; London, her Richmond and Greenwich; Brussels, her Waterloo; and Munich, her plain, over which a man may gallop without drawing rein till

both horse and rider sink together from weariness. But all these seem almost part and parcel of the cities to which they make an appendix, and derive their chief interest from being so. But at Vienna it is quite otherwise. At the distance of an hour and half from the walls — and in some directions still less —you reach a country which, if you came upon it even in the Tyrol, would arrest your steps, both for its wildness and its beauty. The country round Vienna is to Austria what an overture is to an opera; and those metropolitans who travel not to a distance may, by examining it, form a pretty fair notion of what the country at large contains. Within half a day's journey from Vienna are to be found rocks, ruins, mountains, valleys, glaciers, forests, narrow gorges, and fearful precipices: all somewhat in miniature when compared to the Tyrol and the Salzbourg; but all sketched by the same glorious hand, and as full of vigour and effect as if the canvass were ten times larger.

We left Vienna on Saturday last, early enough to watch a brilliant sunrise as we mounted the hill to the Spinnerinn am Kreutz; a curious old piece of stone-work, by the by, the name of which seems to set all the antiquaries at fault: rendered literally into English, it means the "spinning-woman at the cross;" but why such a name should be given to it, nobody knows. We are told that this point is thought to command the best view of the city, but I prefer that from the Gloriette at Schönbrunn.

Drawn and Etched by A. Hervieu.

CAMP OF BOHEMIAN CARTERS DURING THE VIENNA FAIR

London Published by Richard Bentley, 1833

The fine road on which this cross stands, itself offers a very interesting spectacle. It is the high road to Styria; and long trains of enormous waggons thatched over like so many corn-ricks, and each drawn by eight powerful horses, almost filled the road. These were bringing from Triest many of those articles of foreign luxury and ornament displayed in such abundance in the shops of Vienna. Other heavy wains, drawn by teams of the majestic white Hungarian oxen, were bringing stone for building, and various other weighty commodities from Hungary. These last were driven by a race of men, the most picturesque in the wild and savage-looking line, that you can imagine. Their dress is made wholly of sheep-skins, with the wool on; and in many the collars and seams are ornamented with a sort of savage embroidery, wonderfully like what I have seen on the dresses of North-American Indians.

We reached the pretty town of Mödling about eight, and breakfasted as those only can breakfast who have watched an autumn sunrise three hours before they begin. This needful business performed, we entered the venerable church which once made part of a building occupied by a society of Knights Templars; and afterwards descended into the crypt, where it is said that forty knights, who had taken refuge there from the hatred of the neighbouring rustics, were most barbarously butchered in the space of one hour, at the time when the sudden

abolition of the order left them powerless and unprotected. Having mused and moralized awhile in this dismal subterranean chamber, we left it gladly for the pleasant hill-side that rises behind it, and up whose steep acclivity, which makes part of the princely domain of Liechtenstein, walks have been carefully cut, so as to render the ascent easy to the daintiest little foot in Vienna. On the summit is a seeming ancient tower, built by the late prince, both as an object from various points of his extensive grounds, and also as a pleasant shelter from which may be viewed the narrow valley, or rather, the rocky pass of Briel. This morsel of scenery, small as it is, forms a picture quite perfect in its kind. The rocks which form the sides of this singular pass are of peculiar beauty both as to form and colour; and the scanty foliage that here and there starts from their fissures, is at this season of a golden tint, that gives indescribable richness to the colouring.

On the opposite side of this glen of crags stands the cradle of Austria, — the ancient castle of Mödling, formerly the residence of the Margraves of Austria, forming, together with the rocks and woods that surround it, just such an object as was necessary to complete the beauty and historic interest of this lovely landscape. Along the bottom of the gorge runs a narrow but excellent road, leading to other parts of the magnificent domain of Prince Liechtenstein; and beside it are scattered a multitude

of pretty cottage-like residences, much frequented by summer visiters from Vienna.

While the usual sketching party established themselves on the point of a rock that commanded a good view of Schloss Mödling, and all its beautiful appendages, T— and I wandered away through the woods to the castle of Liechtenstein. The paths which lead to it are so cut as to take you along the side of a hill that commands an immense extent of open country towards Presburg.

As we approached the modern villa-like residence, and the remains of the old stronghold which rise from a steep rock at no great distance from it, we were astonished, and in truth altogether puzzled, to see at different but not distant points of the surrounding country not less than four or five ruined castles, adding greatly to the beauty of the landscape, which without them would have had no marked features; but, nevertheless, so strangely near together as to defy all conjecture as to why and how so many bold barons of the middle ages could assemble themselves in such close neighbourhood, when it was notorious to all the world that they were personages to whom elbow-room was essentially necessary for a hundred excellent reasons.

At length our fruitless speculations were set at rest by our meeting a sportsman, who informed us that all these stately edifices had been constructed by the late prince merely as ornaments to his estate. They must have been built at great cost, for they

are spacious, and some of them admirably well-designed. No mimicry was ever practised with better effect: with the exception of one, in which a circular arcade on a bleak corner of the Wienwold has somewhat too much of a *colifichet* air for its stern position, I should say they were excellently true to nature, or rather to natural decay,—with no exaggeration whatever, either of beauty or deformity.

Having satisfied ourselves respecting this multiplication of baronial strength, we proceeded to the genuine old castle, and a very interesting relic it is. It stands, like most of its contemporaries, on a solitary mass of rock, which, with much taste and good effect, has been made part of the pleasure-grounds immediately surrounding the new residence. The greatest care appears to have been taken to brace together these venerable stones, which, with the skilful watching they are sure to get, may probably remain standing for ages yet to come. One or two of the chambers have been preserved or restored sufficiently to afford safe shelter to some curious old family portraits, which are in excellent keeping with the time-worn walls on which they hang; and there are probably few feudal remains of equal antiquity, so capable of giving a just idea of the days that are gone.

Our next stage was to the imperial gardens of Lachsenburg. On arriving there, we found that no tickets or other formalities were necessary to admit

us; and therefore, accepting the services of a guide, who presented himself as we stepped from the carriage, we immediately entered these most beautiful and magnificent pleasure-grounds.

There is no clipping of trees here, no fountains, no statues; but just such a skilful mixture of lawn, lake, and woodland, as the landscape-gardeners of England have taught us to prefer to every other species of decoration. Towards the centre of this very Eden-like garden is an extremely splendid—toy, I think it must be called, constructed by the late Emperor. It is impossible to conceive any thing, formed as this must have been solely as a pastime, that could show a more regal feeling and fancy than this princely Ritterbourg — or, Knight's Castle. This building has been constructed, like that belonging to one of the princes of Prussia on the Rhine, in critically close imitation of a noble knight's castle in the middle ages; but this is on a much larger scale. Though not so habitable in its internal arrangement, it is altogether greatly more splendid. We crossed a moat to reach it, so large as to form a handsome piece of water, in a little ferry-boat worked across with ropes; and entered the court-yard, where we found servants to conduct us through the rooms. I looked about this handsome court to see if, as in the castle of the Prussian prince, there were any of those fierce and stately hounds which the knights of old cherished so fondly. I could not, however, discover any. It

would, I think, be a pretty addition to such a place as this, if the court-yard were fitted up both for hawks and hounds.

The hall is filled with a variety of warlike implements of the middle ages, many of them rendered venerable by having belonged to heroes who have long slept in dust; amongst these is the saddle of the first Maximilian, and the hunting-shield of Charles the Fifth. There were, moreover, various turbans and military accoutrements taken during one of the visits made by the warriors of Constantinople to the warriors of Vienna. We next entered a pretty circular hall, round which were ranged fifteen white marble statues, purporting to be the portraits of fifteen emperors of the house of Austria, beginning with the famous Rudolph of Hapsburg. Two vacant pedestals are waiting for the as yet unfinished effigies of Charles the Sixth, and his immortal daughter, Maria Theresa.

It is quite impossible to specify all the various rooms we walked through; they were numerous, and all replete with interest; and it would be more difficult still to record all the rich and curious objects they contain. Perhaps, the panelled ceilings of these rooms are as well worth remark as any of the multitude of rare treasures contained in them. These are very various in form and device, but all of them surprisingly elaborate, and formed of the finest woods known in Europe at the time they were

made. All of these—I believe without exception—were taken from the rich convents that had been recently suppressed when the Ritterbourg was built. One or two enormous and splendidly ornamented earthen stoves came from the castle of Salzbourg, which, though still existing, and retaining some vestiges of its former importance, has no longer need of all the pompous decorations which belonged to it when a sovereign prince-archbishop made his residence there. There was one precious article of furniture that I would willingly have examined more accurately, namely, a superb cabinet, the panels of which were painted by Giulio Romano.

The walls of one small room are draperied by the faded crimson velvet cloaks worn by the first Knights of the Golden Fleece: they were of extraordinary weight and richness, and their time-stained hue only increased their value as a decoration in the dark-panelled chamber where they are placed.

That nothing might be wanting to give strength and truth to this model of feudal times, the Ritterbourg is furnished with a subterranean torture-chamber and dungeon. In the latter, lying prone on the last step leading to it, and barbarously loaded with fetters, is an unhappy Knight Templar; the holy cross upon his cloak soiled and torn by miserable contact with the stones of his wretched dwelling. As we drew near to look at him, he suddenly raised his arms as high as his rattling chains would let him.

The delusion was quite perfect,—*almost* as good as the grey-headed monk in the confessional at Heidelburg.

But of all the devices to persuade people that they are living a few hundred years before they were born, the one that pleased my fancy best was a spacious tournament yard, with the lists, entrances, pavillon, all large enough to serve, in case of need, for the sport of some hundreds of noble knights and lovely dames. In short, thanks to Sir Walter Scott, I am able to pronounce that this noble appendage to the Ritterbourg is in all points most learnedly correct.

It is hardly possible that any thing could be more agreeably amusing than the examination of this interesting building ; but, as is generally the case with every thing that greatly excites the attention, the fatigue was in proportion to it. The light was beginning to fade fast as we left the gardens ; and it is to be hoped that the road from Lachsenburg to Baden is not one of great beauty, for what with the deficiency of light, and the general inclination of the party to go to sleep, I do not believe there is one of us who could say whether this said road went up hill or down hill, through forests or over plains. All we do know is, that we reached a very comfortable inn at Baden about eight o'clock, and then thankfully took an early supper, and an early bed.

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The next day was devoted to Baden, to whose warm baths and lovely scenery the Viennois, both sick and well, resort by thousands, from the earliest month of summer to the latest of autumn.

We had been told so much of the surpassing beauty of the country round Baden, that we were anxious to despatch as quickly as possible such an examination of the town itself as its celebrity called for. Accordingly we started before breakfast, and having taken a turn round the park, as the little thickly-planted promenade is called, and looked at a few of the principal buildings, none of which are very remarkable, we concluded our researches by paying a visit to the chief source of the highly mineral and very warm waters.

We entered a narrow subterraneous passage, about forty paces long, arched with venerable-looking brickwork, which may not improbably be Roman, as the spring was well known to that warm-bath-loving people by the name of Aquæ Cetiæ. This passage led us to the spot where the water bursts forth, and is received in a sort of pit, which sends up such a steam that it is difficult to breathe in it, or to see across it.

Almost close beside the entrance to this hot and sulphurous passage is a small stone basin, into which the spring drips. This little reservoir was about half-full; and here, enjoying the luxury of a warm bath, we perceived a frog, almost the last animal I should have expected to find dabbling in water that

was neither cool nor sweet. Both its form and colour were unusual, being something between a toad and a frog; but whether the little animal were really of somewhat a different species, or only pale and queer-looking from delicate health, which he was endeavouring to improve by a course of warm bathing, I am not naturalist enough to determine.

After breakfast we set out to walk to the celebrated valley of Ste. Helena. Baden is situated immediately at the mouth of this valley, where, after winding among the hills of the Wiener-Wald, it opens into the flat country which reaches from this point to Vienna.

Nature seems to have intended that this lovely spot should have been one of those in which wildness is a beauty, and rudeness a grace. The valley of Ste. Helena is hardly more than a narrow pass between two steep and rocky mountains, through which runs the little river Schwaechant. I can hardly call this stream beautiful, for it is so shallow, at least at the present season, as in many places to leave its broad winter bed nearly dry. Nevertheless, even its rocky channel adds greatly to the pretty wildness of the scene. It may be crossed, and recrossed, and crossed again, by sundry picturesque bridges, as agreeable to the eyes of the bathing multitude, as convenient to their rambling feet. But in days of yore it was not the fashion to study thus the convenience and pleasure of such strangers as sought to penetrate into the dark recesses of this obscure val-

ley; for its entrance from the plain was guarded by two castles, whose crumbling walls still rear themselves on the rocky summits of the hills on either side of it. The names of these neighbour fortresses, which even yet seem to frown upon each other across the gorge, is Rauhenech and Rauhenstein; both being exactly in that stage of decay in which a building that has no architectural beauty to lose by the falling of half its masonry, appears to the greatest advantage. They are both deeply bedded, though not concealed, among the rich woods that surround them, and contribute in no small degree to the justly celebrated beauty of the Helena Thal.

Having examined and admired the elegant villa of the Archduke Charles, which is situated at the entrance of the valley, we mounted the hill on which stands Schloss Rauhenech. Towards the top, the ascent is very steep; but we were paid for it by a lovely view up the valley, and a very magnificent one over Baden, and across the plain towards Vienna. The finest relic of the castle is its keep, which, as usual, is built on, and into, a jutting morsel of the rock; its form is triangular, and the walls of great thickness. It has been fitted with stairs inside for the gratification of those who think the view from the little platform beside it not sufficiently extensive. We mounted at the earnest recommendation of the solitary old man who keeps the key of the tower, and also a book containing the names of all the climbers who had paid him a visit. His Royal High-

ness the Duke of Cambridge was among these, being the only English name inscribed there—except that of a Dr. Morris.

Having descended the dry and slippery paths of the hill, with a rapidity in exact proportion to the slowness with which we dragged up it, we crossed the river, and amused ourselves very agreeably on the other side of it. The rocks are here very capricious in form, and frequently isolated, so as to furnish excellent opportunity for the fabrication of such bowers and terraces as watering-place loungers delight in. On our return to Baden we met a large party of very elegant-looking ruralizers, some on donkeys, some on ponies, and some on foot, who addressed themselves to the steep and difficult path leading to Schloss Rauhenstein. I believe we felt something very like envy as we watched them: but we had already been climbing for many hours, the day was far advanced, and we had not yet dined; so we resisted the inclination to follow them, and took our way back to our hotel, which we did not reach till we were sufficiently tired to be cured of all regrets for not having wandered farther.

The next day we set off about as soon as it was light for Heiligen Kreutz, the road to which led through the whole of the Helena Thal, and is as pretty a drive as can well be imagined. The Dorf called Heiligen Kreutz has little to show besides its extensive monastery, its gardens, and its calvary. Having left these, we left the valley too, passing

over a high hill which brought us to Gaden ; and from thence a little field-track, all but impassable for the carriage, conducted us along the margin of a nameless stream to Sittendorf, where we breakfasted.

Our next object was to get to the ruined castle of Johannistein, of which we had heard not only as a beautiful ruin, but as being situated in one of the finest spots of Prince Liechtenstein's magnificent domain. It seemed, however, no very easy matter to get there. The carriage, we were assured, could not go by the road that would best please our exploring propensities, and we therefore determined at last to brave the fatigue of a long sunny walk, and traverse on foot the wildest paths of the noble chase in which Johannistein is situated. So the carriage was sent on to Sparback, and in exchange for it we were furnished with a young guide, who engaged to show us every thing we wished to see.

The sunshine was of the best German quality, unadulterated by a single cloud, and the path we had to tread was both steep and rough ; yet was it impossible not to rejoice at our freedom, for the scenery was of a kind that must have rendered any conveyance, except our own feet, or those of a horse, a sore impediment to the enjoyment of it.

Our first halt, after we commenced our ramble, was at the castle of Wildock, indicated on the map as a ruin ; but being in fact a very curious old mansion, not ruinous, though nearly deserted. It is, in-

deed, exactly in the condition in which an ancient dwelling produces the strongest effect upon the imagination; sufficiently preserved to show exactly what it has been, yet too advanced towards decay to make it suspected that any renovating hand has violated the sanctity of its antiquity.

This Schloss Wildock is the property of the holy brotherhood of Heiligen Kreutz, who have very nearly dismantled the rooms. There still remain, however, a considerable number of old portraits, the frames of which are so richly carved, that they would be a mine of wealth to the vendors of rococo splendour on the Quai Voltaire. This curious old mansion is left in the custody of a peasant and his family, under whose guidance we walked through the long suites of deserted rooms, which reminded me strongly of Mrs. Radcliffe and her Udolpho. The situation of this chateau is the very perfection of sylvan seclusion,—and yet it is within a few hours' drive of Vienna.

From Wildock we walked through the woods to Johannistein, which is decidedly the most picturesque ruin we have seen. The country around it is a perfect beau ideal of a chase, and these tangled thickets are still the abode of a fine breed of wild-boars. We passed two or three delightful hours in wandering about the fairy-like little valley that nestles under the bold rock on which the ruin stands; and then, tired enough, we sought Sparback and the carriage,

which happily proved to be much nearer to us than we expected.

The Tyrol itself can hardly show any thing more beautiful, though the scale is larger, than some points of the road which we now pursued through the valley of Briel to Mödling: from this latter place to Vienna, as I have already told you, the distance is that of an easy drive before breakfast; and the vicinity to such scenes must give a charm to the capital during the summer, which no other that I am acquainted with can boast. We reached our home in the Hohen Markt about eight.

LETTER XXX.

Principal Buildings of Vienna.—Court end of the Town.—Public Edifices. — Palaces of the Nobility. — The Stock im Eisen. — Elegant Society. — Distinctions difficult of comprehension to Strangers.

Vienna, 25th October 1836.

BEFORE the business of winter engagements begins, we are employing ourselves in making acquaintance with all the principal edifices of the city. These are more interesting, I think, than magnificent; at least when taken in comparison with some of the fine structures of Paris, the brilliant new creations of Munich, or many of the splendid buildings of London. Were all the finest masonry of Vienna, however, spread out into as ample a space, as architects have allotted to those of less crowded cities, the result of the comparison might, perhaps, be very different.

The *Chancellerie* of the Empire has been spoken of as one of the finest buildings in Germany; and though several in Bavaria, such as the Pinakothec,

Glyptothek, and the marvellous Valhalla, must now be allowed to surpass it, there is certainly much dignity in the front that stretches along the whole side of the Bourg Platz, which is opposite to the imperial palace. It was built by the celebrated Fisher d'Erlach, whose name appears to be in high estimation here, in the year 1728. It was originally used as the Chancellerie of the Germanic empire, but at present its numerous apartments are appropriated to the use of different members of the imperial family.

The arms of the Emperor Charles the Sixth surmount the centre of the edifice, and the whole façade is uniform and noble; but the finest portion of it consists of two lofty archways, one at each extremity of the building, under both of which passes a public carriage-road. These majestic arches are decorated by enormous colossal groups by Mathieti, representing, I believe, sundry of the labours of Hercules; and they are assuredly, though perhaps too ponderous, exceedingly magnificent.

The palace built by the wealthy and splendid-spirited Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen on one of the bastions, and now the residence of his illustrious heir the warrior Archduke Charles, is a very princely abode, and continues the fine line of imperial edifices, beginning with the Chancellerie de l'Etat, now the residence of Prince Metternich, to a great extent.

This side of the town, with its spacious *entourage*

of gardens, the noble section of the Vorstadt that bends round it, and the charming back-ground of the towering Kalenberg, is truly superb ; and though its various edifices must yield in architectural dignity to many others, I know of no combination of equal beauty as a city view, when taken as a whole.

The Chancellerie of Bohemia and Austria, and that of Hungary and Transylvania, are very noble buildings ; but the necessary economy of space in a city where every foot of ground is so precious, prevents their rich decorations from being displayed to the eye as advantageously as they would be elsewhere.

The University is handsome, though plain ; but here again the streets are so closely packed together, that I have no doubt many a stranger must have come and gone without ever knowing that it existed ; unless, indeed, his attention happened to be called to the subject by his wish to know where the numerous groups of young men whom every one must daily meet on the ramparts, distinguished from all the world by their flowing academic robes, could be lodged.

The Chancellerie de Guerre in the Hof Platz, and the Monnaie Impériale, are both handsome buildings; the first was formerly inhabited by the sovereigns of Austria, and the last by Prince Eugene of Savoy. The venerable Hôtel des Etats de la Basse Autriche is well worth examination from its high antiquity,

and picturesque gothic construction. The Bank is a handsome modern building, completed, I believe, within the last twenty years.

As to the palaces of the haute noblesse that have been already pointed out to us, it is impossible to give any fair account of them; though, were they spread out to the eye as such magnificent dwellings would be elsewhere, I doubt not they would make a splendid figure in description. But even as it is, however, it is impossible not to pause when one sees the coronet of a prince or a count surmounting the arms of the Liechtensteins, Schwarzenbergs, Lobkowitz, Starhembergs, Harrachs, Esterhazys, Bathianys, Kinskys, Schoenborns, Anersbergs, Palfys, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, both to look at their massive though half-hidden stateliness, stretching back far beyond any glance to be taken from the street, and to refresh one's Austrian lore by recalling the mighty deeds connected with many of their names.

But what is much more remarkable to a stranger than any outward splendour in the numerous and closely-wedged mansions of the noblesse, is the incredible multitude of handsome residences that are to be found under one roof in Vienna.

The Burgerspital is one of these,—so called, I believe, from having been once really a hospital; but, within the last twenty-five years, it has been converted into a most astonishing collection of handsome

dwellings. It contains, as I am told, ten distinct internal courts, and twenty staircases; is fitted up in many parts with great elegance, contains two hundred inhabitants, and produces an annual rent of a hundred and seventy thousand florins, which, if I mistake not, is about eight thousand five hundred pounds sterling.

Another of these monstrous habitations is the Trattnerhaus, situated on the Graben, the original ditch of the original town; but now one of the most centrical as well as fashionable situations in Vienna. This produces a rent of above four thousand pounds sterling a-year. These buildings, as well as many others in the city, cannot be judged as to their extent or value by what they have to show above ground, several going three or four stories deep into the bowels of the earth; which part of the building, though not adding to the outward and visible beauty of the city in one way, certainly contributes greatly to it in another, by keeping hid much that it is not agreeable to see. To this subterranean arrangement must certainly be attributed the remarkable absence of all unsightly commercial remembrancers of how the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe are made to wait upon the will of all who demand them; for bales, boxes, puncheons, tubs, and all the innumerable accumulations of unsightly preparations for elegance which one is sure to see some time or other elsewhere, are here hid, as I presume, fa-

thoms deep beneath the pavement, for little or nothing of the kind meets the eye above it.

One house, however, on the Hof, demonstrates the value of ground-rent at Vienna, without plunging into these dark profundities, for it mounts towards the heavens to the marvellous elevation of eight stories: five, and even six, are very common; but eight is, I believe, the ne-plus-ultra of the Babylonish efforts to penetrate the clouds.

In case you should ever find yourself in a handsome open platz in Vienna, called the *Stock im Eisen*, and feel as much puzzled as I have done concerning its queer name, and so much more puzzled still when the object which gave it its name is obligingly pointed out to you, I will tell you freely what I did not learn without considerable difficulty and much persevering inquiry.

This Stock im Eisen Platz is very near the cathedral of St. Stephen's, which was built outside the original walls of Vienna; and a part of the neighbouring forest reached to the place where it stands. The trees of the forest disappeared by degrees; but one was left, for it was consecrated to the safe arrival of every artisan who reached the city. Each one as he arrived drove a long nail, in modern phrase *a tenpenny*, into the venerable trunk, in proof that he was come, and come in a condition to use his good right-hand. In process of time this driving a nail into the Stock im Eisen became indeed a feat of

strength, — no less so, in fact, than forcing it by main strength into a block of iron, for such it had become.

As the forest retreated, the city advanced; even the fortifications of the old town were thrust onward; and its beautiful cathedral, instead of being on the outside of the city, became its centre . . . . . but still the Stock im Eisen remained; and so it does still, a close and firm congeries of many million nails. Yet it has not quite lost the outline that the trunk showed while still a tree; and the shorn branches seem to have left here and there an inequality not greatly unlike a stump, to show that it was thence they were cut.

This singular relic is now fastened by iron bands to a house in the space called "Stock im Eisen Platz," and secured by three iron locks, the keys of which, it is said, are strictly guarded by his infernal majesty himself; which keys none shall ever find who are not sinful enough to hazard their souls' eternal welfare in the quest. And in truth this black, shapeless, mysterious-looking mass seems most carefully preserved, and now stands close beside the gay windows of a fashionable jeweller's shop, frowning in strange contrast to all the pretty novelties it contains; and has, beyond all doubt, remained for ages as sacred and untouched as if, indeed, some terrible danger would have been the result of displacing it.

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We begin to hear of the arrival of several of those who constitute the society *par excellence* of Vienna, and live in hope that fate or fortune will somehow or other bring us within reach of them. Meanwhile we are making acquaintance with many who, from their polished manners and handsome style of living, would in other countries certainly be presumed to belong to the class so distinguished; but they have a way of their own here in such matters which doubtless has not been adopted without good reason, but which nevertheless has something in it that is puzzling to a stranger.

As an example of this species of perplexity, I may mention that I have rarely seen a woman whose person, mind, and manners more completely answered to the idea suggested by the term *elegant,* than a certain Baronne P—, with whom we have recently become acquainted; and who is, moreover, a person of very large fortune, and living in excellent style. She is already a grandmother, but might doubtless say, like one of Moliere's heroines, "quand je me suis mariée, je jouais encore de ma poupée;" for though the bloom has passed from her cheek, she has not lost a single charm besides. Her delicate form is still as graceful as youth itself could make it, and her fine eyes retain an expression of sweetness and intelligence that I shall long remember with delight. In manner she seems to combine exactly what is most charming in French and Eng-

lish women; and, if we may take her as a specimen of Austrian ladies, I really think we must acknowledge that they are made up

"Of every *nation's* best."

She speaks French and English with exactly the same facility as her own language; and I have not yet heard any work in either of the three canvassed in her presence, without perceiving that she was critically well acquainted with it . . . . . Yet a friend, who is as good as a chorus for me here, and who kindly takes all the care he can that I shall clearly understand every thing I see and hear, assures me that this elegant and accomplished woman, despite her title and her fortune, is one . . . . not of the exclusives, as one might easily have believed possible, but of the excluded; although, in addition to all the claims upon society that I have already mentioned, she is universally spoken of as pre-eminent for her excellent and amiable qualities in every way.

Is not this a mystery? . . . . . To me, I confess, it is so completely such, that I must wait for its explanation from the fulness of my own experience; for nothing I have yet heard has enabled me at all to comprehend it. If light breaks in upon me, I will endeavour to impart it to you; but all my preconceived notions on the subject of patricians and plebeians are at fault, from the fact, that the lady in question bears a coronet on her carriage as decidedly as a prince of the empire.

While waiting, however, for an increase of knowledge on such subjects, we are exceedingly well pleased to expatiate in the porch of the temple of fashion, till the season arrives when its gates shall be opened, devoutly hoping that our pilgrim feet may not be refused admittance within them. But as yet I think we feel much as persons must do who come from far to see a great representation, while waiting for the curtain to draw up.

LETTER XXXI.

Departure of Summer.—Snow.—Sawing Wood.—Opera.—Disappointment.—Mademoiselle Löwe.—Strauss and Lanner.—John Cranmer.—Monody to Malibran.—Jew's Synagogue.—Madame Rettich in Desdemona.—Othello.

30th October 1836.

A VIOLENT change has come over the surface of this mutable world of ours since my last letter. As I look from my windows and see every object mantled in snow, I feel as if I must have dreamed of that sultry excursion to Liechtenstein and Baden which I fancied we had been enjoying just twelve days ago. Our beautiful summer is gone! . . . . It has, however, lasted long and done us excellent service; we must therefore take leave of it with gratitude, not grumbling, and turn our thoughts and our hopes towards a Vienna winter, and what it can do for us in the way of novelty and amusement.

But though the ground is covered with snow, and though we are shivering and shaking with cold if we leave our stoves for a moment, we are still assured that winter, or, more correctly speaking, the

winter season, is not yet begun in Vienna. In truth, as yet we see but few equipages; but the milliners' shops are beginning to put forth bonnets: rich furs speak both of great cold and the best way to meet it; and windows, if not as large, as well filled as those of Regent Street, attract the eye by all sorts and shades of silks, velvets, merinos, and tartans. Another note of preparation is found in the universal saw-saw-sawing that is going on all day, and part of the night too, before every door in the city.

This "every door," however, though an expression very literal and very true, does not, as I have already taken care to tell you, mean quite the same thing as if I spoke of "every door" in London. A dwelling here, as the Trattnerhaus and Burgerspital can testify, does not mean a house, but a set of apartments in a building, that not only in those I have cited, but in all cases except in the hotels of the nobility, is extensive enough to furnish handsome accommodation to half-a-dozen wealthy families at least.

Though this arrangement makes Vienna resemble Paris much more than London, it is nevertheless far from being quite the same thing. The portes-cochères here, in no instance that I have yet seen, can be compared to the elegance of many, and the prettiness of more, with which I am acquainted at Paris, with their oleanders, their statues, and their courts gay with marguerites, or fragrant with mignonette. Neither are the stairs in general so good; but, when

reached, the apartments are, I suspect, from the size and height of the windows, (for as yet I have entered very few,) larger and loftier.

The palaces which have been already pointed out to me as belonging to the haute noblesse are extremely magnificent, and apparently more spacious than the generality of mansions occupied in the same manner either in London or Paris. Their entrances, too, look superb, though not gaily decorated; but the approach to the domiciles of such as share the entrance with their neighbours is far from brilliant. After all, I confess that our own nicely carpeted stairs and passages please me better than any *eingangs* I have seen elsewhere; and the sort of sacred care taken that no annoyances shall come near our dwelling-houses, keeps us very agreeably out of the reach of many minor evils.

In this very business of sawing wood, for instance, we should think ourselves miserably uncomfortable if it, or any other preparation for our winter warmth, came as near our doors, and as inconveniently under our feet, as it does here. There are some few little points in which the delightful, providence-like absolutism of Austria does not show itself as much as might be wished; and this sawing of fire-wood is one of them. At this season every street is turned into a saw-pit; and even in a carriage you are obliged to follow a zig-zag course that you may be neither upset yourself by the logs, nor upset the men and women who ply their skreaking labours on every

side of you. I do not perceive any very good reason why this noisy and troublesome operation should not be performed in the *chantiers,* which are situated very conveniently near, though outside the city.

Our walks on the beautiful ramparts are for the present over, nor have I even courage to persevere in our morning researches after curiosities either of art or nature. The change is so sudden and violent, that all our habits have changed too, as if we had been transported to another country. Instead, therefore, of arranging long sunny morning expeditions, we have been seeking evening recreations from music wherever it was to be found, as well as by repeating our visit to the Bourg theatre.

The only thing that has as yet disappointed me in Vienna is the Opera. It is certain, nevertheless, that the orchestra is admirable, and that the choruses have all the usual perfection of German correctness; but they have not a single voice in any degree capable of sustaining an opera in such a style as one seems to have a right to expect at Vienna.

In this respect, though we are accounted, and justly too, as not being, en masse, a musical people, our ears have been rendered critical, and our judgment severe, by being accustomed to have the very highest order of talent in this line secured to us by the great prices given by the managers of our Italian opera. They cannot, or they will not, give such prices here; and the consequence is, that the vocal part of this most delicious of all recreations is

(excepting in the choruses) decidedly below mediocrity.

This, I confess, is a great vexation to me. My notion of a Vienna opera had something very exalted in it; something in which visions of Mozart, Haydn, and Weber were joined with ideas of execution as national and as perfect as their compositions .... But the reality is otherwise. They tell us, indeed, that this remarkable paucity of vocal talent is not occasioned alone by the overpowering competition of London and Paris, but by a real and universal dearth in the article. They speak of the lost Malibran as of a star which they had hoped to win into their sphere; and as the world at present assuredly holds no other such, unless it be in embryo, there seems to be a pretty general determination to console themselves for their deficiency, by believing that it is inevitable. Yet I cannot but remember that there are such things still extant as the *gosiers* of Pasta, Grisi, La Blache, Rubini, and Tamborini; nor can I forget the effect they produced at a private concert where I met them, save the first and last named, the night before I last left London: and with this remembrance fresh upon me I must be forgiven if, without wishing ill to the rest of the world, I should heartily desire that they were all to be counted at this time among the manifold delights of this elegant capital.

If we have not the throat of a Grisi, we have, however, the feet of one; and prettier feet, or more

exquisitely managed withal, it would be difficult to find. There is a refined delicacy in the appearance and manner of this charming dancer that is quite unique. Perot, as usual, dances with her, and nothing can be better in its way than their performance. The step with which Perot skims over the ground, just touching it from time to time, as a butterfly rests for a moment on a flower, is quite beautiful.

We were considerably scandalized by the much more than ordinary brevity of the draperies of the female part of the corps de ballet. This brevity, however, is from no paltry economy in the article of gauze; for, if deficient in length, they are redundant in breadth, each *danseuse* greatly resembling in her general tournure the beautiful blossom of the fuchsia when fully expanded . . . . . save that, instead of many stamina, she has only two.

The opera-house is not a splendid one: but in Vienna the elevation of a theatre is, as I have told you before, a national affair; and one of the steadfast principles of this steadfast government is to avoid all unnecessary expense. The house was very full; and would be so, I am informed, were it much larger. Every box is taken for the season, and the number is insufficient to supply the demand. The performance begins at seven, and ends rather before ten; thus giving time for the most lengthened dinner party before, and for evening parties after it: an excellent arrangement, which contributes

greatly to make the amusement popular. At the Bourg theatre the hours of performance are the same, and with the same excellent result of obtaining always as many spectators as the house can hold. It is in England only, I believe, that, after building two or three of the most magnificent theatres in the world, we so arrange the hours of performance, and the hours of dining, that whoever ventures to undertake the management of either of them, is pretty sure of being ruined at the end of a year or two.

Another reason of the constant success of the two principal theatres here, as well as of the minor establishments in the Faubourgs, is their never stretching the performances beyond a reasonable length: no tragedy is ever followed by a farce here, no comedy by a melodrama. The taste of the people would not endure such a barbarous mixture, for they give too much genuine feeling to an exhibition to suffer that it should be stifled the moment after.

The Emperor and Empress were in their box at the opera the first night we went there, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Salerno, and the pretty young Archduchess Theresa. Our places commanded a good view of the imperial box. The Emperor is almost diminutive in stature, and has an appearance of feeble health; the Empress is a tall and graceful personage, with a vast deal of simple and tranquil dignity about her. The Arch-

duchess Clementina (now Princess of Salerno) is pale but pleasing in appearance, and with a wonderfully strong resemblance to her sister, Maria Louisa. There certainly never was a race in which family likeness was so uniformly remarkable as in the Habsbourg Austrian line. The portraits of a very remote date have exactly the same peculiarity of physiognomy; and the formation of the mouth in particular is so alike in all, that from generation to generation it may be said of this imperial race, in the phrase of Shakspeare, "They father themselves."

The first opera we attended was Semiramidis; the second, Norma. The singing in the first was so bad as to be positively productive of pain instead of pleasure; and of the second I ought, in strict truth, perhaps, to say the same, were it not that the exquisite acting of Madlle. Löwe, in the part of Norma, almost bribed one to forget the defective quality of her voice. She is, moreover, a very beautiful woman, and throws so much fire and passion into her performance, that it is quite impossible not to admire her, even while feeling that if nature ever intended she should be prima donna in any thing but acting, she has need to acquire much greater skill in the management of her piercing voice than she at present possesses.

It cannot be doubted that the love and the taste for music is thoroughly genuine and inherent in the Austrian character; though their endurance of such singing as they nightly sit to hear, might lead one

to question it. It seems to me, moreover, that at this time the people of Vienna are undergoing one of those fits of fashion to which all societies are occasionally subject; but when the natural constitution of the taste and judgment is sound and healthful, such fits pass off, like many others, leaving but little trace of weakness behind.

Vienna is in truth just now suffering severely from an access of waltzes, and rococo Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and the like, are banished from "ears polite," while Strauss and Lanner rule the hour. Nevertheless, there is not one to whom you can speak on the subject, but will utter a very eloquent hymn of praise in honour of their immortal composers. Yet still Strauss and Lanner write and play on, while all the world listens and applauds.

A pretty waltz, well played, has great charms; and till now I have always fancied that I had rather an over-weening liking for this species of composition; but I am now fain to confess that I am weary of it, and would much rather have visited Vienna when every garden, every theatre, and every salon breathed the rich strains of Mozart.

"Ça reviendra, Madame," said a gentleman, who heard me uttering lamentations on the subject; and I both hope and believe he is right.

There is one bit of new music, however, to which I have listened here with great delight. This is the speaking and plaintive monody of John Cramer to the memory of poor Malibran. It is full of feeling; and

as I listened to this veteran pianiste, as he performed for me his simple and classic little composition, and marked the delicacy and finish of his style, unincumbered by a single movement in which the conceptions of an harmonious genius are made to give way before the meretricious glory of active fingers, I felt at the very bottom of my heart that I was rococo, incorrigibly rococo, and that such I should live and die.

There is yet another species of music which I have heard in Vienna, but of this I hardly know how to speak. Were I to attempt expressing to you all it has made me feel, you might, perhaps, think it had charmed away my wits. There is, in truth, so wild and strange an harmony in the songs of the children of Israel as performed in the synagogue in this city, that it would be difficult to render full justice to the splendid excellence of the performance, without falling into the language of enthusiasm. A voice, to which that of Braham in his best days was not superior, performs the solo parts of these extraordinary cantiques ; while about a dozen voices more, some of them being boys, fill up the glorious chorus. The volume of vocal sound exceeds any thing of the kind I have ever heard ; and being unaccompanied by any instrument, it produces an effect equally singular and delightful.

Some passages in these majestic chaunts are so full of pathos, that the whole history of the nation's captivity rushes upon the memory as we listen ; and

the eyes fill with tears at the sufferings of God's people in hearing the words "Israel! Israel! Israel!" uttered in the sort of plaintive cry which they introduce with such beautiful effect: but, the moment after, the recollection of their stiff-necked disobedience destroys all sympathy, and almost makes one ashamed of listening even to the words of David from lips which, while they breathe his prophetic songs in strains that seem as if they came direct from heaven, deny the glorious fulfilment of them which has passed before their eyes:—

"Hélas! Ce peuple ingrat a méprisé sa loi,
La nation chérie a violé sa foi!"

The building in which these people hold their religious meetings is quite modern, and not without some pretensions to elegance. The manner of performing the service is totally unlike that used in the synagogue at Frankfort, and the congregation here call themselves "reformed Jews." I heartily wish for their own sakes, as well as for my ease of conscience while listening to them, that the reform went to something more essential than nodding the head, and rising on tip-toe, which very ludicrous demonstrations of Judaic fervour the congregation of Vienna have altogether abandoned.

Two or three evenings ago we made our second visit to the Bourg theatre, which is to this city what Le Théatre Français is to Paris. On this occasion a kind friend lent us her box, that we might see Madame Rettich in the character of Desdemona.

I almost fear to tell you what I thought of the performance, lest you should imagine me so *coiffée* with the perfections of this gifted Austrian, as to make me unjust to my countrywomen of the same profession. But, if I speak of it at all, it must be to confess that I never saw this most exquisitely feminine character so ably played before. There is no one, I imagine, who in examining the play of Othello could fail to bear testimony to the gentle, affectionate, unobtrusive sweetness of Desdemona; nevertheless, the performance of the part has never with us, I think, been considered as a first-rate trial of skill. Madame Rettich, however, has made it pre-eminently such; and never, even in the Constance of Mrs. Siddons, or the Phedra of Madlle. Duchesnois, did I see a truer, warmer, portraiture of woman's heart, than in the representation of Desdemona by this charming actress.

In reading the part, which I did immediately after seeing her play it, I felt more sensibly than I had ever done before how beautiful was the conception, and how delicately skilful the development of this character. Not all the commentators in the world can bring out into such high relief the design of the author, as does the performance of such an artist as Madame Rettich. The manner in which her fond eye watches the gradual and almost incredible change in the temper of Othello is indescribably affecting; and when he at last breaks out into open violence, the expression of astonishment and pity,

rather than of resentment, which takes possession of her speaking features, and seems manifest even in the movement of her arms, brings Shakspeare's beau ideal of a gentle wife before us with such beautiful truth and nature, that one must feel, in looking at her, how well, how very well, " the mighty master" knew of what soft stuff a loving woman's heart is made.

Desdemona, more than almost any other part, requires this sort of delicate harmony in its representation, in order to make it fully felt and understood. I have more than once heard her denial of Othello's guilt, which mingles with her last sigh, denounced as unnatural. It might seem so in other Desdemonas, but not in that of Madame Rettich, for it is no more than any one who watched the fond idolatry of her perfect love for him would expect.

The voice of this accomplished performer is almost of as sweet and rich a tone as that of Mars; a perfection which, though all the world acknowledges its value, is still, perhaps, of more vital importance than is generally supposed. A beautiful, a graceful, an impassioned actress, may merit and receive great applause without being so gifted; but that thrill of pleasure which the very first accents of such an organ produces, the delight with which its every intonation is listened to, and the eagerness with which when it ceases it is waited for again, goes farther, I believe, towards making its possessor a

MADAME PETTICH AS DESDEMONA.

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favourite with the public, than any other charm whatever.

The features and person of Madame Rettich are also admirably adapted to her profession. " Hers," as Sterne says of Maria, " is of the first order of fine forms ;" and her features, though not regularly beautiful, are capable of conveying with powerful effect whatever expression she wishes to give. She has beautiful eyes, fine teeth, and a smile of extraordinary sweetness ; so that altogether she will ever stand classed in my memory among the most highly gifted performers that I have seen.

M. Anschütz played the part of Othello, and played it well. But the memory of the most unequal of all actors, the capricious and uncertain Kean, was against him. He seized upon the part, and so identified, as it should seem, his own feelings with the ardent spirit of the unhappy Moor, that no one could be much surprised at a maiden's fancy being beguiled by him, despite the Asiatic tincture of his skin ; but no other actor that I have seen has had the power of conquering, by the force of passion, the disgusting deformity of the blackened features.

I cannot think, by the way, that Shakspeare ever intended thus severely to tax the credulity of his audience : he never meant to persuade us that the delicate Desdemona became enamoured of a black-a-moor. The very word " swarthy" proves this .... for who would ever think of applying this epithet to a negro ? As well might Cleopatra be enacted by a

personage besmeared with lamp-black and oil, as the favoured general of the Venetian republic. I cannot fancy a better opportunity for the favourable debut of a promising young actor, than the being permitted to come out in the part of Othello with long curls of black hair instead of wool, and a fine dark olive complexion in the place of greasy black. The gods might wonder, and might hiss and clamour a little at first, but common sense, and common nature, would soon teach them to approve the change; and we should have one of the finest dramatic productions in the world freed from the *black spot* that now disfigures it.

LETTER XXXII.

All Saints' Day.—Music inferior to that of Innspruck.—Archbishop.—Poor Souls' Day.—Royal Catacombs.—Mourning for the late Emperor.—Austrian Loyalty.

Vienna, November 3rd.

We yesterday attended high mass at the cathedral of St. Stephen's; and it being All Saints' Day, the church was unusually crowded, and the service and ceremonies unusually long and splendid.

The voices of the Jews of Vienna have made those of the Christians appear feeble by comparison; but, to atone for this, in the performance of yesterday a brilliant flourish of trumpets preceded all the most august parts of the day's ceremonies. The chorus, however, was not augmented; and the music altogether struck us as being greatly inferior to that of Innspruck on the fête of the Virgin's Assumption.

The general spectacle was exceedingly magnificent, being in truth a Catholic display of the highest order, the ceremonies of Rome herself of course excepted.

We were particularly struck by the step and manner of the venerable archbishop at his entrance and exit. Nothing could be more dignified and noble; and as he scattered blessings from his fingers' ends upon the bending crowd, I should, had I been left to guess, have supposed him to be as high in birth as in office. But the fact is otherwise. This respectable prelate is the son of a tradesman; and his brother is, I am told, at the present time a bookbinder in Vienna. His appointments are large; but he is said to live with great simplicity, and to receive very little company at his palace. His predecessor differed from him it seems in many respects, being of noble family, and fulfilling more literally at least one of St. Paul's injunctions, for he was much "given to hospitality," and was in the habit of frequently entertaining large and fashionable parties at the archiepiscopal palace.

This morning we have witnessed another exhibition, and of a different kind. This day is the one known in the Romish calendar as that of "*La fête des Morts*," or, as the Germans call it, "Poor Souls' Day." The churches are all hung with black; no music is heard within them, but masses for the dead are solemnly murmured before every altar throughout the city. It is in vain that innumerable waxen tapers, of all sizes, colours, and shapes, expend their votive light around a hundred shrines; the gloomy hangings seem too mighty for them, and the air of dark and solemn sadness is universal. Every shop

is shut, and the entire population appear to have given up their spirits to mourning. The churches in all parts of the city have been crowded during the whole day; yet, nevertheless, multitudes have wandered to the cemeteries without the town, to visit the graves of friends recently lost.

The great point of general interest, however, is the crypt of the church belonging to the convent of the Capucins, for there lie interred the imperial family of Austria. The vaults are on this day open to the public; and we have spent a considerable time within their gloomy recesses, both for the purpose of looking ourselves at this receptacle of the royal dead, and for that of watching the use made of this annual privilege by the people.

Seventy-three bronze coffins are ranged in solemn array around the walls. Some of these are extremely simple, and others in the highest style of magnificence. That of the Emperor Francis the First of Germany, and his consort, Maria Theresa, (for one sarcophagus contains them both,) was erected by the illustrious woman whose bones rest within it, and is, I think, the most splendid of the collection. But the crowd of pilgrims who came, upon this day, to gaze upon the coffin that contains their idol the late Emperor, Francis the First of Austria, was too numerous to permit any very accurate examination of them.

Were I simply and fully to describe to you the strong emotion manifested by the throng, still pass-

ing on, but still renewed, when at length they had won their way across the imperial sepulchre to the grating which gave them a sight of the Emperor Francis' coffin, you would hardly give credence to the truth of my tale. You would not think it false, but you would suspect that it was exaggerated; and as, on the other hand, I feel sure of falling short of the truth from mere want of power to do justice to a scene so singular and so affecting, I think I must leave you without any description of it at all.

And yet, perhaps, of all the spectacles I have ever witnessed it was the most striking! . . . . The old and the young, the rich and the poor, pressed on together to the tomb of their common father; neither sex, age, nor condition were observed in this unparalleled mêlée of general emotion; and I believe truly, that of all the multitude who thronged that dismal vault, we alone profited by the light of the torches which made its gloom visible, for the purpose of looking on as mere spectators of the scene. We watched tears stealing down many a manly cheek from eyes that seemed little used to weeping, and listened to sobs that spoke of hearts bursting with sorrow and remembered love, beside the tomb of one who had already lain there above two years—and that one an Emperor! . . . . Between him and the people that thus freshly weep for him, there must have been a tie more closely drawn than we, in our land of freedom, can easily understand. Does not all this seem to you like something more than the

simple truth? Yet, so far from having painted the scene too strongly, I am quite sure that what I have said can convey to you no adequate idea of its solemn interest, its deep pathos, and its strange sublimity.

We have passed this evening at a party, where I mentioned to several persons how greatly the strong emotion we had witnessed in the royal catacombs surprised me. The answer was the same from all: "Had you known the Emperor, it would have caused you no astonishment." . . . . "Would it surprise you," said a lady of the party, "to see children weeping upon the grave of their father? . . . Our Emperor was more than a father to us."

All this is so new, and so strange to me, that I feel as if I had got into a new planet. The only sentiment with which I have been hitherto acquainted (and this has been only by tradition) that at all approaches to that which I hear expressed by the people of this country for their sovereign, is the feeling of love and devotion borne by the brave Scottish clans of yore to their chieftains. I have often lamented that the changes which time has wrought in the ancient framework of our social relations should have swept away a sentiment so generous, so useful, and, as I think, so natural. But here I find it again in perfection, only upon a far nobler scale; and the indications of it are so genuine, and its influence so evidently tending to ennoble the nature of the social compact which binds

men together for their common safety and advantage, that . . . . . But I must not go on.—If I pursue this theme I shall run a risk of uttering treason, even against the beautiful constitution of our glorious England as it stood before those stabs and thrusts were made which have of late so grievously disfigured it; but all that has happened to us since, has so mystified and obscured the features of this once worshipped but now mouldering idol of all English hearts, that it is no great wonder if, seeing elsewhere what is good, we should almost forget that the time has been when we possessed what was better still.

That the laws of every land, and the punishments enacted for the infringement of them, must be the great foundation upon which all societies repose, is a truth so obvious, that one need hardly perform the ceremony of taking an oath of conformity thereunto . . . . But a solid foundation is not all that is necessary to a beautiful structure; and, in addition to the well-defined and well-preserved laws of Austria, its citizens have something beautifully resembling the beloved shelter of a father's roof, under which they all seem to nestle with a mixed feeling of fondness and security.

At the party from which we are just returned, I heard a lady, who last year passed some months in Paris, describing with considerable humour the effect produced on her nerves by the daily accounts her maid brought her of the state of public affairs there.

"I have been all my life so accustomed," she said, "to go to bed with the comfortable assurance of rising in the morning and finding all things quietly in their right places as I had left them, that the being daily told an émeute was expected, and a counter-revolution likely to take place, kept me quite in a fever."

"But you escaped at last," said I, "quitte pour la peur."

"Why, I hardly think I shall allow that," she replied; "for I was not permitted to choose my own épicier. This domestic matter was taken out of my hands, and decided altogether in reference to a feeling of political alarm."

"Votre épicier?" .... exclaimed several voices at once. "How could the choice of your épicier depend upon the political condition of France?"

"It did, I do assure you," persisted the fair traveller. "Our man-servant, who was our purveyor-general, came to me one morning, and told me the porter of the house in which we were living had desired him, somewhat peremptorily, to purchase all things that we wanted in the épicerie line at the shop of his *voisin un tel* over the way, because he belonged to the National Guard; and that it was therefore important to be on good terms with him, in case any fresh political disturbances should take place ..... Now this," she added, "I decidedly call political interference in the choice of my épicier."

"Unquestionably it was!" warmly exclaimed a young Austrian, who had just before been uttering an eloquent eulogium on the happy position of his country; "at least," he added, "any such interference here, would be a greater approach to the tyranny under which *vous autres* say we live, than anything that has yet approached us."

The conversation then turned back again to the late Emperor, a subject which evidently warms the heart of every Austrian, let his rank and station be what they may. A number of pretty affectionate stories were told of him, all tending to show the singularly intimate bond of union which seems to have existed between him and his people; and then the GREAT EMPRESS, Maria Theresa, the Queen Elizabeth of Austria, was discussed, and we were told to mark the multitude of public works by which she has sent down her name to posterity. After this followed a pretty brisk discussion on the political merits and demerits of her son, Joseph the Second.

The unanimity of praise which seems constantly to follow the name of Francis, does not attach in the same hearty nem. con. style to that of his uncle. Of two gentlemen, who were the chief speakers in the conversation that followed the mention of his name, one declared him to have been both sound in judgment and righteous in principle; while the other admitted but half the praise,—freely acknow-

ledging his excellent intentions, but protesting vehemently against the wisdom of his measures.

The discussion, which seemed becoming *almost* warm, was brought to a happy conclusion, as many other warm discussions have been before, by the laughing interruption of a lively woman.

"Eh bien!" she exclaimed, addressing the anti-Joseph orator, "presuming that the son of Maria Theresa did all the mischief you attribute to him, ought we not to bless le bon Dieu for letting us take our fit of revolutionism so easily? The malady has decidedly all the characteristics of a strong epidemic; no country has been wholly free from it; and the Emperor Joseph the Second only performed the process of inoculation upon us, which, while it anticipated the disease, decidedly softened it. Who is there that has had the fever of reform in their veins, and suffered from it so little as we have done?"

The appeal was unanswerable, or rather it was answered almost by acclamation in acknowledgment of its perfect truth.

While the name of Maria Theresa was on the tapis, an anecdote was related of her, which has a strong family likeness to many that are recorded of her grandson Francis, who was the hero of it. Leopold, her second son, then Grand Duke of Tuscany, announced to Austria the birth of his eldest son Francis, presumptive heir to its imperial throne, by a special courier, who was ordered to deliver his message to the Empress herself. It was the hour

of performance at the Bourg or Court theatre; but Maria Theresa was indisposed, and the welcome messenger found her en robe de chambre in her own apartment. No sooner, however, had she received the joyful news, than, without waiting for any of the ceremonies of the toilet, she rushed along the passages that lead to the theatre, and announced it to her happy subjects from the front of her box.

This anecdote, in common with many others, shows a species of sympathy between the sovereign and the people here, which I think it would be difficult to parallel in any other country. It appears to me exceedingly characteristic of the terms on which they live together, and of the tone of feeling which is its result.

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